This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

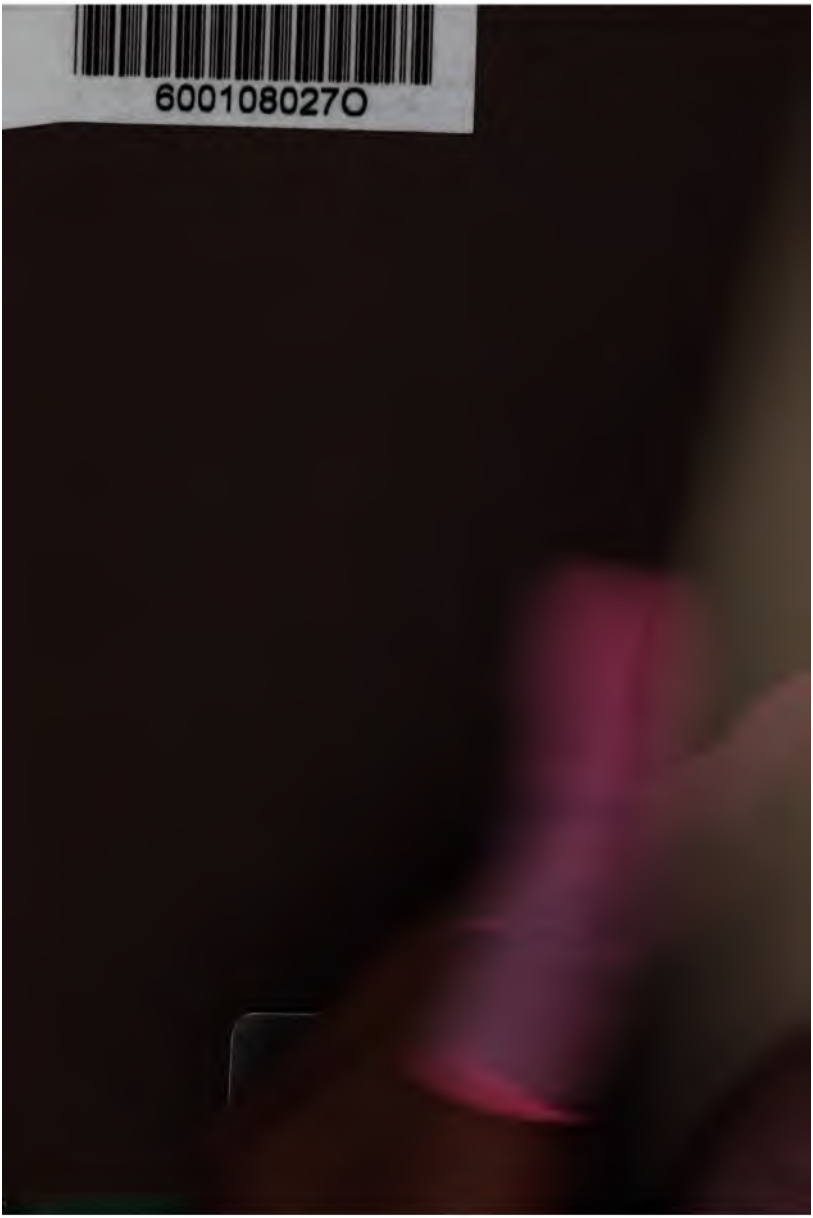
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

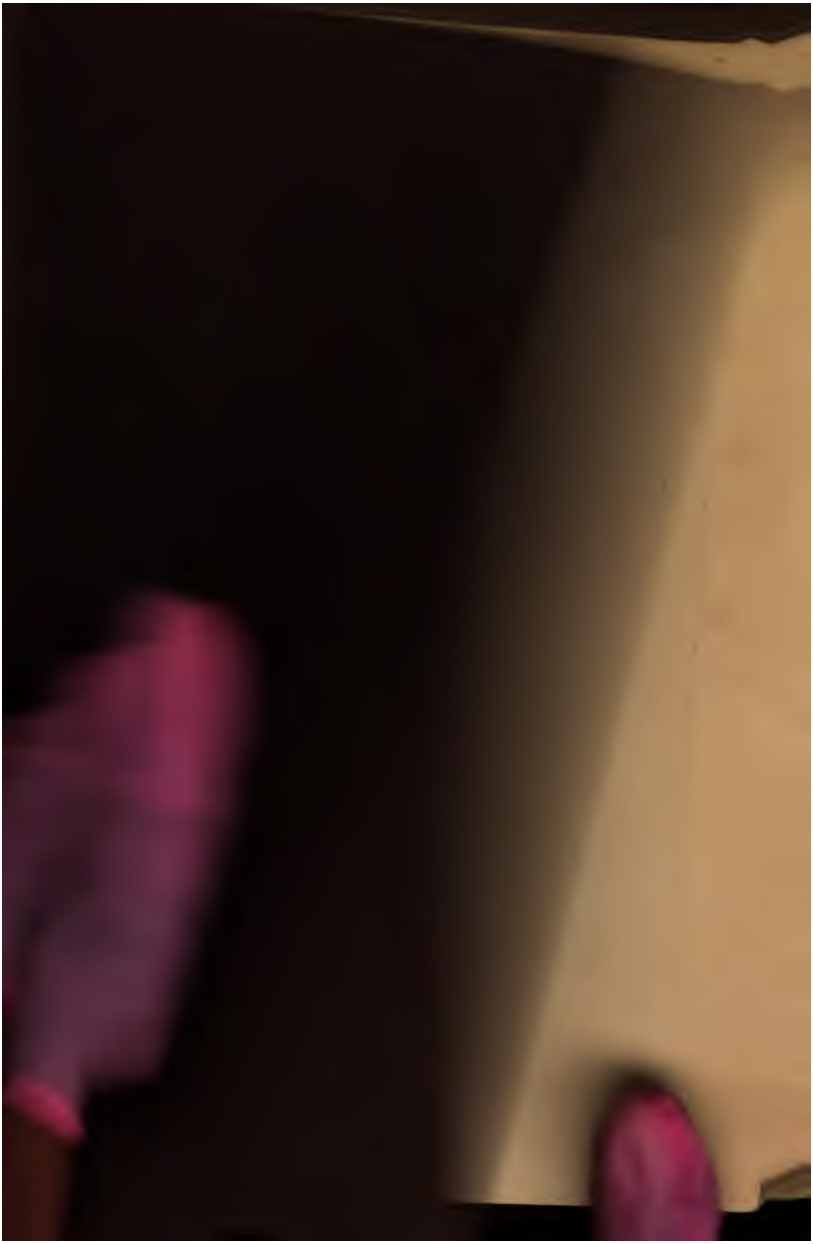
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE
Martyr Graves
OF
Scotland.

Second Series


6001080270



THE TOLBOOTH AND TRONGATE OF GLASGOW. *Frontispiece.*

THE

MARTYR GRAVES

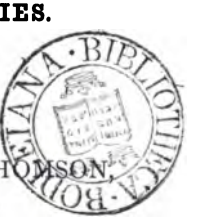
OF

SCOTLAND:

BEING THE

TRAVELS OF A COUNTRY MINISTER IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

SECOND SERIES.



BY THE

REV. JOHN H. THOMSON,

EAGLESHAM.

EDINBURGH:

JOHNSTONE, HUNTER, & CO.

1877.

110. k. 547.*

PREFACE.

THIS volume contains an account of visits to thirty-five graves of the Martyrs in Scotland. The first volume contained twenty-two. So far as I know, the resting-places of the dust of forty-seven of the Martyrs who suffered during the twenty-eight years' persecution yet remain to be noticed. These forty-seven are nearly all in the south of Scotland. They are: Eskdalemuir—Andrew Hislop; Dalveen Pass—Daniel M'Michael; Tynron—William Smith; Dumfries—William Grierson, William Welsh, James Kirk; Irongray—Edward Gordon, Alexander M'Cubine; Lochenkit—John Gordon, William Stuart, William Heron, John Wallace; Glencairn—John Gibson, James Bennoch, Robert Edgar, Robert

Mitchell; Balmaghie—David Halliday, George Short; Anwoth—John Bell; Dalry—Robert Stewart, John Grierson; Kirkcudbright—William Hunter, Robert Smith, John Hallume; Balmaclellan—Robert Grierson; Kirkandrews, Borgue—Robert M'Whae; Girthon—Robert Lennox; Auchincloy, Girthon—Robert Ferguson; Kirkconnel—James Clement; Kells—Adam M'Whan, Roger Gordon; Crossmichael—William Graham; Wigtown—Margaret Wilson, Margaret Lachlane, William Johnston, John Milroy, George Walker, Alexander Linn; Twynholm—Andrew M'Robert; Caldoons, Loch Trool—James and Robert Duns, Thomas and John Stevenson, James M'Clure, Andrew M'Call; Tweedsmuir—John Hunter; North Berwick—John Blackader.

Should any Martyr's Grave in Scotland have been overlooked by me, it will be a favour if any kind friend will mention to me the place or places omitted, as I am desirous to visit every one before I cease my travels.

Of the thirty-five graves noticed in this volume, the stones are all in existence, and in good condition, except that in Ayr to Andrew M'Gill (see p. 247), and that to the five whose remains rest at Magus Moor (see p. 10). The inscription that was on M'Gill's

tombstone is remarkable for its simplicity, vigour, and even beauty, while the lines that were upon the stone at Magus Moor have little poetry to recommend them; but the five sufferers whose names and constancy they record are worthy of being remembered. The friends in Ayr and St Andrews, of the cause for which the Martyrs suffered, might do well to take steps to have the monuments restored, so as to be no longer the solitary places in Scotland where they have disappeared.

A kindly critic, in the *Scotsman* of January 1, 1875, in a review of the "Martyr Graves," has expressed doubts as to the existence of the sandglass on the pulpit at Fenwick. I can assure him it was still there in August 1876, while the jougs were hanging on the outside wall of the church.

The sale of nearly four thousand copies of the first volume within a few months has been very gratifying, and surely shows that Scotsmen cherish, and will continue to preserve with pious care, the Graves of the Martyrs.

EAGLESHAM, *November* 1876.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

CUPAR, MAGUS MOOR, AND ST ANDREWS, . . 1

CHAPTER II.

DRON, ECCLESMAGIRDLE, AND FORGANDENNY, . 66

CHAPTER III.

DUNNOTTAR, ... 74

CHAPTER IV.

SHETTLESTON, KIRK OF SHOTTS, AND BATHGATE, . 100

CHAPTER V.

KIRKINTILLOCH AND CAMPSIE, ... 112

CHAPTER VI.

HAMILTON, STRATHAVEN, GLASSFORD, AND STONE-HOUSE, ... 124

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

CAMBUSNETHAN AND LANARK, ... 159

CHAPTER VIII.

LESMAHAGOW AND BLACKWOOD, ... 176

CHAPTER IX.

PAISLEY, ... 191

CHAPTER X.

KILMARNOCK AND IRVINE, ... 202

CHAPTER XI.

AYR, ... 216

CHAPTER XII.

TARBOLTON AND STRAITON, ... 251

CHAPTER XIII.

BARRHILL, COLMONELL, AND OLD DAILLY, . . 256

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD CUMNOCK AND SORN, ... 271

CHAPTER XV.

SOUTH QUEENSFERRY AND BLACKNESS, . . 294

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

TOLBOOTH AND TRONGATE OF GLASGOW,		*Frontispiece*
		PAGE
EDINBURGH TOLBOOTH,		5
ARCHBISHOP SHARP'S RESIDENCE, EDINBURGH,		37
PARISH CHURCH, LEUCHARS,		63
MARTYRS' MONUMENT, ST ANDREWS,		65
DUNNOTTAR CASTLE,		95
THE GRASSMARKET OF EDINBURGH,		129
THE BASS ROCK,		149
NETHERBOW PORT,		175
THE ABBEY CHURCH, PAISLEY,		193
KIRKCUDBRIGHT,		221
AYR,		245
CROSS OF EDINBURGH,		270
BLACKNESS CASTLE,		305

THE MARTYR GRAVES OF SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

CUPAR, MAGUS MOOR, AND ST ANDREWS.

CUPAR is on the line of the North British Railway to Dundee, and is some thirty-three miles from Edinburgh. It is a clean, tidy, thriving-like place. The parish church is about a quarter of a mile from the railway station, at the north side of the town. The gate to the churchyard we found closed, but on walking round to the south side we came upon a door in the wall standing open. The Martyrs' Grave lies to the south of the old tower of the church, and about twenty

yards to the west of the door by which we had entered. The stone is an upright one, four feet in height by three in breadth. It had evidently been lately set upon a new base, and it bore the marks of recent painting. The inscription on the east side was:

A HEAD. AN OPEN HAND. A HEAD IN RELIEVO.

Here lyes Interred the Heads of LAURCE HAY
and ANDREW PITULLOCH who
Suffered martyrdom at EDINR July 13th 1681
for adhering to the word of GOD & Scotland's
covenanted work of Reformation, And also
one of the Hands of DAVID HACKSTON
of Rathillot who was most cruelly murdered
at EDINR July 30th 1680—
for the same cause.

On the west side:

1680
Our persecutors filld with rage
Their brutish fury to aswage
Took heads and hands of martyrs off
That they might be the peoples scoff,
They Hackstons body cutt asunder
And set it up a worlds wonder
In several places to proclaim
These monsters gloryd in their shame.

RE ERECTED
July 13th 1792.

The Testimonies of Laurence Hay and Andrew Pitulloch are in the "Cloud of Witnesses." The

"Cloud" describes Hay as a "weaver who lived in Fife," and Pitulloch as a "land labourer in the parish of Largo, in Fife." Wodrow says they were "intented," *i.e.*, prosecuted, "before the Justiciary, July 11." They were members of a Society in Fife for prayer and conference. This Society had issued a Paper styled, "A Testimony against the Evils of the Times." A copy of it was produced at their trial, and they owned they had signed it. Citations from it formed part of the charge against them. Wodrow calls these citations "very wild." The probability, however, is, that they are not more "wild" than their Testimonies, and the condemnatory language in them is not stronger than the tyrannies of their times warranted; and there is much that shows them to have been God-fearing men, whose trust was in the Divine mercy. Their Testimonies approve of the Torwood Excommunication, and the Paper brought against them at the trial doubtless did the same. The result was, they were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged at the Grassmarket upon the 13th July 1681, and their heads to be severed from their bodies, and affixed to the Tolbooth of Cupar. The sentence was carried into effect, and their heads remained on the Tolbooth until the Revolution, when they were taken down, and buried at the spot marked by their gravestone.

David Hackston of Rathillet's capture has been detailed in the chapter on Airdsmoss. Rathillet is in

the parish of Kilmany, about four miles to the north of Cupar. He was executed at Edinburgh in such a way as to justify the words of the inscription, "And also one of the Hands of DAVID HACKSTON of Rathillet who was most cruelly murdered at EDIN^{R}."

The original order for his execution is in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh, and its details are of the most revengeful and barbarous character. The construction of its clauses is in keeping with the barbarity they strive to express. And from all accounts the order was carried out to the letter. It sentences him to die that day, July 30, 1680, "at the cross of Edinburgh, and there upon a high scaffold erected a little above the cross of, have his right hand struck off, and after some time to have his left hand struck off, and then to be hanged up and cut down alive, and the bowels taken out, and his heart to be shown to the people by the hand of the hangman, and his heart and bowels to be burnt in the presence of the people in a fire prepared for that purpose upon the scaffold, and afterwards to have his head cut off, and his body divided in four quarters, and his head to be affixed on the Netherbow, and one of his quarters with both of his hands to be affixed at St Andrews, another quarter at Glasgow, the third at Leith, the fourth at Burntisland, and that none presume to be in mourning for him, nor he to have a coffin, and that none be on the scaffold with him but two bailies, four officers, the executioner and his servants, and this sentence to be put in

EDINBURGH TOLBOOTH.

execution against him this thirtieth day of July instant betwixt three and five o'clock in the afternoon. And ordained his name, fame, memory, and honours to be extinct, and his arms to be riven and delete furth of the books of arms, so that his posterity may never be able to bruick [*i.e.*, enjoy] or joyse [*i.e.*, enjoy] any lands, heritage, offices, titles of dignities, within this realm in time coming." Nothing more savage or revengeful can possibly ever have been written in the books of the Inquisition than this sentence.

Cupar churchyard has little to attract beside the Martyrs' Monument. The parish church is a large building, of date 1785. The tower and part of the old church still stand at its west end. They contrast favourably with the barn-like structure alongside of them.

From Cupar we took the road, at the east end of the town, which leads to St Andrews. As we crossed the Eden the wooded hills of Dura lay before us. It was the 1st of June, so that the fields and roadsides were putting on their summer dress. The poppy, with its red flowers, so seldom seen in the west of Scotland, was plentiful everywhere, and took place alongside of the familiar daisy and dandelion and shepherd's purse. After a three miles' walk we came upon the entrance to Dura Den, and turned aside for half-a-mile to see its wonders, and found them as worthy of a visit as ever. Besides the sandstone rocks that are full of material for the geologist, the thickly wooded glen down which the Eden flows is

one of more than ordinary beauty. But we had another object before us than Dura Den, and so we reluctantly turned back when barely half-way down the path that leads to Dairsie at its north end. A few yards on the road from Cupar brought us to a small village with a toll-house, which bore the familiar name of Pitscottie. Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie lived in a "narrow country house covered with straw and reed," on a site on which now stands the steading of Pitscottie farm. His "Chronicles of Scotland" are said not to be very trustworthy, but they are often very vividly written, and few readers will take them up without being led to read on to their close. The stories of Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, and Walter Mill, are wonderfully well told. Among the books of the sixteenth century there are few more worthy of republication than the "Chronicles of Scotland." If wisely annotated, it would be eagerly laid hold of by the students of Scottish history. At Pitscottie toll the road to St Andrews divides itself into two; the one goes to the north-east, afterwards to turn east, the other strikes off in an easterly direction, and both unite again before entering its streets. We took the road that turns to the north-east. For three miles it led us through a well-cultivated country. When about four miles from St Andrews, its tall tower and the sea beyond it came in sight. A walk of about ten minutes brought us due south of the straggling village of Strathkinness, which lay about half-a-mile to the

north of the road. We were now at Magus Moor, which, in the seventeenth century, and perhaps down to the early part of this, must have occupied the rising ground to the south of the road on which we now stood. There were no signs of moorland to the eye, for all was under the plough. We were soon, however, to have ample evidence of its former moorland nature. South from the road the ground gently rises for about four hundred yards, where a wood begins, and runs eastward. With the wood Magus Moor commences. We struck into the field by the hedge that runs straight up to the wood, and then gives place to a dry stone dyke. Afterwards we found that the better way is to go by the road from Strathkinness to Clermont, and when the top of the brae is reached, to take a footpath that runs west through the wood until the spot we were in search of is come to. But meanwhile we followed up the dyke for about a hundred yards, when a broken-down part caught our eye, as if it were often crossed over. On looking about us on the field, on the summit of the rising ground we saw, nearly forty yards due west from the gap in the dyke, a part unploughed and bare, while all around it was the rising corn. On walking over it we found that it was about nine paces in length by three in breadth. It was the resting-place of the mortal remains of the five martyrs, Thomas Brown, James Wood, Andrew Sword, John Waddel, and John Clyde. At a visit in the close of the following August, we found somebody had been there in the

interval, and had dug some three or four inches into the ground, and bared what had evidently been the foundation of a tombstone, but to-day no trace of a monument was to be seen. In the third edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," there is the following:

"*Upon the Grave-stone of* Thomas Brown, James Wood, Andrew Sword, John Waddel, and John Clyd, *who suffered Martyrdom at* Magus-Muir, November 25th, 1679, *and ly buried in a Corn-Field near* Magus-Muir, *hath this inscription*—

'CAUSE we at Bothwel did appear
Perjurious Oaths refus'd to swear
'Cause we Christ's Cause would not condemn
We were sentenc'd to Death by Men
Who rag'd against us in such Fury
Our dead Bodies they did not bury;
But upon Poles did hing us high
Triumphs of Babels Victory.
Our Lives we fear'd not to the Death
But constant prov'd to the last Breath.

"When the Grave-stone was set up in *October* 1728 the Chains were taken out of their Graves, and some of their Bones and Cloaths were found unconsumed, now forty-nine Years after their death."

Their "Joint or General Testimony" and individual Testimonies, and "A short sum of what was delivered upon the place of Execution by these 5 men who suffered at Magus Moor in Fife being sentenced to die in that place upon the account of the B. of St Andrews Death," occupy fully forty pages of the Appendix to

"Naphtali." Thomas Brown had been a "shoemaker in Edinburgh." James Wood is said to belong to "the sherrefdom of Ayr in the Parish of Newmills;" Andrew Sword to be a "weaver in Galloway in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright and parish of Barry;" John Waddel to have lived "in the Parish of New Monkland within the Sherriffdom of Clyde." John Clyde says, in his Testimony, "I am but a very young man to have such a lot and dispensation cast in my way as is this day, and for mine age it is but small in account and few in number about twenty-one years of age. And I may say justly, as Jacob said to Pharaoh, 'My days are few and full of trouble,' although I have not come so far a length as Jacob came, nor have met with the hardships he met with."

All the five had been taken prisoners at Bothwell, and had refused to sign the bond in which, after an acknowledgment that the signer had been "apprehended for being at the late rebellion," he came under an obligation not to take up arms against his Majesty. They regarded the bond as a confession that the rising at Bothwell was rebellion, which they denied. In their esteem, it was simply a rising for the redress of grievances, an attempt to deliver his Majesty from evil counsellors, and bring him back within the sphere of law. None of them had been concerned in Sharp's death, and all were strangers to the east of Fife. They were tried in Edinburgh on the 10th of November, so that they had already been prisoners for nearly

five months. Wodrow gives a copy of their indictment, as a specimen of the usual form served upon those who suffered at that period. It is a lengthy document, in which the motives and actions of those who were at Bothwell are travestied and misrepresented, as far almost as language will permit. All were found guilty of being in arms at Bothwell, and sentenced to be "carried to the Muir of Magus," "and there to be hanged till they be dead, and their bodies to be hung in chains until they rot, and all their lands, goods, and gear to fall to his Majesty's use." The sentence was to be carried into effect on the 18th, but for some reason or other—possibly the season of the year, and the distance from Edinburgh—it was not executed till the 25th.

It was a strange procedure to execute men at Magus Moor who had no connection in any degree with Sharp. With the same reason, the hundreds of others taken prisoners at Bothwell might have been executed in like manner, so that there is ground for Wodrow's words—"It seems to have been a bloody freak to have some people executed in the place where the bishop had been killed." If the Government expected by their death to prevent the spread of the principles that led to the rising at Bothwell, they could not have taken a more effective way to disappoint such an expectation, for their testimonies and last speeches were immediately published, and would, no doubt, be read by multitudes with the eager interest with which last

speeches have always been read. And in addition to the interest attaching to the last utterances of martyrs for liberty, as a whole, they are an able defence of the rising at Bothwell; and their calmness, and the vein of humble piety that runs through them, contrast very strikingly with the extravagance and bombast of such documents as the indictment the Government served upon these five men. Their Testimonies may be supposed to have been prepared with some care during the fortnight that elapsed between their trial and execution; but on the ladder the confidence in the righteousness of their cause, so unflinchingly expressed in these documents, did not forsake them.

Thomas Brown was the first that was taken up the ladder. He said, "Some may judge our dying and hanging here is upon the account of the bishop's death; but I must tell you that I was never in this country before this time. The ground of my sentence is because I will not call my being in arms at Bothwell Bridge rebellion, and will not take the bond." After he had prayed, he blessed the Lord, and affirmed that if this day every hair of his head were a man, and every drop of his blood were a life, he would heartily lay them down for Christ and the cause for which he was now sentenced.

Andrew Sword sang Psalm xxxiv., one of the Psalms in which David, though among the Philistines, a fugitive from Saul, gives utterance to his faith and joy in God:

"God will I bless all times; his praise
My mouth shall still express.
My soul shall boast in God; the meek
Shall hear with joyfulness."

After the Psalm was sung, he said, "The Bishop of St Andrews' death I am free of, having lived four or five score of miles from this, and never was in this place before. My coming here is for refusing to take the bond. I bless the Lord for keeping me from that snare. I exhort you to seek the Lord, and not to fear suffering. I cannot but commend Christ and His cross to you. I would not exchange my lot for a thousand worlds. Farewell, all created comforts." And then he prayed before he was flung off the ladder.

James Wood's speech, when on the ladder, reads like that of one of the martyrs in the first ages of Christianity. "I never," he said, "was in this place of the country before. I am here this day to lay down my life that God hath given, because I could not call my appearance in arms at Bothwell Bridge rebellion, and because I would not take the bond. I am so far from thinking it rebellion, that I bless God I was a man to be there, though a man most unable for war, and unskilful because of my infirm arm—and all the arms I had was a halbert upon my shoulder—and it was not for anything I could do with it, but I behoved to be there to show my good will to the work of God, and the respect I had to the interests

of our Lord. And now I am so far from rueing anything that I had done that day in my appearing for Christ and His cause, that I would heartily wish, if I were to live, to see as many men every year for the defence of the Gospel gathered together, and I would count it my honour to be with them. It was my desire to the Lord that He would let me die a martyr, and I sought it of Him; and, blessed be His name, He hath answered me according to that Scripture, 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desire of thy heart.' And now He hath granted me the desire of my heart on earth, and I shall have the desire of my heart throughout all eternity; and what would any of you have more, sirs? And now, my friends, I am not a whit afraid to go up this ladder, and to lay down my life this day; for it is the best day ever yet mine eyes saw; and I am as sure of my interest as the Word of God, and the Lord's Spirit by His Word, can make me."

John Waddel declared he had never before been over the Water of Forth, and that the reason of his death was the same as that of his friends. He protested against paying the cess that had been raised to maintain troops to put down the free preaching of the Word of God; and as he went to prayer, he affirmed he was not a whit discouraged to see his three brethren hanging before his eyes, nor to pray before all that multitude.

John Clyde, when on the ladder, compared their

being there to Herodias asking Herod for the head of John the Baptist. Nothing would satisfy the lust of their persecutors but blood. "I bless the Lord," he said, "for keeping me straight, and I desire to speak it to the commendation of free grace, that there is none who will lippen to God and depend upon Him for direction, but they shall be keeped straight and right. But to be promised to be kept from tribulation, that is not the bargain, for He hath said, through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." "He hath not promised to keep us from trouble, but to be with us in it, and what needs more? I bless the Lord for keeping me to this very hour, for little would I have thought a twelvemonth since that the Lord would have taken a poor ploughman lad and have honoured me so highly, as to have made me first appear for Him, and then keep me straight, and now hath keeped me to this very hour to lay down my life for Him." The narrative of his last words closes by recording, that "at the ladder foot he said to his brother, 'Weep not for me, brother, but weep for yourself and the poor land, and seek God and make Him sure for yourself, and He shall be better to you than ten brethren. Now, farewell, all friends and relations, farewell, brother, sister, and mother, and welcome, Lord Jesus. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit.' And lifting up the napkin off his face, he said, 'Dear friends, be not discouraged because of the cross, nor at this ye have seen this

day, for I hope ye have seen no discouragement in me, and you shall see no more.'"

The bodies of the five martyrs were hung in chains. A zealous local antiquary, Mr Hay Fleming, St Andrews, tells us that the tradition of the district is, that at Bonfield, a small farmhouse not far from Strathkinness, there lived, two centuries ago, an old married couple. The inhabitants of Strathkinness were grieved to see the bodies of the martyrs hanging as if they had been criminals of the worst class, and the rattling of their chains by the wind at night often disturbed their slumbers. One very dark night the aged couple went up together to Magus Moor, and took down the bodies and buried them and their chains in the spot where they now lie. This act of daring enraged those in power, and strict search after its perpetrators were made. All the other inhabitants of the parish were summoned and examined; but the old couple, from their advanced age, were never suspected, and so escaped notice altogether.

In the account of the inscription given in the third edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," the gravestone is said to have been set up in 1728. A venerable father in the ministry assures us, that when he first visited Magus Moor, fifty or fifty-five years ago, there were three gravestones to be seen. So far as he recollects, their inscriptions were much the same. Mr Hay Fleming has made inquiries of several old people in and about St Andrews, and the substance of their

statements is that three gravestones stood where the bodies of the five martyrs lie buried. About 1805 two bulls from neighbouring farms got into the field and fought with each other, and in the fight one of the stones was broken. About the same time the second stone was broken by the cattle grazing in the field. For safety the third stone was taken into the wood, and set up in the square, which we are soon to visit, where the bishop came to his end. This stone was accidentally broken, about thirty years ago, by a student, now a minister. When we visited Magus Moor for the first time in 1871, we were told its remains had been carried away, piece by piece, by visitors, until all that remained of it was a fragment a few inches square, which the farmer at Clermont Cross, an adjoining farm, had taken away for safety, and laid down at his front door, where we saw it lying. A few letters, but no words complete, were all that could be deciphered.

The five martyrs are worthy of a new monument. It might, however, be best to place it, as has been done at Inchbelly Bridge, Kirkintilloch, by the roadside, with an intimation that at a spot on the ridge to the south—the number of yards might be mentioned —their remains lie. This would prevent the farmer's crops being trodden down by visitors.

From the resting-place of the martyrs it is not difficult to reach the place where Sharp was killed. The spot is marked in the Ordnance Map as in the wood

due east of the Martyrs' Grave. It is not more than a hundred yards from it, and is an enclosure about twenty-five yards square. A hedge, that had been cut to the ground shortly before we visited it, and was now springing up afresh from the stumps, separates it from the surrounding wood. The wood is evidently some forty or fifty years old, and is mainly fir, with the weeping birch and rowan tree encircling the scene of Sharp's death. Within the enclosure, and on the bare places in the wood, the heather was growing luxuriantly, quite justifying its old name, Magus Muir. At the south side of the enclosure traces were to be seen of the old road that, in Sharp's time, ran along the ridge to St Andrews.

Sharp had long had an evil reputation in Scotland. At the Restoration he had been sent to London by his brethren to look after the interests of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and his letters, written with a kind of studied unctuousness, entirely deceived his brethren until the time for action was past. Their substance is given by Wodrow in the Introduction to his History, and they more than justify the title of traitor that his countrymen have so generally regarded as a synonym for the name of Sharp. In 1661 he was appointed Archbishop of St Andrews, and in the December of that year, in Westminster, he so demeaned himself as to be made a deacon, a presbyter, and then consecrated a bishop, all in one day. He had a chief hand in nearly all the tyrannical measures

of after-years. After Pentland, when other members of the Council pleaded for mercy to the prisoners, he urged an opposite course; and it was mainly by his influence so many of them were tried and condemned to death. He was credited with keeping back a letter from the king ordering no more lives to be taken away, until as many as he had the mind should die were despatched. In his own diocese he had shown the greatest rigour to the Presbyterians. He had procured the appointment of a William Carmichael, Sheriff-Depute of Fife, to seek for nonconformists and intercommuned persons, and procured him powers to fine, imprison, and distrain the goods of all who absented themselves from their parish churches. Carmichael was a man of broken fortune and of profligate life, and was said to have spent his means in riotous living. With a view of bettering himself and pleasing his patron, he far outstript the letter of his commission. He fined, imprisoned, and seized the goods of all he could discover were absent from church; servants he tortured, to compel them to tell where their masters were hid; and women and children were beaten, to find out where their husbands or parents were, or their property was concealed. And with women he did not hesitate to commit worse crimes. To make matters worse, there was no legal remedy; to complain of him was only to incur more severe exactions. The result was that a number of those who were living in hiding, fugitives from his

persecutions, resolved, if possible, to give him a fright, so as "to scarr him," says Russell, "from his cruel courses." Saturday, the 3d of May 1679, when they learned he was to be out hunting, was fixed for the attempt. Early in the morning twelve of their number met together, among whom were David Hackston of Rathillet, John Balfour of Kinloch, James Russell, and Andrew Guilline. They scoured the country up and down around Cupar till near midday, but came upon no traces of him. The reason had been he had been warned by a shepherd as he was setting out in the morning, that some gentlemen had been inquiring after him, and he, in fear, immediately returned homewards. Meanwhile the twelve, wearied and disappointed at not falling in with Carmichael, had come to a spot about a mile eastward from Ceres, and were about to separate—three of their number had already gone—when a boy, sent by a neighbouring farmer's wife, told them the bishop's coach was near. This at once changed their purpose. They had missed the servant, but the master, their arch-enemy, and the fountain of all the evil they had suffered, the traitor Sharp, had come in their way, and after some discussion—Hackston alone opposing, as he had had a difference with Sharp in a civil process wherein he thought he had been wronged, and whatever he did might be attributed to revenge, whereof he protested he was free—they resolved to cut him off as best they could. Russell, instead of Hackston,

was chosen to be their leader. While engaged in this discussion they had come near to a little village, Magus, now no longer in existence, when they saw Sharp's coach and its six horses leisurely taking the road to St Andrews. Russell, upon "a fleet horse," immediately rode up to the coach to see if its owner were inside. The bishop noticed him, and ordered the coachman to drive faster. Meanwhile the other eight joined their companion in pursuit. While thus pursuing, one of the bishop's five servants turned upon them, and was about to fire when he was dismounted, and his carbine taken from him. Shots were fired at the coach, but without effect, when the "fleet" rider rode up and cried, "Judas be taken!" and then called upon the postillion to stop. But the postillion only drove faster, so he struck him on the head with his sword, dismounted him, and cut the traces. The eight soon came up and secured the servants, and fired into the coach; but when they looked in they found the bishop was safe and whole, and they saw he must now be killed in due form. He was ordered to come out, and as he lingered and cried for mercy, Russell said to him, with the judicial gravity that marked even the wildest proceedings of the Presbyterians—as if debarred by iniquitous laws from arraigning him for his crimes, they would yet solemnly tell him of the misdeeds for which they were now taking away his life—"I take God to witness, whose cause I desire to own in adhering to the persecuted Gospel,

that it is not out of any hatred of your person, nor from any prejudice you have done or could do to me, that I intend now to take your life, but because you have been, and still continue to be, an avowed opposer of the flourishing of Christ's kingdom, and a murderer of His saints, whose blood you have shed like water on the ground." One of the nine now charged him, "Repent, Judas, and come out;" but the bishop only answered, "Gentlemen, save my life, and I will save yours;" when Russell again said to him, "I know it is not in your power either to save us, or to kill us. I again declare it is not any particular feud or quarrel I have at you which moves me to this attempt, but because you are an enemy to Christ and His interest, and have wrung your hands in the blood of His saints, not only after Pentland, but several times since, and particularly for your perjury and shedding the blood of Mr James Mitchel, and having a hand in the death of James Learmont, and your perfidious betraying of the Church of Scotland; these crimes and that blood cry with a loud voice to heaven for vengeance, and we are this day to execute it." He then ordered him to come out and prepare for death, judgment, and eternity. But Sharp refused, and cried for mercy, and offered him money to spare his life. "Thy money perish with thee," was the stern reply. A shot was now fired at him by one of the nine, while a second wounded him with a sword, at which Sharp cried out,

"I am gone." He was again called to come out, but only answered, "I am gone already, what needs more." They now were about to pull him out, when he exclaimed, "I know you will save my life; I will come out." As soon as he was out they pressed him to pray, but he again fell on his knees before Russell, and offered him money, and besought him for God's sake to save his life, when he was told he had been without mercy, and need expect none, and was charged to prepare for death. Instead of praying, he crept on his hands and feet to Hackston, who kept aloof on horseback from the others, and cried on him as a gentleman to protect him. Hackston merely answered, "I shall never lay a hand on you," and rode away. Sharp now turned to the others, and entreated them to spare the life of an old man, and he promised them a free pardon. His entreaties were of no effect, and Russell warned him his time had come. If he did not address God immediately, they must proceed. He still begged for life, when a volley was fired upon him, and he fell back as dead. One of their number went up and put his sword into the body, when Sharp at once raised himself. At this his executioners, not proof against the superstitions of the age in which they lived, seemed to have fancied he was bullet proof, and Russell ordered them to draw swords. When Sharp saw the drawn swords he felt death was certain, and shrieked in the most piteous manner. All was of no avail. Russell

struck him on the face with his sword, and the others followed, and killed him outright, and then rifled his pocket and the coach of papers.

Three-quarters of an hour at mid-day, in a populous country, with soldiers scouring up and down its length and breadth, had been occupied in the work now finished, but no one interfered with them. The very servants, of whom there were five, stood and looked on till all was done. Indeed the only one who interceded for him was Andrew Guilline, who all the time, says Russell, pleaded for his life. The dead body was left to the care of the servants, and the nine rode away deliberately to the spot where they had left their cloaks. On the way they met a man well mounted, and finding he was one of Sharp's servants, they disarmed him, and set his horse, as they had done with those of the other servants, loose upon the moor. From Magus Moor they rode to a place three or four miles distant, where they dismounted, and joined together in prayer, and gave thanks to God for what He had stirred them to do; for His wonderful assistance, and His restraining their adversaries on all sides until the work was accomplished. After prayer they refreshed themselves, and searched the papers they had taken, some of which were not of a character to make them repent of what they had done.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about the death of Sharp was the deliberation with which it was

done. The nine did not act as highwaymen, that shoot their victim without warning, and then plunder him of his all. They acted rather in the spirit of a judge that had both to sentence, and, himself, to carry the sentence into effect. Compared with the fortnight or three weeks that now generally elapses between sentence and execution, the thirty or more minutes they gave Sharp to prepare for death were short indeed. But the age was a cruel one. Sharp himself for years had been a chief supporter of a government that was in the habit of trying Presbyterians in the forenoon, and hanging them in the afternoon of the same day; and on the Thursday of the week in which he was killed he had procured an Act of Council, empowering the officers and soldiers to pursue the followers of Cameron to the death if they offered any resistance. When therefore they gave him a few minutes only to prepare for death—minutes, according to the testimony of Guilline, which he spent, not in prayer, but in vain entreaties to his executioners to spare his life, a life he had forfeited many times by his cruelties to his old associates,—they only paid him back in his own coin, and treated him as he had treated others whose single crime was that they held that "God alone is the Lord of the conscience, and hath left it free from the doctrines and commandments of men which are in anything contrary to His Word, or beside it, in matters of faith or worship."

Sharp's body was brought to St Andrews, and the tidings taken over to Edinburgh. The Council met next day, and took the depositions of some of the servants. A proclamation was issued, in which Russell and his associates are spoken of five times as "assassinates," and their friends as a company of "vagrant and skulking ruffians," field conventicles to be "rendezvouzes of rebellion, and forges of all bloody and jesuitical principles," while the deed itself is declared to be "the horrid and bloody murder," "a barbarous and inhumane assassination and parricide," "a cruelty exceeding the barbarity of pagans and heathens," "a cruelty exceeding the belief of all true Protestants," in which "the assassinates" "acted by a spirit of hellish and insatiable cruelty," "and which murder is as far as possible rendered yet more detestable by the unmasked boldness of such as durst openly, with bare faces, in the midst of our kingdom at mid-day, assemble themselves together, to kill in our highway the Primate of our kingdom, and one of our Privy Council, by so many strokes and shots as left his body but one wound." "Since several of the said assassinates are known to have been tenants in the shire of Fife, whose faces will be known to such of the witnesses as were present," heritors and masters in Fife or Kinross are commanded to bring their tenants, cottars, and servants, to St Andrews, Cupar, Kirkcaldy, or Dunfermline, there to continue and abide until examined by the sheriff-deputes. "Absentees are warned

they shall be reputed favourers of said assassination." "A full indemnity" is offered to "any of the said assassinates who shall discover his complices," and ten thousand merks to any who shall give such information as shall lead to their capture. Five months afterwards a proclamation was issued containing the names of Balfour and Russell and the others, urging upon all to search for, apprehend, and secure them. In spite of these efforts not one of the nine was ever betrayed by his friends, or taken as concerned in Sharp's death. Hackston was captured at Airdsmoss; Dingwall was killed at Drumclog; Guilline was apprehended while labouring in the fields in the parish of Cockpen, four years afterwards (June 11, 1683), on the charge of not being at the church the preceding Lord's Day. He was carried to the village of Cockpen, and pressed to drink the king's health. He refused, saying he drank no healths. He was then taken to Dalkeith, and thence to Edinburgh, where he was examined, and put in what was called the iron house, a room on the second floor of the Tolbooth, specially set apart for felons. The iron bar or "gaud" to which they were chained—a bar of wrought iron, twelve feet long by two and a half inches in diameter—is still preserved in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh. While thus in prison a rumour reached the authorities that he was present at Sharp's death; but there was no evidence of the fact until, at one of his examinations,

the unsuspecting man himself supplied it, whilst his examiner was bewailing the death of Sharp, and representing one of its enormities to be that the bishop was killed when upon his knees praying. This was too much for Guilline, and he innocently lifted up his hand and cried out, "O dreadful! he would not pray one word for all that could be said to him."

Guilline lies buried about half-a-mile to the south of the spot where Sharp was killed. We took a last view of the enclosed square in the wood. It had a much-frequented look. Indeed the pieces of greasy paper and bottles, here and there lying about, show that it must be a favourite "rendezvous," not for rebellion, but for picnic parties from St Andrews. We followed the footpath which ran south-east, until it led us into the cross road, which, in a minute or two's walk, brought us to Clermont. Here we went westward, on the road to Cupar, and past the farm of Clermont about a hundred yards, when a small copse of trees, fifty yards to the north of the road, caught our eye. A small burn here crosses the road. We walked up the side of the burn to the trees, which were enclosed by a dry stone dyke, and within the enclosure, towards the east end, was the tombstone of Andrew Guilline. The fifty or sixty trees were mainly fir or beech, about thirty years old. The spot had once been a garden, for here and there was a gooseberry bush growing wild. A more sequestered or a more desirable place for a graveyard could

scarcely be conceived, and Andrew Guilline was its solitary tenant.

The tombstone is erect. It is three feet in height by two feet in breadth. The lettering, very different from nearly all the martyrs' stones we have visited, is shallow, and bears no traces of ever having come under the deepening chisel of Robert Paterson, the "Old Mortality" of Sir Walter Scott. The letters of inscription were so filled in with moss that we made them out with great difficulty. They are:

The Grave Ston of
Andreu Gullin who Suffred
At the Gallowlee of Edinburgh
July 1683 & Afterwards was
hung upon a pol in Magus
Muir and lyeth hiar.

A FAITHFWL MARTYR HER DOTH LY
A WITNESS AGAINST PERJURY
WHO CRUELY WAS PUT TO DEATH
TO GRATIFY PROUD PRELATES WRATH
THEY CUT HIS HANDS ERE HE WAS DEAD
AND AFTER THAT STRUCK OFF HIS HEAD
TO MAGUS MUIR THEY DID HIM BRING
HIS BODY ON A POLE DID HING
HIS BLOOD UNDER THE ALTAR CRIES
FOR VENGEANCE ON CHRIST'S ENEMIES.

Guillin, or Guilline, Guillan or Gulon or Guilon, for in all these forms his name is spelt, was a weaver in Balmerinoch. He had been put out of Dundee for not attending the parish church. He took no active

part in the death of Sharp further than that he held the horses. According to Russell, he did what he could to save Sharp's life. "All this time Andrew Guilon pleaded for his life. John Balfour threatening him to be quiet, he came to Rathillet, who was standing at a distance with his cloak about his mouth all the time on horseback, and desired him to come and cause save his life, who answered, as he meddled not with them nor desired them to take his life, so he durst not plead for him nor forbid them." He was tried July 18th, and the jury found him guilty of the bishop's death, although really if there was guilt in the matter, the least share of it was attachable to him. He was sentenced to "have both of his hands cut off at the foot of the gallows, and then hanged, his head to be cut off, and his body to be carried to Magus Muir and hung up in chains." Wodrow says he has some letters written by him, that show him to have been "a countryman of some knowledge and seriousness." He suffered at the Gallowlee, between Edinburgh and Leith. His last speech is in the "Cloud of Witnesses," and it amply justifies Wodrow's cautious language regarding him. He urges the people to holiness, and to "cleave to the Son of God and His truths." He declares, "I die not as a murderer or as an evil-doer; although this covenant-breaking, perjured, murdering generation lay it to my charge as though I were a murderer, on account of the justice that was executed on that Judas that sold the Kirk of

Scotland for 50,000 merks a-year." He closes in words similar to those uttered by M'Kail and not a few of the sufferers in that age: "Farewell, sweet Societies with whom I have been, whose company was only refreshful to me. Farewell, my mother, brethren, sisters, and all other relations. Farewell, all earthly pleasures. Farewell, sun, moon, and stars. Welcome, spirits of just men made perfect. Welcome, angels. Welcome, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, into whose hands I commit my spirit."

His sentence was carried out to the letter, but he bore it with undaunted spirit. The executioner was drunk, and it took nine strokes ere his hands were cut off. When the right was cut off he held up the stump in view of the multitude, and said, "As my blessed Lord sealed my salvation with His blood, so I am honoured this day to seal His truths with my blood." The "Cloud of Witnesses" further records: "Afterwards, being strangled a little, his head was cut off, and it, with the hands, placed upon the Netherbow Port of Edinburgh; and his entrails being taken out, his body was conveyed to Magus Muir, and there hung up in chains on a high pole."

The body of Guilline, like those of the five whose remains rest in Magus Moor, was not allowed by the people of the district long to hang in chains. It must have been taken down within ten months after it had been put up, for in the Council Records, of date May 27, 1684, "The Council grant a commission to the

Earl of Balcarras to pass a sentence of banishment on the persons who took down Andrew Guilline's body from Magus Muir;" a commission that strangely contrasts not to the advantage of the Council, with the Divine command, "If a man have committed a sin worthy of death, and he be to be put to death, and thou hang him on a tree; his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt in anywise bury him that day; for he that is hanged is accursed of God; that thy land be not defiled, which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance" (Deut. xxi. 22, 23).

From Clermont Cross to St Andrews is a walk of about three and a half miles, and the road is a pleasant one. At first the ground and the trees conceal St Andrews from view, but at about two miles away the city, with its tall tower and steeples, and the bay beyond, so feared by the voyager for its readiness to call forth *mal de mer*, came into view.

St Andrews is one of the oldest of Scottish cities, but it must of late years have largely changed in appearance, for there is little ancient about its streets—all seems new. It is not until we come to its colleges and churches and churchyard, that we feel that we are within what must at one time have been in reality the capital of Scotland. Of its churches we chose to visit its most modern—the Town Church in South Street. It is destitute of architectural beauty. It was erected in 1800, upon the foundations of an older church. It

contains the monument to Sharp erected by his son. It is a large structure of black and white marble, and creditable to the artist, whatever we may think of the designer, the best part of whose work is perhaps the marble slab that forms its basement, on which are depicted in bas-relief the attack on Sharp's carriage, and his death. Sharp on his knees, occupies the centre-piece. In front of him is his crosier, as if worshipping it. Above him an angel is putting a crown—*the crown of martyrdom*—on his head; and near the crown has very appropriately been placed the legend "PRO MITRA"—for the mitre—the object for which the poor man betrayed his former brethren, and at last came to an untimely end. Below the kneeling figure is a Latin inscription of thirty-nine lines, in which an earnest effort is put forth to declare Sharp to have been a paragon of excellence. He is said to have been a most holy bishop, a most prudent senator, a most sacred martyr, a pattern of piety, an angel of peace, an oracle of wisdom, an example of gravity. Here also is said to lie "what is left beneath the sun of the most reverend father in Christ, Domini JACOBI SHARPII."

The monument was thoroughly repaired in 1849. At the same time the vault was opened and was found to contain nothing but the coffin handles—all else had disappeared. In 1725 the church was broken into during the night by "certain ryotous and disorderlie persons," and the vault rifled of its contents. What

was done with the contents no one now seems to know. For a century and a half, therefore, Sharp's mausoleum has contained nothing of what has been left beneath the sun of his remains, and it is now, like Jezebel's tomb, untenanted by the body it was intended to keep secure. An engraving of Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Sharp is in Burns' edition of Wodrow. Lely's power lay in faithfully putting upon canvas the weakness as well as the strength of those who sat to him, and he certainly has succeeded in preserving in Sharp's countenance the dissimulation, the treachery, and the feline delight he had in torturing his enemies who came into his hands, that his contemporaries had too much reason for ascribing to him.

"The Life and Times of Archbishop Sharp," by Thomas Stephens, was published in 1839. It is a large octavo volume of 640 pages, but it is of no critical value. The author does not seem to have known of the Lauderdale Papers in the British Museum, which contain several of Sharp's letters, or to have made any special researches for his theme. He is a High Churchman of the most ultra type, and regards Sharp as one of the best and greatest of men, and the Covenanters and Scotsmen generally, save Scottish Episcopalians, as about as bad as bad can be. Of Sharp he says, "The sacred blood of that father of the Church still cries to heaven. Punishment soon followed this unparalleled crime, by having as a nation both the candle and the candlestick removed from the

land. A moral cloud has hung over it for a century and a half." Indeed the volume is filled with such ravings.

Wodrow gives a full account of Sharp's death. In his notes there is the narrative "published by authority." It differs considerably from Wodrow's. Its style and spirit will be seen from its first sentence: "On the 3d of May, a day remarkable in the Church kalendar for the invention of the holy cross, this excellent primate found his, and I hope obtained, his crown (in which month also Henry IV. of France and Cardinal Beaton, one of his predecessors, were assassinated), about nine of the clock in the morning he took his coach in Kennoway, a village ten miles distant from St Andrews, where he lay the night before, accompanied only with four of his servants, and his eldest daughter in the coach with him."

Defoe, in his "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland," gives a "relation of the action" "from the mouth of one of the actors." As might be expected, its clearness of statement is in striking contrast to the confused jumble of the narrative "published by authority." It substantially agrees with Wodrow. Russell's narrative, appended to Kirkpatrick Sharp's edition of Kirkton's History, in the main bears out Wodrow.

The Town Church, which contains Sharp's monument, was that in which, in its earlier form, Alexander Shields, the associate of James Renwick, occupied for a time the second charge. Shields' early life was

ARCHBISHOP SHARP'S RESIDENCE, EDINBURGH.

somewhat eventful. He took his degree of Master of Arts at Edinburgh in 1675. He was in Holland when the rising that ended at Bothwell Bridge took place. Sometime afterwards he was in London, where he acted as secretary or amanuensis to Dr John Owen, the well-known author of so many theological books. In 1684 he was ordained minister to a congregation that met in Embroiderers' Hall, but his ministry there was of short duration, for on the 11th of January 1685, while preaching in a private house upon "the stairs in the entry into two chambers, upon the words in Genesis xlix. 21, 'Naphtali is a hind let loose, he giveth goodly words,' he was apprehended with several others, all of whom were afterwards sent to Dunnottar." On the death of Charles II., Shields was taken to Scotland, where he was kept for some months in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, until, when on the eve of being sent to the Bass, he managed to escape, disguised in women's clothes. In 1686 he joined Renwick, and the two soon became fast friends. He took part with Renwick in writing the "Informatory Vindication." Its title tells its nature: "An Informatory Vindication of a poor, wasted, misrepresented Remnant of the suffering Anti-popish, Anti-prelatick, Anti-erastian, Anti-sectarian true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland. United together in a general Correspondence, By way of Reply to various Accusations in Letters, Informations, and Conferences given forth against them."

When the circumstances in which the "Informatory Vindication" was penned are taken into account, it is a calmly written document, and it sets forth and defends with much ability, and in short compass, the position taken by Cargill, Cameron, and Renwick. It breathes the very spirit of liberty. "We testify and declare our cordial owning and approving of the *faithful* and *free preaching* of the Gospel *in the open fields* as well as in houses; and of the duty of defending the Gospel and ourselves by arms, and the lawfulness of defensive war against the usurpers of our ecclesiastical and civil liberties." It testifies against the doctrine often sought to be fathered upon the persecuted Presbyterians by their enemies, that magistracy is founded upon grace. "We say, as magistracy is not subjectively founded upon grace, so it is a holy and divine institution, for the good of human society, the encouragement of virtue and piety, and curbing of vice and impiety, competent unto, and honourable amongst both Christians and heathens."

The "Informatory Vindication" was read over at a meeting of the Societies, held on March 2, 1687, and the two following days, at Frierminion, a lonely farmhouse on a burnside nearly a mile to the south-west of Mount Stuart, a hill about six miles to the north of Kirkconnel station on the South-Western Railway. It was resolved to have it printed. £120 Scots—*i.e.*, £10—it was thought, would defray the expense, and Alexander Shields was desired to

oversee the printing. He went to London, but failed to find a printer who would undertake it. He crossed over to Holland, where he succeeded. Here he remained until the close of the year, occupied in passing the "Informatory Vindication" through the press, and in writing and printing the "Hind Let Loose." A letter of his brother Michael, yet in manuscript, of date Utrecht, July 29, 1687, speaks of the "Informatory Vindication" as then printed, and asks from "Monsieur Rosin," at Embden, Friesland, to whom it is addressed, for a loan of 300 gulden, *i.e.*, £26, to print the "Hind Let Loose." "If you could get 300 gilders (I think it will take that much to get it printed), to borrow from any in that place, for which my brother or I, or both, shall engage to get thankfully paid again, you would send us word as soon as you can. The 'Vindication' is now printed, and we shall send you some of them." "If you get the money, you may convey it to Andrew Henderson, who will send it safe."

A second letter, dated Utrecht, August 25, 1687, also addressed, in Dutch, "to M. Rosin, in the house of Jan Claesen Duyn, in the New Street at Embden," acknowledges the receipt of the money, and speaks of "a printer here to whom he," *i.e.*, Alexander Shields, "gave in the first sheet but yesterday."

The "Hind Let Loose" is a bulky volume. It is seven times the length of the "Informatory Vindication." The edition of 1744 is a closely printed 12mo

of 755 pages. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which it was written, for it seems to have been the work of a few weeks in Utrecht, and its extraordinary length, it contains pages that may be read even yet with interest; such as Part II., containing "A brief account of the persecution of the last period, and of the great suffering whereby all the parts of its testimony were sealed;" and Part III., Head iv., "The sufferings of people for frequenting field meetings vindicated," under section 6, where an account is given of the success that attended the "field preaching." "It being beyond all doubt that the assemblies of the Lord's people to partake of pure ordinances with full freedom of conscience in the fields, have been signally owned and blessed of the Lord, and have proven a mean to spread the knowledge of God beyond anything that appeared in our best times." As a whole, the book certainly answers to the promise of its title-page, which declares that it contains "A Vindication of the present Testimony against the Popish, Prelatical, and malignant Enemies of the Church of Scotland, as it is now stated for the Prerogatives of Christ, Privileges of the Church, and Liberties of Mankind."

While uncompromising in his condemnation of the lawlessness and tyranny of the times of Charles II. and James II., Alexander Shields was yet large-hearted and catholic in his sympathies. In a letter contained in M'Millan's "Collection of Letters," a volume more usually called "Renwick's Letters," written in June

1685, while he was a prisoner in the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, he expresses opinions which show that had he been living in our time, he would have been a zealous member of the Evangelical Alliance. "God is love," he says in his opening sentences, and the thirty or more pages that follow are on the same key, "and he that dwelleth in love delighteth in union, its native fruit and effect—the union that hath most of God and love in it, and hath a tendency to lead to and keep near God—the union that hath love for its cement, Christ for its centre, and truth for its foundation. Therefore, it follows that the closer a people cleave to Christ and His truths, the more inclinable they will be to union, the sooner they will obtain it, and the surer they will keep it. This is both the best means and the truest measures I can conceive either for attaining or for entertaining union. The union of enemies ought to be an upstirring motive to it; and the sense of our own pressures should make us leave nothing unessayed to accomplish it. It is one way of walking worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, to endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

John Howie's "Collection of Lectures and Sermons" contains three by Alexander Shields. Their sentences are much less involved than those of the "Hind Let Loose." As it is with many public speakers, the presence of an audience gave his preaching a lucidity and pith and directness often lacking in what came from

his pen. The matter of his discourses is evangelical in a high degree, and accounts for his popularity as a preacher. The first of the three sermons is that preached at Carntable, December 24, 1686. He had appeared before a general meeting of the Societies on December 22, and given an account of his past life. The Societies expressed satisfaction with his statement, and "did call him to officiate in preaching the Word to the suffering remnant of this Church," so that the sermon may be regarded as introductory to his ministry in Scotland. Renwick preached in the forenoon. The sermon is somewhat marred by a superabundance of divisions, but in its closing sentences —which we transcribe from an old manuscript notebook, in which the text is given evidently in a more correct form than by Howie—he gets free from their trammels:

"Now, sirs, I dare not but be plain with you about your souls' condition. Knowing the terror of the Lord, we desire you and persuade you to close with Christ. No escaping if you neglect this great salvation. We cannot promise you another offer of it in time. O sirs! take a look of precious Christ that is offered here, and give in your answer, and obey His call, or else we must denounce wrath everlasting war against you. Here, in His name, we call upon you to give in your answer. . . .

"To persuade you, . . . consider how little price you can produce; for it is not over dear. It is on easy terms. Believe, and ye shall be saved. Take, and ye shall have. Open your mouths, and I will fill

them. O sirs! these are easy conditions that heaven and glory may be had on. O make no excuses, but close the bargain with all your hearts, and let all your other lovers be gone, and embrace Him in this Gospel, lest ye perish everlastingly.

"Consider the misery of this neglect. It is unavoidable. O sirs! Scotland's hell will be a hot hell, and especially of professors that had the offer of the Gospel and the offer of salvation on so easy terms. O sirs! where will you flee to hide yourselves on that day, you that have been Gospel proof, that will not be moved for all that we can say to you? O ye professors in Scotland that will not embrace this offer of Christ, ye are in as great hazard of losing heaven and happiness as the wicked enemies. Ye that are not doubting your conditions, ye are in a sad case. And ye that cannot read, O but ye are in a sad case! Ye say ye have no leisure to learn to read your Bibles. But can ye take leisure to damn your souls, and will not take leisure to learn to go about the means of saving your souls? And ye that can read your Bibles, and will not give more pains to read them, and pray for the saving knowledge of them, ye are in hazard eternally to lose your souls. O give more diligence for heaven to your souls. Now ye have had a day of the Gospel on great hazard, and amongst enemies, and ye know not if ever ye have another day. O study the right improvement of the same, that it be not a lost day, or a day of accusation against you.

"Now I shall say no more, but give you a word of advice. O sirs! seek the Lord in the ordinances. He is a Lamb and a Lion. A Lamb speaks forth His meekness to penitent sinners that come to Him and accept of Him on His own terms. But O, He is a Lion also, and that speaks out His power and strength

and boldness. If ye refuse Him in His lambly meekness, in His offers, in His Gospel, then ye shall be caught in the paws of this Lion of the tribe of Judah. O who dare rouse Him up or offend Him? Now O take Him and embrace Him, and if ye will not, He will come and say, 'Go, take these rebels and kill them before mine eyes, that would not that I should reign over them.' O come under His yoke, ye rebels! O come under His yoke! O but there be many rebels to our Lord in this land that will not consent to His kingly government in both Popery and Prelacy, and also many professors that have not given consent to His reigning in and over them.

"Now, what shall we say to you? We here, in His name, from the terror of the Lord, desire and persuade you to be reconciled to Christ, lest He come against you when there is none to plead your cause or excuse you in that great day of account, when ye must appear before the great God for what instructions ye have had, and this day amongst the rest. O study to be found in Him. Amen."

In 1715, "A true and faithful relation" of Alexander Shields' sufferings, "written with his own hand," was published in a quarto of 140 pages. It gives an account of his imprisonment and examination in London, his being sent down to Scotland, and his examinations before the Privy Council. It is curious as showing Shields' powers of fence, and the readiness with which the officials of the Government of that age sought to proclaim the doctrine of passive obedience. They assert it so often that they seem to have believed in it, although it would be difficult to conceive of

monarchs more unworthy of unconditioned allegiance than Charles II. and James II.

When after the Revolution the Societies, March 3, 1689, renewed the Covenants at Borland Hill, near Lesmahagow, Shields took a chief part in the services of the day. At the meeting of the General Assembly in October 1690, he presented a long paper, entitled, "The Humble Proposals of Mr Alex. Shields." But the Committee of Bills and Overtures regarded it as tending rather to kindle contentions than compose divisions, and so it was never read to the Assembly; and the paper is too long, for it occupies sixteen closely printed octavo pages. Along with Thomas Lining and William Boyd, two young men who had been educated by the Societies for the Christian ministry, he speedily drew up a shorter "Paper of Submission and Subjection," and presented it to the Assembly, when the three were admitted into the fellowship of the Revolution Church. Although Shields had thus separated from the Society people, he seems always to have maintained friendly relations with them. When they raised a regiment, now the Cameronian or 26th Regiment of Foot, he was chosen as its chaplain, February 4, 1691. He accompanied it to the Netherlands, and served through its campaigns before Steinkirk and Namur. At the treaty of Ryswick he returned home, and was inducted minister of the second charge of St Andrews. But he was not permitted to remain long its minister. The directors

of the unfortunate "Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies," appointed him their senior minister in the second expedition to Darien, and the appointment was sanctioned by the Commission of the General Assembly, July 21, 1699. The instructions given by the Commission to Shields and his three brethren do not in any way anticipate the disasters that overtook the young colony. They are written in the full confidence that success would attend it. Perhaps their chief value now is the illustration they give, that in 1699 good people in Scotland had thoughts of missionary labour among the heathen. The memorial to the General Assembly besought that ministers might be sent to "instruct and edify our countrymen in said colony;" "and who also might, through the blessing of God, be useful in propagating the glorious light of the Gospel among the pagan nations, and contribute to their conversion." And among other counsels the Commission charges the ministers, "particularly that you labour among the natives for their instruction and conversion, as you have access."

Alexander Shields died in Jamaica, June 14, 1700. John Borland, his colleague, and the solitary survivor of what was to have been the Presbytery of Caledonia, in what Lord Macaulay justly calls "his curious and interesting narrative" of the unhappy expedition, speaks of him almost as lovingly as James Renwick himself did. He says, and the passage is a fair speci-

men of the quaintness that characterises the one hundred and two pages of his "Memoirs of Darien:"

"Among others of our countrymen that died here in Jamaica, the Reverend Mr Alexander Shields was one. He departed this life at Port Royal, in Jamaica, on June 14, of a violent and malignant fever, much lamented of all who knew his worth and parts, and had the occasion of his acquaintance. He had been heart weary and broken with this company of men, among whom he had laboured and conversed so long with so little success, and therefore left them and went up to Port Royal, designing, it seems, to take passage thence homeward by the way of London. But men propose, and God disposeth; for he had now done his work, and it pleased his Master here to call for him, and to put an end to his weary and troublesome pilgrimage in this spot of our Lord's earth; and now he rests from his labours, and his works follow him. His worth was little known or prized by the most of these he had sojourned and laboured among in the work of the Gospel, of whom they were not worthy. This stroke was an awful frown of Providence upon that poor company which he was taken from, and had so often and affectionately exhorted, reproved, and admonished; for the righteous are taken away from the evil to come. He was decently buried by some kind and discreet English inhabitants in Port Royal, in the burial-place near Kingston, in Jamaica, a kind countrywoman, Isabel Murray, paying the expenses of his funeral. He had only preached one Sabbath at Port Royal, upon that text, Hosea xiv. 9, 'The ways of the Lord are right;' which proved his last sermon in this world. When he was in Caledonia, he preached

mostly on that text, Acts xvii. 26, 27, 'God hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of our habitation.' He had a strong impression for some years before (as I have heard from some who were intimate with him) that he should die about the middle of June, and so it came to pass."

Thomas Lining of Lesmahagow, one of Shields' associates when received into the Established Church, published, in 1706, "An Enquiry into Church Communion; or, a Treatise against Separation from the Revolution Settlement of this National Church, as it was settled anno 1689 and 1690;" which he says he "published from" Shields' "own manuscripts without any material alteration." It is more tersely written than the "Hind Let Loose," and with some skill, and his wonted earnestness, seeks to combat the objections his old friends had to entering the Established Church. He denies the charge of Erastianism brought against "the Church as now established." But the events that brought about the Disruption of 1843 have shown that the Societies had cause for their objections. A highly competent authority, Mr Taylor Innes, in his "Law of Creeds," p. 245, has said that the "long contest" which "the Reformed Presbyterian Church, or Cameronians, who would not enter the Established Church on account of the alleged defects in its reconstitution," had "with the party which most resembled them in the Establishment as to the legal import of the Revolution Settlement, has now, after one hundred

and fifty years, been decided in favour of the malcontents by the courts of law themselves."

Alexander Shields' brother, Michael, was an excellent penman. His manuscript is one that would delight the eyes of a printer. He seems to have been a man of some education. He acted as clerk to the Societies from 1681 to 1691, and he has left a record of their meetings in the "Faithful Contendings Displayed." M'Millan's "Collection" contains fifteen of his letters. He went out with his brother in the expedition to the Isthmus of Darien, where, with so many of his countrymen, he seems to have died.

St Mary's College is nearly opposite the Town Church, and outside and in has a venerable academic air about it. It contains much that is full of interest to the student. But we must hurry on to the burying-ground, in which the Cathedral stands. The Cathedral is majestic even in its ruins, and must have been a magnificent building in the days of its glory. Its very size—356 feet in length within the walls—must, after the Reformation, have been its ruin. Like most cathedrals, it would not be well adapted for the purposes of Protestant worship. The seizure of the Church lands by the nobles took away the means of keeping the building in repair, and when once it began to need repair, and no one to repair it, ruin would speedily set in.

St Regulus' Tower, that also rises up in the churchyard, is a noble-looking object. Without a break or

intercepting ornament, it rises sheer up from the ground 108 feet. It obviously is of great antiquity. The runes recently discovered to be on its sides would carry it back to the tenth or eleventh century. One of these runic inscriptions is said to be a couplet of some beauty, in which a little girl laments the early death of her brother. The churchyard is full of monuments, many of them over the remains of men whose memories their countrymen will not willingly let die. Among the oldest of these monuments we noticed one over an Ann Bryde. It plays upon her name. It is:

THOUGH IN THIS
TOMB MY BONES
DO ROTTING LY
YET READ MY NAME
FOR CHRIST ANE
BRYDE AM I. 1665.

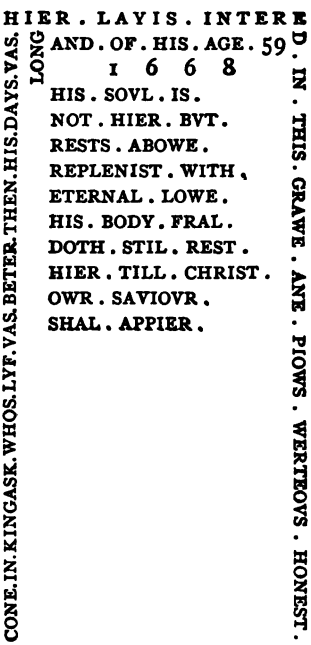
Another of like nature, upon a flat stone that must have covered the remains of a Henry Sword, is:

HERE. LYES. THE. CORPSE. OF. HENRY
SWORD. ANE. OF. THE. BAILLIES
OF. THIS. CITY. WHO. DEPARTED. THIS
LYFE. UPON. THE. TENTH. DAY. OF
JANIEWRY. IN. THE. YEAR. 1602
AND. OF. HIS. AGE. 50. YEARS.

HIS. NAME. A. SWORD. WAS. SEEN
HIS. OFFICE. IS. THE. LYKE

EVEN . JUSTICE . SWORD . I . MEAN
EVIL . DOERS . FORTH . TO . STRICK
THE . SWORD . DOTH . OFTEN . KILL
AND . SHED . THE . GUILTLES . BLOOD
THIS SWORD DOETH NO SUCH EVIL
BUT TO THIS CITY GOOD.

A third, of the same century, is:


HIER . LAYIS . INTERE
D . IN . THIS . GRAWE . ANE . PIOWS . WERTEOVS . HONEST .
MAN . THOMAS . DYNC
CONE . IN . KINGASK . WHOS . LYF . VAS . BETER . THEN . HIS . DAYS . VAS .
LONG
AND . OF . HIS . AGE . 59
1 6 6 8
HIS . SOVL . IS .
NOT . HIER . BVT .
RESTS . ABOWE .
REPLENIST . WITH .
ETERNAL . LOWE .
HIS . BODY . FRAL .
DOTH . STIL . REST .
HIER . TILL . CHRIST .
OWR . SAVIOVR .
SHAL . APPIER .

Of the beginning of the eighteenth century, we noticed one not remarkable for its humility:

HERE LIES BENEATH THIS STON CONFIND
JOHN DUNCAN LAIRD OF STONYWYND
HE WAS A MAN OF GREAT RENOWN
GUILD BROTHER OF ST ANDREWS TOWN
HE HAD EVERY VIRTUE THAT CAN
DENOMINATE AN HONEST MAN
HE DIED SEPTEMBER TWENTY-ONE
A.D. 1711.

Another, a century later, over the remains of an Ann Herd, who died in 1829, reads a useful homily:

Often i stood as you stand now
To view the dead as you do me
Ere long and you shall be as low
And others stand and look on thee.

There is a lyric beauty, as well as the expression of resignation and faith, in one on the tombstone of a Mary Lyon Campbell, who died, in her twenty-ninth year, in 1829:

Meek and gentle was her spirit,
Prudence did her life adorn.
Modest, she disclaimed all merit.
Tell me am I not forlorn.
Yet I must & will resign her,
She's in better hands than mine.
But I hope again to join her
In the realms of love divine.

But the part of the churchyard which had most attraction for us is that where rest the remains of many of the professors and ministers of St Andrews.

Here are the tombstones of Samuel Rutherford, of Thomas Halyburton, and Principal Hill. Rutherford was appointed, in 1639, to the chair of Divinity in St Mary's College, and in 1647 he was made Principal. When Charles II. reascended the throne, Rutherford was among the first that was aimed at. In September 15, 1660, the Committee of Estates issued a proclamation against his "Lex Rex," and declared that every person who had a copy of it, and did not hand it over to His Majesty's Solicitor before the 16th of October, should be regarded and treated as an enemy to the king. The book was burned at Edinburgh by the common hangman on the 16th October, and, a week after, at the gate of St Mary's College. It received the same treatment in London. Rutherford himself was deprived of his Principalship, and his stipend confiscated. He was ordered to be confined to his house, and cited to appear before the coming Parliament on the charge of treason. He had long been a sufferer from disease, and died in March 1661, the day before the Act Rescissory was passed in Parliament. His last words were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land." His name is now chiefly known by his "Letters," that M'Ward issued in 1664. They have been many times reprinted. Dr Andrew A. Bonar of Glasgow issued them, in 1863, in two beautiful volumes, and annotated them in a way that leaves nothing further to be desired for the elucidation of the text. Prefixed to the "Letters," Dr Bonar has given

a general and characteristic sketch of Rutherford's life. In 1828 Dr Thomas Murray published a "Life of Rutherford," in a 12mo of 395 pages. It is carefully and sympathetically written. The "Lex Rex," in spite of the efforts of the Government of the Restoration to suppress it, is not an uncommon book. It is a quarto of 467 pages, with 30 pages of introductory matter. It must have been written while Rutherford was in London at the Westminster Assembly. Its title is the length of a modern preface. Its first two sentences and its last are: "Lex Rex: The Law and the Prince. A Dispute for the just Prerogative of King and People." "London: Printed for John Field, and are to be sold at his house upon Addle-hill neer Baynards-Castle Octob. 7 1644." The contents of the book amply explain why it was so dreaded by the supporters of arbitrary power. It is a discussion, in the scholastic forms of the age, of the true position and duties of kings and their people. It contains forty-four questions, which are answered in detail. They are such as, "Whether or no the king be only and immediately from God, and not from the people?" "Prius distinguitur, posterius prorsus negatur." "Whether the king be above the law?" "Whether or no the king be in dignity and power above the people?" "Whether Monarchy be the best of Government? (Affirmatur)." "Whether the King of Scotland be an absolute prince having prerogatives above laws and Parliament? (Negatur)." The answers

to these and like questions expound the principles of constitutional liberty that are now all but universally received. But Charles and his councillors had set these principles at nought. Hence their hatred of Rutherford and his "Lex Rex." They saw that if Rutherford's principles prevailed, the arbitrary power they exercised would pass out of their hands. The sufferings of the twenty-eight years' persecution have thus a political as well as a religious aspect. Indeed, Rutherford was a Whig in the best sense of the term.

The inscription upon Rutherford's tombstone is said, in the fourth edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," to have been the work of William Wilson, where it bears the date October 9, 1735. William Wilson, besides his prose writings and his publishing Renwick's sermons, tried poetry. A posthumous 12mo volume, of 144 pages, was published in 1759, entitled, "Some Select Meditations in Spiritual Songs, by William Wilson, sometime Schoolmaster in the Parish of Douglas." A second edition was issued in 1804, from the Dalry press, by John Calderwood, the "non-hearer." Its first two lines will suffice to show the quality of the "Meditations:"

> "Farewell Park-wood, and this burn side
> Where crystal streams did often glide."

The poetry of the epitaph, like that of the "Meditations," we fear, cannot be regarded as rising above doggerel. Its only merit is its truth. It is:

M
S . R
Here lyes the Reverend Mr. Samuell
Rutherfoord Professor of Divinity in
the University of St Andreus who Died
March the 20 1661.

What tongu what Pen or Skill of Men
Can Famous Rutherfoord Commend
His Learning justly rasid his Fame
True Godliness Adornd HiS Name
He did converse with things Above
Acquainted with Emmanuels Love
Most orthodox He was And sound
And Many Errors Did Confound
For Zions King and Zions Cause
And Scotlands Covenanted LAws
Most constantly he Did Contend
Until His Time was At An End
Than He wan To the Full Fruition
Of That which He Had seen in vision.

The tombstone next Rutherford's is that of Thomas Halyburton. The inscription is:

Here Lies the Body of
Thomas Haliburton
Minister of the Gospel
He was Born at Duplin Dec. 25. 1674
And Ordained Minister of Ceres
May 1. 1700
In April 1710 He was Admitted
Professor of Divinity
In the New College St Andrews
And on Sept. 23 1712
At 7 in the Morning He Fell Asleep
In Jesus.

Halyburton was a man of kindred spirit with Rutherford. He had a very large amount of the learning of his age; and he had what few Scotsmen of that age possessed—the art of clothing his thoughts in nervous English. Hence his books are still readable, and, indeed, are well worth the study of the Christian student. His "Natural Religion Insufficient, and Revealed Necessary to Man's Happiness in his Present State," though posthumous, and a refutation of an opponent of Christianity—Lord Herbert, now well nigh forgotten—contains a great deal of matter admirably expressed, and not by any means unsuitable for the times in which we live. We transfer the opening sentences of his Introduction, that we may tempt the lovers of good books to inquire after the volume:

"In this sceptical age, which questions almost everything, it is still owned as certain that all men must die. If there were any place for disputing this, there are not a few who would spare no pains to bring themselves into the disbelief of a truth that gives them so much disturbance in the courses they love, and seem resolved to follow. But the case is so clear, and the evidence of this principle so pregnant, which is every day confirmed by new experiments, that the most infidel is forced, when it comes in his way, though unwilling, to give his assent, and moan out an Amen. The grave is the house appointed for all the living. Some arrive sooner, some later; but all come there at length. The obscurity of the meanest cannot hide him, nor the power of the greatest screen him from

the impartial hand of death—the executioner of fate, if I may be allowed the use of a word so much abused. As its coming is placed beyond doubt, so its aspect is hideous beyond the reach of thought, the force of expression, or the utmost efforts of the finest pencil in the most artful hand. It in a moment dashes down a fabric, which has more of curious contrivance than all the celebrated pieces put together which the most refined human wits have invented, even when carried to the greatest height which the improvements of so many subsequent generations, after the utmost of application and diligence, could bring them to. It puts a stop to many thousand motions which, though strangely diversified, did all concur, with wonderful exactness, to maintain and carry on the design and intendment of the glorious and Divine Artificer."

The ruins of the Castle of St Andrews are within five minutes' walk from the churchyard. However a past generation may have neglected these ruins, it is certainly not so with the present. Everything has recently been done to keep them from falling to pieces; and they are now cared for as if they were flowers in a garden. Ruinous as they are, they are not the ruins of the castle in which Patrick Hamilton, Henry Forrest, and George Wishart, were confined before being led out for execution, and in which Cardinal Beaton was killed. This older castle was destroyed in 1546-47 by the French, while the present ruins are the remains of a castle built by Beaton's successor, Archbishop Hamilton. But modern as these ruins are, they doubtless give a correct idea of

what the earlier one must have been, and in what frightful dungeons prisoners were confined in pre-Reformation times. The dungeon in the North Sea Tower is said to be 18 feet in depth and 16 in width at the base. It is entirely cut out of the freestone rock. The prisoners were let down as if into a coal pit, by a windlass. As we looked down, the keeper lowered candles attached to a cord, and lightened up its dark recesses. They seemed a poor abode for rats, not to speak of men of whom the world was not worthy.

The Martyrs' Monument is about five minutes' walk from the Castle along the shore. It is a freestone obelisk, and is said to be 45 feet in height. It was put up in 1843. The words of the inscription do not say much for the historical knowledge of the erectors of the monument; for the name Protestant was first heard of in the Diet of Spires in 1529. And the name of Paul Craw, who suffered in 1433 at St Andrews, might have been included, as Patrick Hamilton has been, although a pre-Protestant martyr. The inscription on the east side is:

IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS
PATRICK HAMILTON, HENRY FORREST,
GEORGE WISHART AND WALTER MILL,
WHO IN SUPPORT OF THE PROTESTANT FAITH
SUFFERED DEATH BY FIRE AT ST ANDREWS, BETWEEN
THE YEARS MDXXVIII AND MDLVIII.
The Righteous shall be in Everlasting Remembrance.

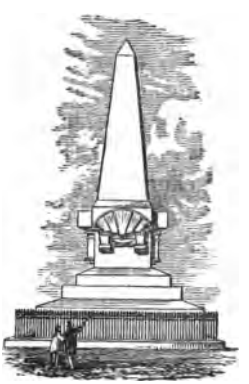
The inscription is repeated on the west side. The story of these martyrs is well known. Foxe, in his "Acts and Monuments," has told it with the simplicity and yet power that, in addition to the interest of the theme, has raised his work to the rank of a classic, that is likely to last as long as our language is spoken. Recent historians have added one or two facts to the narrative of the martyrologist. Dr Lorimer, in his "Life of Patrick Hamilton," has thrown light upon his marriage; and in his "Scottish Reformation," has made several other additions to our knowledge of the Reformer; while Mr Froude has directed attention to a letter of the Mayor of Bristol regarding Wishart that he had found among the State Papers in the Rolls Office.

According to Maitland's "History of Edinburgh" (Edinburgh, 1753, p. 202), there seems, when it was published, to have been a monument to Walter Mill in Greyfriars Churchyard, with the Latin "epitaphium" upon it by Patrick Adamson, given in Foxe's "Acts and Monuments." No trace of this monument seems now to exist in Edinburgh.

After a pleasant day spent in seeing the sights of St Andrews, and visiting Magus Moor, we took the train for Edinburgh. At Leuchars station, where the St Andrews Railway joins the main line, we had nearly half-an-hour to wait. A zealous antiquarian, that we happily met in the railway carriage, proposed to occupy the time by a visit to the parish church.

PARISH CHURCH, LEUCHARS.

Three minutes' walk brought us to the gate of the churchyard. The churchyard is singularly barren of tombstones of interest, but the church itself we found worthy of a journey from Edinburgh alone, and one which no one who has to wait for the train from Dundee should omit to visit. It is the church in which Alexander Henderson preached for the first eighteen years of his ministry; and to lovers of architecture it presents a very perfect specimen, though in miniature, of the architecture of the transition period in the thirteenth century, when the Romanesque style was beginning to pass into the Gothic.



MARTYRS' MONUMENT, ST ANDREWS.

CHAPTER II.

DRON, ECCLESMAGIRDLE, AND FORGANDENNY.

DRON is about two miles to the south of the Bridge of Earn station on the North British Railway, between Perth and Ladybank junction. The road to it runs almost for a mile in a straight line due south-east from the station, when a cross road leads away to the south-west. In another mile's walk, this cross and somewhat winding road brought us to Dron Church. The trees that surrounded the church hid it from view until we came quite near it. The churchyard lies round about it; and it stands on a kind of knoll that rises up from the strath, through which we had gone since we left the station. The church is a modern structure; but the churchyard bears the mark of antiquity, and seems to be little used. It does not contain more than twenty-five or twenty-six gravestones, and nearly all of them are of last century. The stone we were in search of we found in its south-east corner. It is three feet in

height by two in breadth. When we visited it—August 1876—it was sloping half-way over. On the east side the letters are deeply cut, and had the appearance of being recently cleaned. On the west side they are shallower, and so filled in with moss that we had difficulty in making them out. The inscription on the east side is:

An angel's head and wings.

17 51
HERE LYES THE REV
EREND MR JOHN WEL
WOOD MINISTER OF
THE GOSPEL IN THE CHU
RCH OF SCOTLAND
WHO DYED AT PERTH
APRIL 1679 ABOUT
THE 30 YEAR OF HIS
AGE.

On the west side:

HERE LYES
A FOLLOUER OF THE LAMB
THRO' MANY TRIBULATIONS CAME
FOR LONG TIME OF HIS CHRISTIAN
RACE WAS PERSECUTE FROM
PLACE TO PLACE A SCOTTISH
PROPHET HERE BEHOLD
JUDGEMENT & MERCY WHO FORETOLD
THE GOSPEL BANNER DID DISPLAY
CONDEMN'D THE SINS OF THAT SAD
DAY. AND VALIANTLY FOR
TRUTH CONTENDED UNTIL
BY DEATH HIS DAYS WERE ENDED.

John Howie has a life of Welwood in the "Scots Worthies." Its materials are taken from Patrick Walker's "Some Remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of these three famous Worthies, signal for piety and zeal, whom the Lord helped and honoured to be faithful unto the death, viz., Mr John Semple, Mr John Welwood, Mr Richard Cameron, ministers of the Gospel, according as they were taken off the stage; who were all shining lights in this land, and who gave light to many, in which they rejoiced for a season."

His father, James Welwood, was chosen minister of Tundergarth in Annandale in 1659, but was deprived by the Act of Council, 1662. John had two brothers—Andrew, author of what was once a favourite book among good people in Scotland, "Meditations representing a Glimpse of Glory;" and James, a doctor of medicine in London, and a man of mark in his time. His "Memoirs of the most material transactions in England for the last hundred years preceding the Revolution in 1688" has been often reprinted.

Walker's "Passages" in Welwood's life are shorter than is usual with him, and are mainly occupied with prophecies not dissimilar to those he has recorded of Alexander Peden. Most of these prophecies are of evil, and do not sound very appropriately in the lips of servants of Him, who came not to destroy men's lives but to save them. But the probability is that

they owe a good deal of their prophetic character to the telling of Walker; and where they are not the shrewd forecasts of a discerning mind, would be disowned by Welwood or Peden, could we interrogate themselves. John Howie has given four sermons of Welwood in his "Collection of Lectures and Sermons." The first three seem to be abridged, for the fourth is as long as the three put together, and its different divisions are much more fully illustrated. All four show that Welwood must have been an effective preacher. His sentences are short, and sometimes are nearly in the form of proverbs. A fiery earnestness runs through all the sermons.

The last three months of his life were spent in Perth, in the house of "an honest man," John Barclay. Walker records that, while he was able to speak, he laid himself out to do good to souls. None but such as were looked upon to be friends to persecuted truths knew that he was in town; and his practice was to call them in, one family after another, at different times, and to discourse to them about their spiritual state. On the morning that he died, as the light broke in, his last words were, "Now, eternal light, no more night nor darkness to me."

When the magistrates heard that an intercommuned preacher had died in the town, they sent a messenger to arrest the dead body, and forbade it to be interred in the burial-ground of Perth, but gave his friends liberty to bury it outside of the civic bounds whereso-

ever they pleased. The magistrates watched who of the town-people accompanied the funeral, and apprehended them and put them in prison. Welwood's friends sent two men onwards to Dron to prepare a grave, but here the parish minister would not give them the keys of the churchyard. They settled the matter by going over the churchyard dyke and digging the grave in the corner now marked by the stone. A quieter spot for a grave could not well have been found, and it has the beauty common to so much of Perthshire. The churchyard is encircled with tall trees; immediately to the south is a range of wooded hills, rising from seven hundred to upwards of a thousand feet, while to the north is the narrow strath through which the Earn meanders along; and in the background is Moncrieff Hill, richly wooded from near the water's edge to its summit.

From Dron churchyard we took the road for Ecclesmagirdle. We went due west for about two miles, the road still keeping near Balmanno Hill and Glenearn Hill, outlying parts of the Ochil range, when we came to Glenearn, a pleasantly situated mansion-house embowered among trees. Five minutes more brought us to the offices connected with Glenearn House. The old churchyard of Ecclesmagirdle is enclosed within the garden. It is walled round; and the old church, roofless, and almost hidden from view by the ivy with which it is covered over, stands in its midst. Near the entrance is a flat stone, with

the letters deeply cut, bearing the following inscription:

HEIR LYIS ANE VER
TOUS HUSBAND
MAN THOMAS SMAL
WHO DIED FOR
T S
E D
RELIGION COVENA
NT KING AND CO
VNTRIE THE I
OF
SEPTEMBER 1645
HIS AGE 58.

Death's head and bones.

Nothing seems to be known of Thomas Smal. It is not unlikely that he fell in one of the contests with Montrose, that took place about that time. The church looks as if it had not been used for at least a century, and the few gravestones, with one or two exceptions, are of old date. One of the most modern, an upright one, attracted our notice. Its inscription was:

LIKE A BARE GRAIN THAT'S THROWN INTO THE EARTH
DEAD FOR A WHILE AND MIXED WITH KINDRED DUST
THE BODY LYES BUT AT THE AWFUL BLAST
OF GODS LAST TRUMPET TEEMING WITH NEW LIFE
SHALL RISE IN NOBLE SPLENDOR GODS GREAT HARVEST
NOW WEAK CORRUPT DISHONOURABLE NATRAL
POWERFUL THEN IMMORTAL GLORIOUS SPIRITUAL.

At Ecclesmagirdle or Glenearn we were about two

miles from Forgandenny. The road was to the north-west, and for the first mile over Dumbuils, a hill of 300 feet in height. As might be expected from the height of the hill, it is an old road made in an age when pack-horses were the chief mode of conveyance for goods from one place to another, and is all but impassable for the carts and carriages of modern time. From its deserted look and the gates we had to open, it seemed as if it were little used now, even by foot passengers. For the second mile the road was through a pleasantly wooded country. Forgandenny is a clachan rather than a village, and the church is to the south of its single row of houses. The Martyr's Stone is on the south side of the church. It is an upright one, three feet in height by two in breadth. The inscription is :

HERE LYES
ANDREU BRODIE WRIG
HT IN FORGUNDENNY WHO
AT THE BREAK OF A MEETING
OCT 1678 WAS SHOT BY A
PARTY OF HIGHLAND MEN
COMMANDED BY BALLECH-
EN AT A CAVES MOUTH FLY
ING THITHER FOR HIS LIFE &
THAT FOR HIS ADHERENCE
TO THE WORD OF GOD & SCO
TLANDS COVENANTED
WORK OF REFORMATION
Rev. 12 c. v. 11.

The Statistical Account relates that Brodie was

shot at a cave, or rather what in Forgandenny is called a deigh or dell, on the boundary between the parish and Dron, and not more than two or three hundred yards from the hill of Culteuchar. Some of his descendants were resident in the parish when the Statistical Account was drawn up; and their tradition was, that after he had been shot, his wife, who had been with him at the conventicle, immediately went and covered the body with her scarlet cloak. One of the soldiers came up to her and asked her what she now thought of her husband. "I think more of him than ever," was her reply.

The churchyard is about a mile to the south of the station of Forgandenny, on the railway between Perth and Stirling.

CHAPTER III.

DUNNOTTAR.

STONEHAVEN is on the sea shore, sixteen miles to the south of Aberdeen. It is easily reached by the railway that runs southward from Aberdeen. After leaving the Granite City the railway skirts the Dee and then crosses it, and soon reaches the edge of the raised beach, that for so many miles forms the special characteristic of the shores of Aberdeen and Kincardine. Now and then the deep indents of the sea—the "goes," as they are called in Caithness—almost break in upon the line of railway, and enable the passenger to look down upon the waves as they come and go upon the wild cliffs far below him. In less than three-quarters of an hour Stonehaven comes in view, and rising behind it is a headland jutting out into the sea, and a second beyond it, and then a third, crowned with some ruined walls, which we recognised from photographs previously seen to be Dunnottar Castle.

Stonehaven lies a little above the level of high water, at the upper end of a small bay that opens to the east. The ground to the west of the town slopes gently down to it, but on the north and south the raised beach comes forward, until for a great part it is a wild perpendicular cliff, rising straight up from the water's edge. On the north side the cliff is pierced with caves, and ruggedly juts out into the sea. Our path, after going down to the town, began to rise; and as we went on the narrow foot-road two large gravestones by the way-side attracted notice. On one of them we read: "HEIR LEYS ANE HONEST MAN MAGNUS TAILLIOVR SEYMAN QVHA DIED IN STANEHAVEN IN THE TIME OF PEST 1608." We were passing the spot where it is said those who died of the plague were buried. As we went southwards our path continued to rise until we were again upon the high table-land, and we could look from the edge of the raised beach to the town and the bay beneath, with its little harbour besprinkled with boats unloading the herrings captured the preceding night. Here and there were piles of barrels, and, not far from them, the herring curers were busy gutting or packing, with wonderful rapidity, the denizens of the sea that had come into their hands.

As we gazed upon the scene below, a small church caught our eye, and we were told that it was the Episcopal, and that in Stonehaven, and in the villages immediately to its north and south, Episcopacy still

had a hold upon the fishing population. The conservatism that appears to some degree in the dress of the people is seen in their withstanding the advance of Presbyterianism that has made Aberdeen, once the stronghold of Episcopacy, the most Presbyterian large town in Scotland. From the end of the bay and the edge of the raised beach we turned away south-east, along a path gently rising, and which took us up through a corn-field, and in its rise hid from us the sea, which we knew must not be far away before us. The rising ground to the left was the Black Hill, marked on the Ordnance Map as having the remains of a camp. A little farther on was Dunnicaer, where sculptured standing stones, engraved in Stuart's magnificent volumes, have been found; but meanwhile we had another object in view. We soon reached the summit level, and there, right before us, on a mass of conglomerate projecting out into the sea, on the other side of a small bay, that bears the name of Castle Haven, was Dunnottar Castle. We went down by a gradually descending footpath on the face of the steep raised beach at the west end of the bay until we were at the water's edge. The day was one rare on the east coast of Scotland. Scarcely a breath of wind stirred the air, and the waters of the bay were almost without a ripple, and were as transparent as they could well be. We seemed to see far into their depths, and the fishing boats on their surface, out where the bay became part of the German Ocean,

would, save for the hard rowing of their crews, have lain as idly on the water as Coleridge's becalmed ship in his "Ancient Mariner." But smooth as the water now was, we had only to look at the beach of water-worn stones, among which not a shell was to be seen, and the timbers of a wrecked fishing-boat that lay up on the shore, and the wild precipitous cliffs of conglomerate that rose sheer out of the sea to the north of the bay, and the stern look of the mass of rock before us, on the top of which were the ruins of Dunnottar, to see how certainly destruction must be the end of the ship that should come in here when the waves were in the fury of a storm.

Although Dunnottar Castle on the map seems only a mile and three-quarters from the railway station, what with turning into the bookseller's shop in Stonehaven to purchase the needed tickets of admission, and the climbing up to the summit of the raised beach, and the descent down into the bay, and the slow walking over the smooth rolled stones of the beach, an hour had passed away ere we found ourselves rising up from the water's edge and making for the castle gate. As we came near and looked before us, it was easy to see that the castle rock was nearly cut off from the land by a ravine on its west side, and that with its height all round—for it rises up from the sea little less than 160 feet—it must, before the invention of the long range weapons of modern times, have been practically impregnable. At the end

of the rock, facing the land, is a tower, the most ancient part of the castle, several stories in height, but now, like all its other buildings, roofless. The entrance is on the north side, near where the neck of connecting land is narrowest. We go up to it by a flight of steps that takes us, nearly half up on the rock, to a low arched gateway in a wall 34 feet in height. We pull a rope or wire attached to a cracked bell far above us, and while we wait the keeper's approach, we see that the arched gate is flanked by a building that, according to Dr John Longmuir's carefully compiled "Guide to Dunnottar Castle," is 50 feet in height. It has three ranges of embrasures, and must have had other two stories above the three. The arrows or balls from the tiers of embrasures would, in the days of strife in olden times, have made an end of us in the three or four minutes that elapsed ere we heard the key turning in the lock and saw an opening before us.

The opening was not particularly inviting. It was half dark, and a damp smelling current of air came down upon us, and a few feet before us was a grated gate—that of the portcullis—and the breadth of the entrance was only 6½ feet, while in the gloom we had difficulty in making out the height of the arch above us, which at the middle, according to Dr Longmuir, is 9½ feet. But the friendly voice and peaceful-looking face of the Aberdonian who took our tickets of admission, and pointed out the visitors' book in which to

sign our names, plainly told us we had nothing to fear. And no sooner had we signed our names and he locked the door behind us, than he disappeared and left us to wander at our will over the castle. The dark passage under the gate tower slopes upward. At its end we see the sky above us, but the rock confronts us, and in it has been scooped out a large room, some 30 feet in length, that has received the name of the Guard-House. At its far end, on the east side, is said to be the commencement of an underground passage, several miles in length, to the Castle of Fetteresso, once a residence of the Earls Marischal. So far as we could see in the dim light it seemed to be closed up with rubbish. Between the gate tower and the Guard-House is the end of another large room, the Magazine. As yet, however, we are only entering the castle, for, according to Dr Longmuir, who has been very particular in his measurements, the entrance now runs nearly parallel to the side of the Magazine for 33 feet. It then turns, and always rising upwards, for about 73 feet in a south-east direction, when we reach the first sally-port, an arched gate, 4 feet 9 inches in width. Entering the sally-port we go through a passage of some 25 feet in length. At its end we are again in open daylight. But about 8 or 9 yards before us is a second sally-port, somewhat wider than the first. Here we ascend through an archway of nearly 30 feet in length. At its end we find that we have risen to the top of the castle rock. We now

look around us, and are struck with its extent, which the beautiful 25-inch-to-the-mile Ordnance Map, which gives a ground-plan of the whole, shows to contain three or four acres. Five or six ruined houses, the remains of the stables, barrack rooms, and smithy, line its south-western edge; but we make for a range of buildings, all roofless, 100 feet to the east of the second sally-port, skirting as we go, a smooth grass-grown lawn or bowling-green nearly 200 feet square. The range of buildings, we find, forms a kind of quadrangle, although the four sides do not exactly lie square to each other. The western side that looks out upon the bowling-green is 140 feet in length. The northern, or rather north-north-eastern side is 116 feet in length and 24 in breadth. It is said to have been the dining-room. Underneath are three dark vaults. The eastern side of the quadrangle is less than half the length of the opposite side. The upper floor is said to have been the countess's rooms. Beneath it are vaulted apartments. The south side—the chapel—is about the same length as the eastern. Towards the north-east corner of the quadrangle is the well, now a circular green-looking pond of some 30 feet in diameter. Here and there on the walls were seen slight remains of plaster or sculpture, but everywhere it was desolation and ruin. In many cases the chiselled stones at the windows and doors had been carried away. In a few years rain and frost will evidently bring the whole level with the ground.

It was impossible not to look with regret, and even with wonder, at the ruin around us, for so late as 1693 or later, judging from "the prospect" given of it in Slezer's "Theatrum Scotiæ," it was all in a habitable condition; and so far as the size of the buildings and the view of the sea are concerned, it must have been a magnificent coast residence, worthy of an earl in the olden time. Had we, however, been there in mid-winter and seen the raging waves beneath us, and heard the wild roar of the surf, and felt the cold east winds sweeping over the rock, without a vestige of shelter from their fury, and considered its isolated condition, and the difficulty of getting people, and provisions to keep them alive, into it, and remembered that we live in peaceful times, when we do not need to flee to castles on hill-tops for safety, but may choose our residence on the plain or the valley, and live in perfect security, we should not have regretted that it had gone to ruin, and the successors of its old inhabitants to be living in quieter and more accessible abodes.

But we had yet to see the building which brought us to Dunnottar. At the corner of the quadrangle, where the north-east and east sides meet, there runs out due east, for about 50 feet, on to the extreme point of the rock, a pile of building of the same character as the sides of the quadrangle. Its upper floor is divided into two apartments, which once formed the marischal's library and bedroom. In the

bedroom over the fireplace, sculptured on the stone, are the arms of the earl and countess, with the date 1645. Underneath these two rooms is what has been called "The Whigs' Vault." According to Dr Longmuir it is 54 feet 9 inches in length, by 15 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 12 feet in height. It has two windows, one of them is 5 feet in height, by 4 in breadth, but some of its hewn stones have been torn out, so that it is now considerably larger, and lets in much more light than in its former condition, when it was iron-barred and narrowed with woodwork. The other is only 15 inches by 16. About 7 feet from the ground are horizontal niches, into which it is said the keepers forced the hands of refractory prisoners, and compelled them to hang there with the whole weight of their body.

Into this ill-lighted and gloomy-looking dungeon, one hundred and sixty-seven persons were thrust on the 24th of May 1685. News of the arrival of Argyle's expedition from Holland had reached Edinburgh from the Orkneys, where it had very unwisely anchored on the 6th of May. The authorities got alarmed, and suddenly ordered that all the prisoners for religion, especially those from the south and west, should be sent to Dunnottar. On Monday, the 18th, about five o'clock in the afternoon, nearly two hundred prisoners, without any previous warning, were taken out of the Edinburgh and Canongate Tolbooths, and hurried away down to Leith. Here they were joined by about

twenty more who had been confined in the Leith Tolbooth, and all were put into open boats, while their friends, who had heard of their removal, were not allowed to come near. Next morning, at break of day, they were landed at Burntisland, where they were kept for two days pent up in the two rooms in the Tolbooth, and were denied all liberty, and had great difficulty in procuring bread and water for money. Here a messenger came from the Council in Edinburgh, with orders to bring back those who would take the oath of allegiance, with an acknowledgment of the royal supremacy in all causes civil and ecclesiastical. The whole of the prisoners expressed willingness to take the oath of allegiance, but about forty only, overcome by the miseries of the past two days, agreed to the qualifying acknowledgment. The remaining hundred and eighty were hurried away on foot as far as Freuchie, a distance of not less than sixteen miles. Here, with very poor accommodation, they rested for the night. Next day, Thursday, they travelled a not less distance, until they reached the shores of the Firth of Tay, opposite Dundee, where they were crowded for some hours into three little rooms. Next morning, Friday, they were ferried over and arrived at Dundee about sunrise, and were confined for seven hours; but liberty was given them to buy provisions. That afternoon they were marched to Forfar, where they seem to have been put into the Tolbooth for the night. Next day, Saturday, they came to Brechin,

where they were allowed to buy food, and lie down in the fields. At nightfall they arrived at North Esk, half-way between Brechin and Laurencekirk. They were kept on the bridge all night, with soldiers to guard them at either end. The night was exceeding cold and stormy, as it sometimes is in the north in May, but no one was allowed to seek for shelter. They started next morning between three and four o'clock, and reached Dunnottar in course of the day. A few had managed to escape on the way, so that when they entered Dunnottar they were one hundred and twenty-two men and forty-five women—a hundred and sixty-seven in all. Worn out with the week's travelling and privations, they were thrust into the vault, only to find that the sufferings of the past were nothing to what they were now to endure. For several days the hundred and sixty-seven men and women were kept together in the dark den. Nothing was allowed them, not even water, but what was paid for at extravagant rates. In our time, British law requires 300 cubic feet for each lodger in a lodging-house, in which he merely passes the night, but the vault only allowed 58 feet for each prisoner. What with foul air and filth and want of food, it is not to be wondered at that seven of them died. The marvel is that any survived. At last the governor relented a little, and forty men were removed to a vault, or rather dungeon, below that in which we were standing.

To this dungeon we now went down from the outside. It was a still darker and more frightful-looking place than that which we had left, for while about the same length and breadth, the roof is about a third lower—it is without a window, and is lighted only by a hole above the door, and by a horizontal chink close upon the floor. Near its end is a small spring of brackish water. Here the forty were soon no better than they had been; and they were glad to lie down on the ground by turns near the chink to get a little fresh air.

After a few days the governor's wife came in to see the prisoners in the vault and dungeon, and at her intercession twelve men were removed from the dungeon to a vault in another part of the castle, where they had air and room enough, and the women were taken away to two rooms or vaults by themselves. But their miseries were far from being at an end—the summer heat increased the closeness of the air in their dens, and though their friends and the country people outside brought them changes of clothing, blankets, and provisions, no one was allowed near them, and not an article reached them but what was bought from the governor's brother, and he charged, according to a petition presented to the Council by the wives of two of the prisoners, twenty pennies for a pint of ale not worth a plack a pint—a plack is four pennies Scots—and eighteen shillings for a peck of sandy, dusty meal. And while half starved and stifled,

the soldiers were always ready to scoff as the prisoners sought to worship Him who hears the groaning of the prisoner and looses those that are appointed to death.

These barbarities at last led them to try to escape, and twenty-five of them managed to get out at the window of the vault and creep along the rock until they were noticed by some women below washing, and the alarm given to the guard, but ten contrived to get away. Fifteen were overtaken and beaten, and when brought back to the Guard-House, tortured, by being tied to a form, and a lighted match, such as was used for the matchlocks then in use, kept for hours between their fingers. Several lost their fingers by these cruelties, and an Alexander Dalgleish died.

Rumours of the ill treatment of the prisoners reached Edinburgh, and as the Government had now nothing to fear from Argyle, for his expedition had come to an untimely end, and Argyle himself had been beheaded at Edinburgh, a martyr for civil and religious liberty, on the 30th of June, the Earls Marischal and Kintore came, in the middle of July, to Dunnottar, and offered them liberty on condition of taking the oath of allegiance asserting the king's supremacy in all causes. The prisoners had the courage to decline the offer. In the third week of August they were brought from Dunnottar to Leith. Most of those who had money were allowed to hire a horse, but the others were compelled to walk, with their hands tied

behind their backs, for the sixty-six miles they had to travel. At Leith the prisoners were again examined, and the offer made in Dunnottar renewed. A very few, overcome by their past sufferings, complied; some others, who were very weakly, and had friends to intercede for them, upon signing a bond to appear when called upon, under a penalty of five thousand merks, were set at liberty. The rest were banished to what was called His Majesty's Plantations, with certification that if they returned to the kingdom they would incur the pain of death.

Dr Burns, in a note to the account of the sufferings of the prisoners at Dunnottar, in Wodrow, says a list of their names is kept in the Sheriff-Court's Office in the county of Kincardine. The list merits publication. Wodrow, and after him Dr Longmuir, give some of their names. Perhaps the two most notable were John Fraser and Patrick Walker. Fraser had been in London, and had been seized, along with Alexander Shields, in January 1685, as has been detailed in the chapter on St Andrews. The two were kept chained together for months, until Fraser was sent to Dunnottar, and Shields reserved for the Bass. Fraser was soon to pass through sorer trials than even those of Dunnottar. He survived the Revolution, and became minister of Alness, in Ross-shire, where he was succeeded by his son James, the author of a commentary, still sought after, on the sixth and seventh chapters of the Romans, under the title of "A Treatise on Sanctifica-

tion." Patrick Walker, with four others, was taken while in bed, on June 29, 1684, and hurried away to Linlithgow "Thieves' Hole." Two days afterwards they were brought to Edinburgh, and—July 2d—were sentenced, says Walker, on the charges of "owning our covenants, defensive arms, hearing the Gospel in the fields, especially Mr Cargill and Mr Renwick, not owning the authority as then called, refusing to call Bothwell Bridge rebellion, and the bishop's death murder, and such like nonsense," and condemned to be banished. He was kept in prison till the 18th May, when he was taken out for Dunnottar. "I was brought," he says, "back to Leith the 18th day of August, and I escaped at eight o'clock at night, in a confusion, out of Leith Tolbooth."

It was well for Walker that he thus escaped, for his fellow-prisoners had sorer sufferings than those of Dunnottar in store for them. In number about a hundred, twenty of whom were women, they were handed over by the Council as a free gift to a George Scott of Pitlochie, in Fifeshire, who secured a Newcastle ship to take them to America. In addition to the prisoners, there were a considerable number of passengers, most of whom were fleeing from the tyranny of their native land. One of the prisoners, a Robert M'Lellan of Barmagechan, who had been concerned from its commencement in the rising that ended in the battle of Pentland, and had been at Bothwell Bridge, and after much suffering and priva-

tion had been seized in the close of 1684, and one of the passengers, Archibald Riddell, an indulged minister, who had been imprisoned for four years, and been repeatedly examined before the Council, have both left accounts of the voyage. They are interesting, as showing what sufferings men and women, in the seventeenth century, had sometimes to endure for their religion, and what a frightful thing a voyage to America must often have been in those times of slow sailing and ill-furnished ships, when, indeed, the art of navigation, so perfected in the nineteenth century, was all but unknown.

The prisoners went on board in the last week of August, but it was the 5th of September before the vessel left Leith Roads. They had scarcely sailed when the beef was found to be ill cured, and in a few days it was not eatable. Fever broke out as they left Land's End behind them, and the deaths soon averaged three and four in a day. The crew all died except the captain and the boatswain. Pitlochie and his wife and many of the passengers died. The prisoners, as might be expected, did not escape. At least twenty-two of them fell victims to the fever. In all, between sixty and seventy of the passengers and prisoners died at sea. Sailing in September, they caught the equinoctial gales, and twice were near perishing by the vessel having sprung a leak. Calms were not better for them in their pestilential condition than storms, and they had several of them, so that it

was the 15th December, after a fifteen weeks' voyage, that the ship reached New Jersey, whither the wind drove them, rather than to Jamaica, where the captain proposed to take them. When they landed, the prisoners appear to have been left at large, and were at first in some straits through the unkindness of the people. But the inhabitants of a town not named, up the country, heard that they had been banished for their religion, and invited all able to travel to come and live with them, and sent horses for such as were not, and gratuitously entertained them for the winter. In the spring of the following year—1686—Pitlochie's son-in-law claimed them as his property, and sued them before the court of the province. The governor sent the case before a jury, who found that the accused had not, of their own accord, come to the ship, and had not bargained with Pitlochie for money or service, and, therefore, according to the laws of the country, they were free. Most of the prisoners retired to New England. "So," concludes Wodrow, "Pitlochie proposed to be enriched by the prisoners, and yet he and his lady died at sea on the voyage. He sold what remained of his estate to pay their freight, and much of the money remaining was spent upon the lawsuit in New Jersey. Thus it appears to be but a hazardous venture to make merchandise of the suffering people of God."

The adventures and sufferings of M'Lellan and Riddell were not yet at an end. What was to come was of a more romantic character than anything that

had yet befallen them. When tidings of the Revolution came to them, they resolved to return to Scotland. In June 1689 they set sail for England. They had favourable weather, and came in sight of the coast of England on the 2d of August, when their vessel was captured by a French man-of-war, and they were carried prisoners to Nantz. Thence they were taken to Rochford, on the Charente, at that time one of the chief naval stations of France. Here they were thrown into a common gaol, where there were already two hundred prisoners, English and Dutch. In a short time nearly all were sent to Toulon, the arsenal of France, and its principal harbour, on the Mediterranean. They were marched, chained to each other, two and two. Six weeks were occupied on the journey of from five to six hundred miles, and several died of fatigue on the way. At Toulon they were sent on board the galleys. Here M'Lellan and his son, and a few others, who were all more or less enfeebled with sickness, were kept for nineteen months. Riddell and the others, after a month's rest, were sent back the way they came to Rochford, and thence to Dinan, an old town on the Rance, in the Côtés du Nord, in Brittany. Here they were kept, with some hundreds of others, in the vaults of the ancient citadel. They lay on straw changed once a month, and were overrun with vermin. After two-and-twenty months' imprisonment, Riddell and his son were exchanged for two Popish priests. About the same time the prisoners

at Toulon were exchanged; but Louis XIV. would not allow them to return through France, but ordered them to be put on board a ship bound for Genoa. At Genoa M'Lellan got a passage in a vessel to Cadiz, in Spain. From Cadiz he found a ship for Amsterdam, but a storm drove it out of its course, and it was forced to put into Bantry Bay, in the extreme south-west of Ireland. Here the wild Irish plundered the ship and stripped M'Lellan of his clothes, and for eleven days he suffered great hardship at their hands. At last the authorities came to their rescue, and compelled the Irish savages to bring back the prisoners, and the ship in due time arrived in Dublin. M'Lellan lay ill for some weeks in Dublin, and did not reach Barmagechan till the 31st of October 1691, nearly two years and a half after he and Riddell had left America.

From the Whigs' Vault we turned to the chapel dedicated to St Ninian. It is now a roofless ruin. It lies due east and west, and is in length 63 feet by 20 in breadth. The ruin is obviously of great antiquity; indeed, it is held by antiquaries to be the oldest part of the castle. On the south side of the chapel is the churchyard, with its somewhat high wall still standing. All within is still, and time has levelled its graves, although, after rain, they are said still to be marked by a darker green. Here, it is not improbable, some of the bodies of the prisoners who died in the vault or dungeon, and were not buried in Dunnottar churchyard, still rest.

Dunnottar has an earlier history than that of those who suffered under the tyranny of the last of the Stuarts. Blind Harry graphically describes its capture by Sir William Wallace in 1297. In 1336 it was held by the English under Edward III., but was taken and burned by Sir Andrew Murray. After the coronation of Charles II. at Scone, in 1651, the Estates of Parliament handed over the regalia of Scotland to the Earl Marischal, to be kept in safety in Dunnottar. Here they remained until the troops of Cromwell, under Lambert, encamped on the Black Hill—which we passed as we came from Stonehaven—and on January 3, 1652, summoned the castle to surrender. Two months afterwards the wife of James Grainger, minister of the parish of Kinneff, the parish immediately to the south of Dunnottar, asked permission of a Major-General Morgan, in command of the besiegers, to visit Mrs Ogilvie, the wife of the governor, one of her husband's parishioners in the castle. The request was granted, and she returned with the crown concealed in some clothing which she had with her, and her servant carried the sceptre and sword enclosed in bundles of flax. So little did the major-general suspect her errand, that when she left the English camp, on her return, he helped her on horseback. When she arrived at Kinneff her husband buried the crown and sceptre under the pavement before the pulpit, and the sword in the west end of the church. When the castle surrendered, May 24, 1652, the Republicans

expected to find the regalia, but they were nowhere to be found. Mrs Ogilvie, two years after the surrender, came to die, and on her death-bed she told her husband where they lay, and charged him inviolably to keep the secret, which he faithfully did till the Restoration in 1660. The story of their preservation will be found told in detail, with his wonted skill of narration, by Sir Walter Scott in his "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland."

In talking about the regalia, we have reached the tall tower which forms so prominent an object on Dunnottar Castle, as seen from the mainland. Its ground-plan is an oblong space, 37 feet in length by 25 in breadth, with a second by its side, 19 feet by 16. Besides the ground flat it has three stories above. Its walls are of great thickness—not less than 4 or 5 feet. The regalia were kept in a recess on the ground floor, in the passage between the two rooms. A winding staircase of 68 steps took us to the top, from which a fine view was to be had of the outline of the rock and its ruins, and the Old Hall Bay to the south. The walk round the top is a path 3½ feet in breadth, but it is without a parapet, and by no means a very pleasant promenade to one not accustomed to such heights, so that we were soon again at the foot of the stair.

From the castle we now made our way to Dunnottar churchyard, about two miles to the north-west. Our road was first by a footpath that passed by St Ninian's Den and St Ninian's Well, a pleasant spring of water,

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

provided with a large iron ladle, for the refreshment of the traveller. About half-a-mile from the castle we passed the Mains of Dunnottar. The road runs north-west for half-a-mile until we reached the main road from Brechin to Stonehaven. A footpath through the woods around Dunnottar House took us on for about a mile, until we joined a country road which soon led to Dunnottar church. The gravestone is on the east side of the church. It has recently been set in an iron frame, filled in with Roman cement, to prevent its being chipped away by the Goths and Vandals in the form of barbarian tourists. It is an upright stone, and, including its iron frame, is 2 feet in height by 2 feet 5 inches in breadth. We afterwards saw, in the Free College Library, Aberdeen, a cast of it as it was before it was set in its iron frame. The lettering has become somewhat shallow through repeated painting. The inscription is:

HERE . LYES . IOHN . STOT . IAMES . ATCHI
SON . IAMES . RUSSELL . & WILLIAM BRO
UN . AND . ONE . WHOSE . NAME . WEE . HAVE
NOT . GOTTEN . AND . TWO . WOMEN . WHOSE
NAMES . ALSO . WEE . KNOW . NOT . AND . TWO
WHO . PERISHED . COMEING . DOUNE . THE . ROCK
ONE . WHOSE . NAME . WAS . IAMES . WATSON
THE . OTHER . NOT . KNOWN . WHO . ALL . DIED
PRISONERS . IN . DUNNOTTAR . CASTLE
ANNO . 1685 . FOR . THEIR . ADHERENCE
TO . THE . WORD . OF . GOD . AND . SCOTLANDS
COVENANTED . WORK . OF . REFORMA
TION. REV . II CH . 12 VERSE.

It was here that, about the beginning of the present century, Sir Walter Scott fell in with Robert Paterson, busily engaged in following his favourite occupation. He was deepening the letters on the monument. Paterson did a great service in travelling over Scotland, and, wherever he came upon a martyr's grave, practising his art as a mason, and putting the tombstone in proper order, and even, it seems, substituting a better one when it had fallen into decay. Had he not done so, in many cases, there is reason to fear, many of the monuments would have altogether disappeared; for the time when he lived—the close of last century—was one when Moderatism had benumbed the spiritual life of our countrymen, and there was little regard for the memory of the men who had suffered for "their adherence to the Word of God and Scotland's Covenanted Reformation." All honour, therefore, be to the memory of Robert Paterson for his disinterested and self-denying labours; and he has, unsuspectingly to himself, obtained one of the highest of earthly honours, for he has had himself associated with the genius of Sir Walter Scott, in the greatest of the novelist's works—"Old Mortality."

The elder M'Crie perhaps goes too far when he says that Sir Walter Scott's object in his novel was to hold up the persecuted Presbyterians to derision. It was rather to tell a story in the most effective way. But Sir Walter could not well do so without his Jacobite and anti-Presbyterian prejudices coming into

play, and giving a bias to all he said. Hence, whenever these prejudices come into operation, he describes the Presbyterians, especially their religious teachers (as a High Church Episcopalian would have said they were, or wished they were), as canting hypocrites, rather than what they really were—pious men or women, of whom the world was not worthy. But when he writes apart from prejudice, he depicts the life of persecuting times as no one else has ever done. The result is, that in spite of its mawkish admiration for courtly Jacobite gentlemen, whom he calls Evandale or Graham, as it may suit his purpose, but who are as unlike the originals as two opposites can well be, "Old Mortality" has done more to awaken sympathy for the persecuted, or to call forth spirited expositions of their real character, than its author ever dreamed of.

Dunnottar churchyard is within three-quarters of a mile of Stonehaven station, where the train speedily took us back to the Granite City.

CHAPTER IV.

SHETTLESTON, KIRK OF SHOTTS, AND BATHGATE.

UNDER the guidance of a venerable father full of memories of bygone days, we set out from Glasgow for Shettleston and Sandyhills. As in most of the towns in Britain, the east end of Glasgow has seen better days. People, as they rise in the world, like to turn away from the smoke in which their money has been made, and to catch the fresh breezes that for two-thirds of the year, in our island, blow from the west. The Gallowgate and its neighbourhood seem now largely tenanted by emigrants from the Emerald Isle, who, by their ignorance and poverty, tell too plainly that they have come from a land under the blighting rule of the Pope. Eighty years ago it was far otherwise. The Gallowgate was the business mart of sturdy Protestants. As we went along we passed by the "Saracen's Head"—now dwelling-houses and shops, but last century one of the leading inns of Glasgow. Here sojourned, when

on his tour to the Western Islands, Samuel Johnson, the early pioneer of countless thousands of his countrymen, that year after year were to visit our Highlands and Islands, and to carry back to England pleasant recollections of the wild beauty and rugged grandeur of much of the land of the mountain and of the flood. Johnson's "Tour" is now little read, but it will still repay the perusal. His commendation of the long session then kept at the Glasgow University reads like an anticipation of modern discussions upon the curriculum. His remarks upon the treeless aspect of Scotland were reckoned at the time offensive in the highest degree. But the Scotland he visited was the barest country in Europe; for in preceding centuries it had succeeded in clearing from its surface the forests that, as in the backwoods of America, had encumbered its soil, and it had not yet entered upon the third state of a civilised country—it had not yet thought of planting trees for beauty. In a few years Scottish proprietors took Johnson's remarks in good part, and now Scotland is again becoming a richly-wooded country.

It is not easy to say where Glasgow ends, and the villages that hang on its eastern outskirts begin; for brickfields, and quarries, and houses here and there, take away all line of demarcation. But it cannot be said that its outlying regions are picturesque. The tumble-down look of the brickworks, and the deserted air of the quarries, and the begrimed look of the houses, and the puddles and heaps of refuse in their

front, bring one more in mind of Hogarth's wonderful picture of the "End of all Things," than of the neighbourhood of one of the most flourishing cities in the world.

A walk of some three miles brought us to Shettleston, a village that irregularly lines each side of the road for about a mile. Showery as it was, we soon found our way to the churchyard, which surrounds the parish church, a plain-looking building, erected about 1760. The monument we were in search of is on the west side of the churchyard. The inscription is somewhat lengthy, but is free from the fulsome eulogy so common upon monuments over the dead. It is:

The Righteous shall be in everlasting Remembrance
This MONUMENT is Erected by the
Congregation of Old PRESBYTERIAN Dissenters,
in Glasgow; and its Neighbourhood,
in humble Testimony, of the high esteem they
had of their late Worthy Pastor,
THE REV^d JOHN M^cMILLAN,
Who died on the 11^th day of February 1808,
in the Seventy ninth Year of his Age,
and fifty eighth of his Ministry.
It is remarkable that his Ministry
With that of his Father
THE REV^d JOHN M^cMILLAN of Balmagie
Compleated the Period of one hundred years,
as Publick Witnesses, for the whole
Covenanted Reformation, in its purest
State in these Lands between
the years 1638 & 1649.

Endowed with a Sound constitution
and Strong mental abilities, he laboured
beyond many, with much acceptance,
and Success in the Gospel.
His Sermons replete with Solid matter,
were always enriched with a vein of piety
and experimental Religion.
In the private Relations of life,
he was eminently examplary.
He lived Universally Respected,
and Died regretted by all who knew him.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness
of the firmament; and they that turn many to
Righteousness as the Stars for ever and ever.
DANIEL xii. 3.

As there was little else to be seen, we turned our back upon Shettleston for Sandyhills, the site of the church in which the Reformed Presbyterian congregation in and around Glasgow used to assemble during the latter part of last century and the beginning of this. The road was now by a pleasant footpath through the fields. When half way, our venerable guide pointed out to us the spot, about a hundred yards to the east, where, tradition records, the Covenanters lay the night following the unsuccessful attempt upon Glasgow a day or two after Drumclog.

Half-a-mile's walk brought us to Sandyhills; but Sandyhills, as it was in the days of Mr M'Millan, exists no longer. The church in which he preached has long since been taken down, and the site of his manse is occupied by Sandyhills House, a mansion

possessed by one of the merchant princes of Glasgow; while the Sandyhills, from which the place derives its name, are now all under the plough. Sandyhills, therefore, derives its chief interest from its memories of the past, and from its connection with one of a family that for nearly a hundred and twenty years did much to mould the character of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, now happily united with the Free Church.

The North-British Railway from Glasgow to Edinburgh by Bathgate, runs through Shettleston. This line of railway we now took for West Craigs, nineteen miles to the east of Glasgow. The station is a solitary house, but it stands in the centre of a coal and ironstone district. We took the road that runs nearly south from the station to the village of Harthill. When about half-a-mile from the station, we turned aside to Loan, a farm tenanted by a Mr Orr, in search of a Covenanters' flag. We soon found we had come to the right place, and the farmer took down a bag from the top of a wardrobe and brought the flag out of it. It is somewhat similar to the flag at Lochgoin, although a little smaller and in a better state of preservation. It is browner in appearance, but this has arisen from its present possessor very wisely having forbidden its being washed. The tradition is that it was at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. It originally belonged to a family of the name of Thomson, before it passed into the hands of the ancestry of the

present possessor. It is made of two pieces of linen sewed together, and is five feet six inches in length by four feet six inches in breadth. The inscription is :

Open Bible. *Crown.*
verbum Dei. *Thistle.*
FOR THE PARISH OF SHOTS
FOR REFORMATION IN CHURCH
AND STATE ACCORDING TO
THE WORD OF GOD AND OUR
COVENANTS.

It is pierced in one or two places by what looks to have been small shot.

From Loan we walked for about two miles to Benhar Moor, passing through the thriving village of Harthill on the way. Here and there round about were the tall chimneys of coal or ironstone pits, and rows of miners' houses generally not far away. The new schoolhouse and a commodious Free church gave evidence that the intellectual and spiritual interests of the people had not been neglected. All, however, was of recent origin. Ten years ago it was little else than a lonely waste of moor, and as in persecuting times it had been a spot where Peden and others sometimes preached, the inhabitants of the district erected a monument to commemorate these heroes, little dreaming that it would ever be anything else than a wild solitude. But now the Benhar iron-pits are close upon the monument, and the clank of the

engine, the burning of ironstone, and the coming and going of workpeople, scarcely ever cease.

The monument is between Benhar farm and Benhar ironstone pits, and stands in a kind of hollow. This hollow is not seen until it is come upon in the moor, and must have been admirably fitted for an open-air meeting in persecuting times, when it was desirable to conceal the audience from the view of enemies who might be in the distance. The monument is an iron obelisk, five feet six inches in height. The inscription runs thus: "This spot according to tradition is one of the places where Peden and others preached to the Covenanters—'Of whom the world was not worthy: they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.'"

From Benhar we struck across the country in the direction of the Kirk of Shotts. For three miles, until we came near Shuttlehill, our path was through moorland, but along lines of railway or near them, and always in sight of coal or ironstone pits. The whole country had the undulating surface characteristic of a district rich in treasures beneath. At Shuttlehill the road went over a hilly range—the Cant Hills—upwards of nine hundred feet in height. From the summit of the road we had a fine view of the country round about, and the Highland hills away to the north, while down below us were the Kirk of Shotts, and, at some little distance beyond it, the high road between Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The Kirk of Shotts is hardly a village, for there are only the church and manse, and one or two houses. It stands upon a knoll that overlooks the high road that runs in a valley about two hundred yards to the north of it. Rising up on the other side of the valley is a range that corresponds to the Cant Hills. The churchyard is on the east side of the church, and has recently been considerably enlarged. The older part contains few old monuments. The oldest we noticed is one which marks that "here lyes Thomas Thomson, who departed this life in year of God 1676." The monument we were in search of we found within ten or twelve feet of the small iron gate that leads into the old churchyard. It is an upright stone, three feet in height by two feet two inches in breadth. The inscription on the upper edge of the monument is:

> Repaired from the proceeds of a sermon
> preached here 1836 by the Rev. Mr Graham.

On the west side:

HERE . LYES . THE . BON
ES . OF . WILLIAM . SMITH
WHO . LIVED . AT . MOREMELL
EN . WHO . WITH . OTHE
RS . APPEARED IN A
RMS AT PENTLAND
HILLS IN DEFENCE OF SCOT-
LANDS COVENANTED W
ORK OF REFORMATION IN
ANNO 1666 AGREEABLE TO
THE WORD OF GOD IN O

PPOSITION TO POPERY
PRELACY AND PERJURY
AND WAS MURDERED IN HS
HIS RETURN HOME NEAR
THIS PLACE.

The story of William Smith is told by John Howie in his tract, "The Judgement and Justice of God Exemplified," usually attached to the older editions of the "Scots Worthies." William Smith was returning from the battle of Pentland, when he turned aside to a neighbour's house, not far from Muirmaillen, a farm about a mile to the north of Murdostan. His brother went back to seek for him. As he passed the neighbour's house he looked through the window, and saw two men and a woman round his brother, and what Howie calls a spit, but which may have been a rapier, through his throat. He fled for his own life, and durst make no inquiries. Some years after the Revolution, the body was found headless in the moss. On exposure to the air and at the touch, it crumbled away. The remains were gathered together, and laid where they now are in the churchyard. All the three murderers came to an untimely end.

It was in this churchyard, "on a Monday," he says, "after a communion, 21st June 1630," that John Livingstone preached the sermon that kindled the flame of revival that spread over a large part of Scotland, and which was not even extinguished by the persecutions in the next generation.

Bathgate is easily reached by the North British Railway from either Edinburgh or Glasgow. It lies to the north of the railway station, and is made up of an old part, with streets very narrow, and sometimes steep, and a new part, with the streets broad and tidy-looking, and shops that seem to say they serve a thriving population. The tall chimneys to the south, and the coal waggons at the station, tell that the town is located in a coal district. It has some fame for its schools for education. The Bathgate Academy, a building of a nondescript style of architecture, destitute of beauty, is a prominent object from the station.

The aim of our visit was the old churchyard, about a mile and a quarter on the road to Edinburgh, to the east of the town. It was a warm day in the latter part of June, and the season had been late, so that the hawthorn was yet in full blossom in the hedges that lined the road, and the air was fragrant with the sweet odours cast forth by its flowers. In about half-an-hour's leisurely walking from the station, we came to the churchyard, and got the keys from an old man of eighty, who lives hard by in a house that looks like as if it had once been the manse. The church stands in the centre of the burying-ground, and the burying-ground rises up by a gentle slope from the plain that stretches away to the south. The church is roofless, and has evidently been so for many a day. It is of the type by no means uncommon in Scotland —long and narrow. It is thirty-one paces in length

by six and a half in breadth, and its walls are about nine feet in height. All within the walls is occupied as a place of burial.

The tombstone we came to see lies in the centre of the churchyard, to the south of the church. It is a flat stone, seven feet in length by three in breadth. The inscription is:

Here lies the Body
of JAMES DAVIE
who was Shot at
Blackdub April
1673 by HERON
for his adhering to
the word of GOD
and Scotlands co-
venanted work of
Reformation in
Opposition to POPE
RY PRELACY PER
JURY and TYRANNY
Repair'd by a Few Men
in this PARISH.

Davie formed one of a congregation that had assembled to worship their God and Redeemer in a hollow on the farm of Blackdub, to the west of the parish, when they were dispersed by a party of dragoons. The congregation had got timely warning of their approach, and fled across a strip of deep moss, which stopped their pursuers. When they crossed, they stood still, and looked over to their enemies, and fancied they

were now in safety. The soldiers fired at them. The only shot which took effect was that which killed James Davie.

The churchyard is well filled with gravestones. Two inscriptions arrested our attention. The one was:

Nor wealth, nor want, nor youth, nor age,
can death's strong arm arrest.
Some with a sudden stroke he smites,
like him who here doth rest.
Through life beloved, in death bewailed,
his dust in hope here lies
Till Jesus shall in clouds appear
And bid the dead arise.
Ye mortals, hear the warning voice,
That from the tomb doth cry,
Make haste, prepare, to mercy fly,
To Jesus live and die.

The other was over the mortal remains of a man with the unusual name of Burd:

O SONS OF MEN, COME & BEHOLD,
THE PLACE APPOINTED FOR THE OLD.
AND BY MY SIDE THE YOUNG DOTH LY,
DRAW NEAR, AND SEE, AS YOU GO BY.

CHAPTER V.

KIRKINTILLOCH AND CAMPSIE.

KIRKINTILLOCH is best reached by the North British Railway from Glasgow. At the Kirkintilloch station we asked for Inchbelly Bridge, and were directed to take the road to the right, that leads to Kilsyth. The day was fine, and, late as it was in the season, the trees were still clothed with foliage, although its sere and yellow aspect told that its end was near. As we took the road to the right, we left Kirkintilloch behind us, and a rich-looking country spread itself out to view. To the left, in the background, two miles away, were the Campsie Hills, and all between was under the plough. The hedgerows were dotted here and there with trees, while an occasional farmhouse told of the presence of man. To the right, rising some twenty feet above us, was the embankment of the Forth and Clyde Canal. For nearly three-quarters of a mile it runs parallel to the road. The trees that cover it

must have been planted soon after it was made, for they are now of a stately size. About a mile's walk brought us to Inchbelly Bridge, where the road leaves the canal, and strikes away north-east for Kilsyth. Three-quarters of a mile further from the bridge brought us to the object of our search, under an iron grating, on the right hand side of the road. It was two flat stones, six feet by three, lying side by side. The one was new, and the other evidently not above forty years old. A stone parapet, rising a few inches above their surface, surrounded them, and formed the basis for the iron grating that covered the whole. The effect of the parapet is, that the stones were nearly buried under an accumulation of leaves and dust. The inscription on the older stone is still legible, but from the superincumbent mass that lay on its surface, it was only here and there that we could make it out. That on the newer stone, after clearing away its covering, we read and copied. It is:

Twas Martyrs Blood Bought Scotlands Liberty
ERECTED
FEBRUARY 1865
IN ROOM OF THE OLD TOMBSTONE BY THE PEOPLE
OF KIRKINTILLOCH AND NEIGHBOURHOOD—

ORIGINAL INSCRIPTION—
IN THIS FIELD LIES THE CORPS OF JOHN WHARRY AND JAMES SMITH, WHO SUFFERED IN GLASGOW, 13 JUNE 1683, FOR THEIR ADHERENCE TO THE WORD OF GOD— AND SCOTLANDS COVENANTED WORK OF REFORMATION

And they overcame them by the blood of the lamb, And by the word of their testimony; and they Loved not their lives unto the death.—Rev. xii. 11.

Halt courteous passenger, and look on
Our bodies dead, & lying under this stone.
Altho' we did commit no deed, nor fact
That was against the Bridegroom's contract,
Yet we to Glasgow were as prisoners brought,
And against us false witness they sought.
Their sentence cruel and unjust they past,
And then our corps on scaffold they did cast.
There we our lives and right hands also lost.
From Glasgow we were brought unto this place
In chains of iron hung up for certain space,
Then taken down interred here we ly—
From 'neath this stone our blood to heaven doth cry.
Had foreign foes, Turks, or Mahometans,
Had Scythians, Tartars, Arabian Caravans,
Had cruel Spaniards, the Popes blood seed,
Commenced the same, less strange had been the deed,
But Protestants, profest our Covenants to,
Our countrymen this bloody deed could do.
Yet notwithstanding of their hellish rage
The noble Wharry stepping on the stage
With courage bold and with a heart not faint,
Exclaims, This blood now seals our covenant—
Ending, They who would follow Christ should take
Their cross upon their back, the world forsake.

It will be seen that the inscription differs very considerably from that given in the "Cloud of Witnesses" as being on the stone. The words on the old stone, so far as we could make them out, seem to have been exactly transferred to the new by its side.

The inscription in the "Cloud of Witnesses" is three lines shorter, and has all the appearance of being a correct copy. The probability is that it is the original, while that now on the stones is modern. The lettering on the old stone has evidently been cut considerably within this century. It seems that the old stone at one time lay in the field some fifty yards to the north of its present site, and was removed to the roadside by the farmer, who was not fond of people walking over his ground and spoiling his crops. The following is the inscription in the "Cloud of Witnesses:"

Halt, passenger, read here upon this stone
A tragedy, our bodies done upon.
At Glasgow cross we lost both our right hands,
To fright beholders, th' en'my so commands,
Then put to death, and that most cruelly,
Yet where we're slain, even there we must not ly;
From Glasgow town we're brought unto this place,
On gallow-tree hung up for certain space;
Yet thence ta'en down, interred here we ly
Beneath this stone: our blood to heaven doth cry.
Had foreign foes, Turks or Mahometans,
Had Scythian Tartars, Arabian Caravans,
Had cruel Spaniards, the pope's bloody seed,
Commenced the same, had been less strange their deed;
But Protestants, once covenanters too,
Our countrymen, this cruel deed could do;
Yet notwithstanding this their hellish rage,
The noble Wharrie leapt upon the stage,

With courage bold, he said, and heart not faint,
This blood shall now seal up our covenant.—
Ending, They who would follow Christ should take
Their cross upon their back, the world forsake.

The story of Smith and Wharry vividly tells of the lawlessness of the reign of the last of the Stuarts. An Alexander Smith, of the parish of Cambusnethan, had been taken to Edinburgh some time in 1681, on the charge of being at Bothwell. He was not long in prison until he escaped, disguised in a woman's dress. He was afterwards caught, but when again on the way to Edinburgh, was rescued by a party of friends at Inchbelly Bridge. In the scuffle that ensued, several were wounded, and a soldier was killed. Smith and his rescuers got away in safety. The soldiers soon after rallied, and went in search of them. Not far from the bridge they found John Wharry or Macwharrie and James Smith sitting on the ground, without arms; there was no evidence that they were concerned in the rescue, but they were carried to Glasgow. They were tried on June 13th. The "Cloud of Witnesses" says the 11th, but Wodrow shows that the compilers of the "Cloud" have been misinformed. It is said the soldiers suborned two of their number to declare that they saw them kill the soldier at Inchbelly Bridge. They were condemned to have their right hands cut off, and then to be hanged, and their bodies to be taken to Inchbelly Bridge, and there to be hung in chains—a barbarous practice with dead

criminals, that continued down to within living memory, as all acquainted with Hogarth's pictures of the "Idle and Industrious Apprentice" will well remember. The sentence was carried into effect that very day. "Their carriage at their execution was cheerful and gallant." Wharry was ordered to lay his hand on the block; he supposed it was his head they wanted, and so he courageously knelt down. Major Balfour, evidently the same man who was afterwards concerned in the murder of Thom, Cook, and Urie, at Polmadie, near Glasgow (see "The Martyr Graves," 1st series, p. 122), in a great rage, exclaimed, "It is not your head, but your hand we are seeking." Wharry replied, "Then I had heard wrong; but I am most willing to lay down not only my hand but my neck, and all the members of my body, for the cause of Christ." When his hand was cut off, he gave no sign of shrinking, but immediately held up the stump, and said, "This, and other blood now shed, will yet raise the burned Covenants." "James Smith died in much peace and comfort." When they were half dead, they were cut down, and carried away to Inchbelly Bridge. "Some honest people" had provided coffins for them; but Balfour, in great wrath, ordered them to be broken in pieces. From the shortness of the time between their sentence and its execution, they had no opportunity to leave any formal statement behind them. Wodrow says, "I have some of their letters to their friends from the

prison at Glasgow, dated June 11th and 12th, full of pious matter, and discovering a very great measure of divine joy they were under." The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains a letter from Wharry to his mother, brother, and sisters, as well as one from Smith to his father and mother. Both letters afford ample evidence that Wodrow has not gone too far in his commendation of their piety.

On a Monday in June we started from Glasgow to Campsie. The sun remained all day behind the clouds, but there was no rain, and a slight breeze rustled the leaves, and gave the coolness of April to the air. The train soon brought us to Lennoxtown, where the Campsie Hills, clad in the rich green of the last days of spring, burst in upon our view. From Lennoxtown the railway runs on to Balfron, and in a minute or two passes the Clachan of Campsie, but we preferred to walk the short distance. Less than half-an-hour's time brought us to the object of our visit—the old churchyard at the clachan. The clachan is in keeping with its name. It is made up of a few cottages, with the manse and the inn. The churchyard was easily found. It is close to the inn, and a good-woman from a neighbouring cottage soon came out to us with the keys. Somewhat to its north side stands the old church. It is in ruins. The west gable and part of the south wall are all that remain. The ruins are strikingly like those in the churchyards of Loudon

and Glassford, and, as in these two parishes, the new church has been erected elsewhere, where the population has centered. We passed the church as we came out of the station at Lennoxtown, but it is in no way worthy of notice. The churchyard itself, like so many of our country churchyards, has neither road nor footpath through it, and from the very gate is all but covered with tombstones, chiefly flat, reminding one of the times, not so long ago, when the graves of the dead were watched during the night, by the parishioners in turn, and everything done to prevent the eager students of anatomy stealing the bodies away. Many of the stones are old, and have inscriptions that sometimes say little for the powers of correct spelling possessed by the bygone generations of Campsie.

We searched and looked about for the martyr's grave. In our search we came upon a stone that must have been put up last century over the mortal remains of the Rev. John Collins, minister of the parish 1641-48. He was murdered not far from Glasgow, as he was returning from a meeting of Presbytery. The body was found next day, and, as the watch and a small sum of money were missing, it was naturally concluded that the deed had been committed by some lawless highwayman. But the murderer, a proprietor in the neighbourhood, had taken away the watch and money merely to send suspicion elsewhere. He soon after paid his addresses to the unsuspecting widow. In

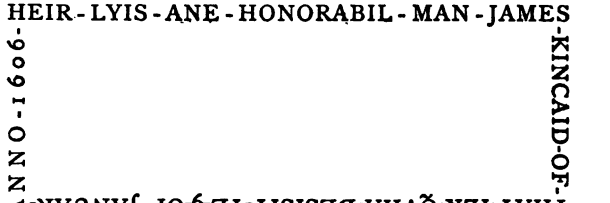
course of time they were married, and they lived together for several years. One day she entered a private room where her husband was sitting, and there, lying on the table, saw the minister's watch. He made an awkward explanation about it, that, to her horror, flashed the truth on her mind that he was the murderer. She taxed him with the crime. Overwhelmed with confusion at the discovery, he said not a word, rushed out of the house, and was never heard of more.

The inscription over the minister's grave is:

THIS IS THE BURING
PLACE OF THE REV
Mr JOHN COLLINS
HE WAS ADMITTED
MINR OF CAMPSIE
THE 2nd OF NOVR
1641 AND THE
TRADITION IS
THAT HE WAS
MURDERED IN
RETURNING FROM
GLASGOW ABOVT
MARTIMASS
1648.

Near the gate, on the right hand, we came upon two flat stones, of dates 1604 and 1606, to the memory of ancestors of the Kincaid family—a family still represented by a large proprietor in the parish. We give the inscription on one of them, with the

exception of the armorial bearings, which occupy the centre. Its words running along the edge of the stone are after a fashion that was evidently common in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century.



The gravestones of John Brown at Priesthill (see "Martyr Graves," 1st series, p. 258), and of Richard Cameron, and his seven associates in martyrdom, at Airdsmoss (see "Martyr Graves," 1st series, p. 273), as well as of William Paterson and John Barrie at Strathaven, are inscribed in a similar manner.

After copying the foregoing inscription, we again set out to seek for the martyr's grave, but so many are the stones, and so like are they one to another, that, after seeking and seeking, we had at last to go and ask the goodwoman who gave us the keys where the grave was to be found. A word of direction sent us at once to the place. It lies on the south side of the churchyard, and is a flat stone, five feet four inches in length, by two feet in breadth. It is in good preservation, and has evidently been renewed within the last thirty years. The inscription is:

ERECTED
IN
MEMORY OF
WILLIAM BOICK
Who suffered at Glasgow
June XIV. MDCLXXXIII
For his Adherence to the
WORD OF GOD
AND SCOTLANDS
COVENANTED WORK
OF
REFORMATION.
Underneath this stone doth lie
Dust sacrificed to tyranny
Yet precious in Immanuel's sight
Since martyr'd for his kingly right
REV. chap. 7. verse 14.

Nothing seems now to be known of William Boick. His name does not occur in Cruickshank or Wodrow. This is somewhat remarkable, as Wodrow records at length the case of Wharry and Smith of Kirkintilloch, who were tried at Glasgow the previous day, June the 13th, and executed an hour or two after receiving sentence. All that we know is, that five of the Lords of the Justiciary Court sat on the 14th of June, in Glasgow, and may have condemned him, as summarily as they had done Wharry and Smith. There are nine names upon the stone in the High Churchyard of Glasgow, but not that of Boick. This may have arisen from his connection with Campsie as his birthplace. It may be, however, that his name is included

in the "others" referred to in the line upon the Glasgow monument,—

"These nine, with others in this yard."

From Campsie churchyard to Campsie Glen was a walk of only a few minutes. From the railway the glen has no great appearance. But once within it, and its waterfalls, its deep pools, its rugged precipices, its many noble trees that rise up along its sides, and the magnificent view of the country away southwards, to be had at its upper end, will charm the traveller, and make him marvel that it is not more visited than it is by those who go to far-away lands in search of romantic beauty.

CHAPTER VI.

HAMILTON, STRATHAVEN, GLASSFORD, AND STONEHOUSE.

HAMILTON has many sources of attractions in its palace—so stored with the treasures of art—its villas, and its fine scenery; but the churchyard was the object we had come to visit. It was easily found, for it stands in the centre of the town. Originally the church was connected with the palace, but this was found inconvenient, and in the early part of this century the present building was erected. It is a spacious edifice, but with few or none of the graces of architecture. The churchyard has one martyrs' monument. It is built into the east wall, and, from its grotesque appearance, is one of the first objects to arrest the eye of the visitor on entering the enclosure. It is a slab of freestone, four feet two inches in length by two feet eight inches in breadth. It has the following inscription:

At Hamilton,
lie the heads of
JOHN PARKER, GAVIN HAMILTON,
JAMES HAMILTON,
and
CHRISTOPHER STRANG,
who suffered at
EDINBURGH.
Dec. 7th 1666.

Four heads in basso-relievo.

Stay, passenger, take notice.
what thou reads.
At Edinburgh ly our bodies,
here our heads.
Our right hands stood at Lanark,
these we want,
Because with them we sware
the Covenant.

Renewed
MDCCCXXVIII.

The four heads in basso-relievo are sculptured in the rudest manner. Indeed, so grotesquely criminal are the features, that they look like the work of an enemy rather than of a friend.

John Parker was a waulker, *i.e.*, a fuller of cloth, in East Kilbride; Gavin Hamilton, a tenant in Carluke; James Hamilton, a tenant in Killiemuir; and Christopher Strang, tenant in East Kilbride. All four were taken prisoners at Pentland. They were tried at Edinburgh before the Council. Sharp was president, and, with his native ferocity, urged on their

condemnation. It was pleaded on their behalf, that since quarter had been given them by such as had the king's commission to kill or save, and Grotius, in those days the great authority upon such matters, had, in his treatise, "De Jure Belli et Pacis," determined that "faith is to be kept even with rebels," they could not be put to death. But Sharp secured that this pleading be put aside, and that the trial take place. It is said that even Dalziel, bloodthirsty as he undoubtedly was, when he heard of this pressing on of the trial, cursed and swore terribly, and declared, were he to serve the king ever so long, he should never bring in a prisoner to be butchered. The record of the trial is given at length in Wodrow, Book II., c. i., s. 3. Its replies, its duplies, its triplies, and quadruplies, are interesting as a specimen of the mode of procedure in a Scotch court in the seventeenth century—a mode of procedure which actually continued to the beginning of this century—as well as for their able reasoning. The advocates for the prisoners seem to have done what they could in their defence; but all was of no avail. They were sentenced to be hanged at Edinburgh on the next Friday, December 7th, 1666; and after they were dead, their heads to be cut off, and "affixed at Hamilton;" and "their right hands" on "the public ports" of Lanark, "being the place where they took the Covenant." "Naphtali" contains the "Joint Testimony" of the four and other six condemned along with them,

a second testimony, and three other individual testimonies. The close of the first testimony is remarkable for its confidence in the ultimate triumph of the cause for which they suffered and died. It is:

"And further, we are assured, though this be the day of Jacob's trouble, that yet the Lord, when He hath accomplished the trial of His own, and filled up the cup of His adversaries, He will awake for judgment, plead His own cause, avenge the quarrel of His Covenant, make inquiry for blood, vindicate His people, break the arm of the wicked, and establish the just; for to Him belongeth judgment and vengeance. And though our eyes shall not see it, yet we believe that the Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing under His wings; and that He will revive His work, repair the breaches, build the old wastes, and raise up the desolations; yea, the Lord will judge His people, and repent Himself for His servants when their power is gone, and there is none shut up or left. And, therefore, rejoice, O ye nations, with His people; for He will avenge the blood of His servants, and will render vengeance to His adversaries, and He will be merciful to His land and people. So let Thy enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

Mr Dodds has ferreted out, in the State Paper Office, a letter from Main, the postmaster in Edinburgh, to the Government in London, giving an account of their death. "All of them died adhering to the Covenant, declaring they never intended in the least any rebellion, and all of them prayed most fervently for his majesty's interest, and against his

enemies." "They prayed to forgive their judges and the noblemen, and declared their blood lay only at the prelate's door—would not be hindered to express themselves in such a manner—which expressions had too great dipping in the heart of the commonalty."

The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains a testimony by an Arthur Tacket, a native of Hamilton. He was a lad of scarce seventeen when the battle of Bothwell Bridge took place. He had gone out with his gun on the day of the battle, but after the defeat got back again to his mother's house. The Laird of Raploch shortly afterwards heard that he had been present at the battle, and had him seized and carried prisoner to Edinburgh. He seems speedily to have been set at liberty; but he, as a heritor, had some little property, and so, two years afterwards, in his absence, March 1681, he was adjudged to be a traitor. In 1684 he was apprehended when coming from hearing sermon by Renwick. In the Council Registers, under July 1, Wodrow relates: "Duke Hamilton informs the Council that Arthur Tacket, now a prisoner, is a heritor, and forfeited for the rebellion. The lords leave to the justices to proceed against him according to their sentence of forfeiture." Under July 22, the lords ordain him to be questioned by torture to-morrow at nine o'clock, before the Committee for Public Affairs. Tacket would not tell who had preached, or whom he had seen at the sermon, and hence the order that he be put to the torture. When he was

THE GRASSMARKET OF EDINBURGH.

brought before the Council, the advocate for the Crown assured him that if he would tell all, it should never militate against himself or any other man; but he boldly answered he would not credit their assurances, since they had broken their promises and oaths to God and man, and he could not think the lords would press him so much to declare who preached, if they were to make no use of what he said, "whereupon," relates Wodrow, "the hangman was commanded to open the boot, and he laid his leg in it." But now the surgeon present desired him to wait a little, while he talked with the advocate. The delay was granted, when the surgeon stated, that from Arthur's youth and the slenderness of the limb, a few strokes would crush it to pieces, and, since they were determined to take his life, and nothing would likely be got out of him, it would be better not to proceed. Upon this statement the advocate ordered the thumbikins to be brought, which Tacket heroically endured without making any disclosure. He was condemned upon his old sentence, as present at Bothwell Bridge, and was hanged in the Grassmarket on the 30th of July. His testimony is remarkable for its fervour and unction. He died, says the "Cloud of Witnesses," with a spirit of meekness, and declared that he forgave his enemies all the wrongs they had done him.

After a short stay in Hamilton, we took the train for Strathaven, a town which lies about eighteen miles to the south of Glasgow. Like many old towns near

a castle, Strathaven is very irregularly built. Some of the houses seem as if they had been sown at random upon the ground, rather than built upon a regular plan. The churchyard is situated upon the face of a hill that commands a fine view of the surrounding country. The church no longer stands in the churchyard. Many years ago it was taken down, and the present one erected on a piece of ground, as we enter the town from the railway. Strathaven is manifestly a town of some antiquity. It was a burgh of barony so far back as 1450. The churchyard contains two martyr monuments. The first we come to is that of William Dingwall. It is a stone two feet in height by two feet six inches in breadth. On its edge are the words:

Erected in the year 1732, and renewed 1833.

On the one side is the following inscription:

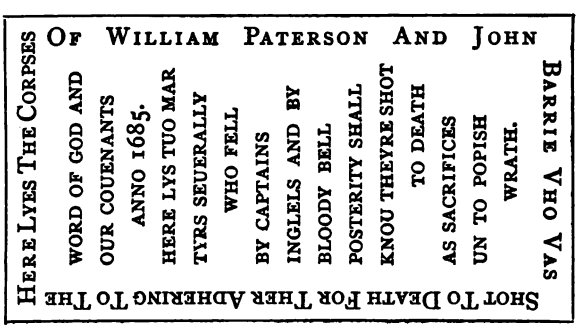
Heare LYS The CORPS OF WILLIAM
Dingwall who was shot in a Rancounter at Drumclog. Jun. 1st 1679,
By BLOOdy Grahm OF CLaverhouse.
For adhearing To The Word of God,
And Scotland's Covenanted WORK
OF ReFormation.

On the other:

This Hero Brave, who Here doth lye
Was Persecute By Tyrrany.
Yet To The Truth He Firmly StooD
Gainst Foes Resisting To The BLOOD
HimSeLF & Th' GOSPEL did deFenD,
TILL FOR Christ's cause HIS LIFe
DID enD—

Dingwall came from Fife. He died of his wounds sometime after the battle. Nothing further is known of him. From his name and county he may have been a brother of the Robert Dingwall who was concerned in taking away the life of Archbishop Sharp.

Higher up the churchyard is a second monument. It is a large flat stone. Its inscription begins at the top, reads round, and continues in the second line. It is:



On the pedestal of the stone:

Renewed by the Reformers of
Avondale at the passing of the Reform
Bill—ANNO DOMINI. 1832.

William Paterson was the son of a Robert Paterson, who was killed at Airdsmoss. He had been driven out of his house for nonconformity some years previous to his death. His name occurs in the long list

of fugitives issued in 1684—a list that contains about 1900 names. His family was scattered, and he was often in great straits, until at last he was taken and sent abroad to be a soldier. He was not long in foreign service when he made his escape, and came home, but he was soon again caught. He, with thirteen others, had been gathered together for religious exercises at a place called Charon-heugh, upon the Lord's day. Ten of them escaped, but Paterson and other three were taken. The three took the abjuration oath, which Paterson refused, and the soldiers carried him away to Strathaven Castle, where, in the afternoon of the same Sabbath, without trial, he was shot by a Captain Bell.

As to John Barrie, or Burrie, as he is called both by the "Cloud of Witnesses" and Wodrow, less is known of him than even of Paterson. He was met, sometime in the month of April 1685, by Peter Inglis —the same who cut off the head of Peter White. "He had his pass in his hand, and had showed him it," says Wodrow; but it was of no service to him; Inglis would have it that he was one of the wanderers, and shot him dead.

Although these three are the only martyrs commemorated by monuments in the churchyard, Strathaven had many others who suffered during the long years of persecution. In common with the great part of the west of Scotland, its people were largely spoiled of their goods by the Highland host in 1678. Thirty

years after, those then living reckoned the losses they had sustained at £1700; and this large sum cannot have been more than a third of what had been taken from the parish, for in the thirty years a great proportion of the sufferers must in the course of nature have been dead.

The spoliation made by the Highland host had no effect in lessening the attachment of the parish to the persecuted cause. Drumclog is within the parish. Many of its good people were in the Covenanting army at Bothwell Bridge. In the list of such of the prisoners as were banished, but who perished by shipwreck off the Moulhead of Deerness, there are eight belonging to Strathaven. Wodrow tells of six who were shot dead by the soldiers. In ignorance that the battle was over and lost, they were on their way to hear sermon in the camp, when the soldiers met them, and on a frank avowal of their errand, all were at once put to death.

The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains two testimonies, one by Archibald Allison, and the other by William Cochrane, both of whom belonged to Strathaven. Archibald Allison was taken at Airdsmoss, and was hanged at Edinburgh on the 11th of August 1680. His testimony breathes the very spirit of liberty. Three sentences, taken from near its commencement, will show what was the aim of himself and fellow-sufferers, in contending against the then existing civil government:

"They charged me with rebellion, for joining with those whom they call rebels, and declared enemies to the king, and enemies to all good government. For my part I never called them so. I declare here, where I stand, before Him who will be my Judge within a little, my design in coming forth with arms was to hear the Gospel preached truly and faithfully; and I know it was the design of that poor handful to defend the Gospel, and to keep up a witness and testimony against the abounding corruptions with which this land is filled from end to end, and to plead with the Lord that He would not make a total removal therefrom."

Wodrow says that he and a John Malcolm of Dalry, executed along with him, "died in great assurance, and comfortable hopes of well-being."

William Cochrane is merely said to have been of the parish of Evandale. Wodrow gives the questions that were put to him. "Being interrogate if it be lawful for subjects to rise in arms against the king, refuses to answer. Being interrogate whether the king be lawful king, answers these are kittle questions, and will say nothing of them, being a prisoner. Being desired to say, 'God save the king,' refuses to say anything. Can write, but refuses to sign his answers." On these answers, which simply say nothing, he was actually declared guilty of treason, and sentenced to be hanged at the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, four days afterwards, Friday, 15th December 1682. His testimony explains why he would not say "God save the king:"

"Which, as they have now stated him an idol in the Mediator's room, I could not do, without being guilty of saying, Amen, to all that he hath done against the Church and people of God, and true subjects of the kingdom, and the ancient and fundamental laws thereof. . . . Besides, ye know that taking the name of God in our mouths is a part of worship, and so a worshipping of their idol; for before our faces, they said that he was king over all persons and over all causes, which is putting him in God's room."

Wodrow tells of a William Young, a good man, but distempered and much crazed in his judgment, who was taken from Strathaven to Hamilton, and from Hamilton to the Canongate Tolbooth, Edinburgh. He managed to get out of the Tolbooth, and would have escaped altogether, had he not told the soldiers who were searching after him that he was the person they were in pursuit of. He had been cruelly used on the way to Edinburgh, but he fared even worse when sent back to prison. He was tried next day, and condemned to death, and was executed in an hour or two after sentence, August 27, 1684. A James Nicol from Peebles was hanged along with him. Nicol's testimony is in the "Cloud of Witnesses," and is one of the most spirited in the volume.

In the same year Wodrow records that thirty-six "of the common sort," belonging to the parish, were imprisoned for nearly half-a-year in Glasgow and elsewhere, because they refused to take the Test—an

oath of the most contradictory kind, which in the beginning owned the Scots confession, and in a few lines further on the king's majesty as the supreme governor over all persons, and in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil, and from which, by a strange inconsistency, the king's brother, the Duke of York, was exempted. About the same period, four proprietors were fined £1300, mainly for non-attendance at the parish church, and refusing the Test, which they held in law they were not obliged to take. In fact, it will be found that scarce a parish in Scotland suffered more during the years of persecution than that of Avondale.

From the churchyard of Strathaven we retraced our steps through the town, passing, on the way, the monument to Wilson, the political martyr—an obelisk, in a plot of ground by itself—until we came to the railway station, when we took the road for the village of West Quarter, in which the church of the parish of Glassford stands. We had a walk of a mile through a country well wooded — but the small fields tell that it is yet a stranger to high farming—and along a road lined with well-trimmed hedges, when the steeple of the parish church, embowered among trees, rose before us a mile away. A few minutes more, and the sound of the smith's hammer told us we were approaching the village. West Quarter is made up of a street some three or four hundred yards in length, that bends as it goes westward, and ends in one or two

small rows of houses that jut out from it. The click of the loom audibly proclaims the occupation of the people; and the appearance of decay upon the houses tells that, like most handloom weaving villages, it has seen better days. The church is a modern structure, built in 1820, and is as plain in appearance as it could well have been. We asked about the burying-ground, and found that it was half-a-mile to the eastward. As we left the village behind us, we passed, rising above us, a height, the site of an old castle, that must, in the troublous times of old, have commanded the surrounding district. The walls have disappeared long ago, and the space they enclosed is now a bowling-green. Soon we came upon the churchyard, on the opposite side of the road to the manse. It had the untrimmed, neglected appearance, so characteristic of churchyards in the country districts of Scotland. Its gate stood open, and we were told was always so in West Quarter. The days of resurrectionists, when the good people of the parish watched night about, to secure an undisturbed resting-place to their newly-buried dead, had happily passed away. As in Loudon, the gable walls of the old church still stand. It dates from 1633, and must have been a building of half the size of the present parish church. On the west wall of the churchyard was the object of our visit—the monument over the grave of Gordon of Earlston or Earlstoun. It is some seven or eight feet in height. It is built into, or rises out of, the wall of the church-

yard. Although it bears to have been once repaired since it was first erected, yet it is now much in need of repair again. The inscription is somewhat lengthy, and takes care to commemorate the inscriber and the repairer, as well as the martyr:

To the memory of the very *Worthy Pillar* of the *church, Mr William Gordon of Earlston in Galloway*, Shot by a partie of dragoons on his way to Bothwellbridge, 22 June. 1679. aged 65, inscribed by his great grandson, *Sir John Gordon, Bart*, 11 June. 1772.

Silent till now full ninety years hath stood,
This humble Monument of Guiltless Blood.
Tyranick Sway, forbad his Fate to name
Least his known Worth should prove the Tyrant's shame.
On *Bothwell* road with love of *Freedom* fir'd,
The Tyrant's minions boldly him requir'd
To stop and yield, or it his life would cost.
This he disdain'd not knowing all was lost.
On which they fir'd. Heaven so decreed His doom.
Far from his own laid in this silent Tomb.
How leagu'd with Patriots to maintain the Cause
Of true RELIGIOUS LIBERTY and Laws,
How learn'd, how soft his manner, free from Pride,
How clear his Judgement, and how he liv'd and dy'd
They well cou'd tell who weeping round him stood
On *Strevan* plains that drank his Patriot Blood.

REPAIRED
By Sir *John Gordon Bart.*
of Earlston.
His Representative.
1842.

On the other side of the monument, facing the road that runs past the manse, are the lines:

IF A HARD FATE DEMANDS,
OR CLAIMS A TEAR,
STAY, GENTLE PASSENGER,
AND SHED IT HERE.

William Gordon belonged to a family that, for several generations, had been distinguished for their attachment to the cause of the Reformation. One of his ancestors, an Alexander Gordon, is said to have imbibed the opinions of Wyckliffe, when on a kind of embassy to the English Borderers, and to have brought home a disciple of the Reformer to be tutor to his eldest son. He obtained a copy of Wyckliffe's New Testament, and read it in meetings held in the wilds of the Glenkens, in a spot still pointed out. When the old Castle of Earlston was taken down, the Wyckliffe translation was found hidden in a recess in the wall.

His father, Alexander Gordon, was a man of great piety and worth. Livingston, in his "Memorable Characteristics," says, "He refused to be made a knight when it was offered him. For wisdom, courage, and righteousness, he might have been a magistrate in any part of the earth." In 1635, Sydserf, the Bishop of Galloway, took steps to place a curate in Dalry, Gordon's parish, without consulting the parishioners. This intrusion Gordon opposed, and in consequence, was summoned before the High Com-

mission, and, not appearing, was fined for absence, and banished to Montrose. This arbitrary stretch of power, and some similar acts of tyranny on the part of the bishops, about the same period, did much to rouse Scotland to the vigorous measures in defence of her liberties, for which the year 1638 was so noted. He was one of the three elders sent by the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright to the famous Assembly of 1638. Along with Dickson of Irvine and his co-presbyter, Samuel Rutherford, then of Anwoth, he was objected to, by the bishops, as incompetent to be a member of the Assembly, because lying under the censure of the Church. The three were heard in their defence, and Argyle supplemented Earlston's statement by showing how, on his intercession, the bishop had cancelled the sentence of banishment, and yet soon afterwards restored it, until Earlston obtained from the Privy Council a dispensation, upon the ground of payment of the fine. The General Assembly at once accepted their defence as a full vindication from the charge of the bishops. Rutherford's connection with Alexander Gordon as a co-presbyter, and as a companion in suffering from the High Commission, as well as Earlston's own excellence of character, doubtless led him to take a deep interest in his family. One of Rutherford's letters, of a date so early as 1637, is addressed to Alexander Gordon's son, William, the martyr, whose monument we have just seen. William would, in all probability, have passed a peaceable life, little

known beyond his own neighbourhood, but persecution dragged him into fame. In 1663 the people of Kirkcudbright and Irongray, demonstratively, expressed their dislike to the curates thrust in upon them, in the place of their ministers, outed by the Act of the preceding year. The women of Irongray, headed by a Margaret Smith, beat off a party of soldiers who were guarding the curate; and the women of Kirkcudbright were charged with similar "very great insolences." Commissioners, accompanied by three hundred soldiers, were appointed to examine into the matter. Gordon was known to be firmly attached to the liberty Presbytery demands for the Christian people, and so was ordered to assist the bishop in settling a curate in Dalry. Gordon respectfully replied, that, as patron, with consent of the people, he had already taken steps to secure "a truly worthy and qualified person." For this answer he was cited, in the month of July, to appear before the Council. In November he was again cited, under the charge of keeping conventicles and private meetings in his house. In March 1664, the Council came to a decision regarding him—a decision that strikingly tells of the arbitrary and tyrannical procedure of the bishops and their friends. The alleged crimes were:

"That he had been at three several conventicles, where Mr Gabriel Semple, a deposed minister, did preach—viz., one in Corsock Wood, and the other two in the Wood of Airds, at all which there were

great numbers of people; that he did hear Mr Robert Paton, a deposed minister, expound a text of Scripture, and perform other acts of worship in his mother's house; and that Mr Thomas Thomson, another deposed minister, did lecture in his own house to his family on a Sabbath day; and that being required to abstain from all such meetings in time coming, he refused to do the same."

The punishment was:

"To be banished, and to depart forth of the kingdom within a month after the date hereof, and not to return under pain of death; and that he enact himself to live peaceably and orderly during the said month under the pain of ten thousand pounds, or otherwise to enter his person in prison."

It must not be forgotten that the being present at family worship had not been declared by any Act of Parliament to be a crime. Gordon seems to have obeyed the sentence. In Blackadder's Memoirs, under the year 1665, there is an interesting account of the baptism, at Drumshinnoch, of a daughter of Lady Earlston, by Blackadder, when no other minister within the bounds would venture to engage in such a service. Earlston is then said to have been in London. Although he was not at Pentland, his house was, soon after, taken possession of by the soldiers, and made the centre from which they scoured the surrounding country. Out of the parish of Dalry alone, "Naphtali" states they levied, from forty-three families, no less a sum than £9577 Scots. How long he remained

in banishment is not recorded, but in 1679 he was again in Scotland. When the tidings came of the rising consequent upon the battle of Drumclog, he prepared to join the Covenanters, but affairs at home detained him, and so he sent his son Alexander in his stead. He soon followed, and was on his way to Bothwell, when, ignorant of the defeat that had been sustained, he was met at Crookedstone, about three miles to the north of the village of West Quarter, by a party of English dragoons, and, refusing to surrender, was killed on the spot. He would have been buried in Earlston beside his ancestors, but permission was refused, and so his body was laid in the churchyard of the parish where he fell. The present monument was erected over his grave shortly after his death, but the times were too troublous for an inscription. It remained without a line engraven upon it until, as it tells, the year 1772. The year after his death his estates were declared to be forfeited; but at the Revolution they were restored to his family. His Bible and sword have been preserved, and are now in the possession of the Gordons of Greenlaw.

His son Alexander, afterwards Sir Alexander Gordon, made a narrow escape after the battle. In riding through Hamilton he was recognised by one of his tenants, and made to dismount, and disguise himself in feminine attire, while the horse's furniture was concealed in a dunghill. In this disguise he betook himself to the rocking of a cradle in which a child lay

asleep, and so escaped detection. For several years after Bothwell, he had to keep himself in close concealment. The house at Earlston was made a garrison by the troopers, so that he dare not enter it. But he found a refuge in the woods, in a small narrow building in the heart of the thickest underwood. This building, says Dr Simpson in the "Traditions of Scottish Persecutions," was discovered of late years by an inhabitant of Dalry while searching the woods not far from the castle. At the second general meeting of the Societies at Priesthill, March 15, 1682, he was selected "as the man of greatest repute, and best qualified among them" to go "to foreign nations, to represent their low case to the Reformed Churches there." Supplied with money, collected by the Societies, to defray the expenses of the undertaking, he went by way of London for the Netherlands. The Societies were not unanimous in sending him. A small minority stood out against him, and then first began to show the pertinacity and unyielding temper that did so much to trouble Renwick, and those who thought with him, during the next six years of the persecution. Earlston was soon associated with his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Hamilton, and the result of their labours was, that James Renwick came over to Holland to finish his studies for the ministry, and to receive ordination. In 1683 Earlston returned home, and was present at the eighth general meeting of the Societies, held at Edinburgh, May 8, where he gave

an account of his labours, greatly to the satisfaction of those present. He was again sent abroad. He went to Newcastle, and set sail for Holland, but just as the ship was leaving the Tyne, it accidentally stood still, and some officers coming on board, they challenged Earlston and his servant, who were travelling under the names of Alexander Pringle and Edward Livingstone. In fear, they cast a box containing their papers into the sea, but it floated upon the surface, and was soon seen, and brought on board. Both were taken prisoners, and sent up to London to Newgate. Great discoveries were expected to be made from the box of papers, but it contained nothing save the commission from the Societies to the Foreign Churches, and a few letters of no importance. Earlston was sent back to Scotland, and was examined by the Council again and again, to see if he had any connection with the Rye-House Plot; but nothing was found against him. At last, August 21, they condemned him to be beheaded at the cross of Edinburgh on the 28th. After sentence had been recorded, the idea of torture suggested itself to the Council, but they soon suspected that there was no law for torturing a criminal under sentence of death. As there were three only of their number in Edinburgh, they wrote to London for information. In a month an answer came, that although he could not be put to the torture for matters relating to the cause for which he was condemned, yet he might be tortured with respect to plots, con-

spiracies, and combinations, that had happened since the commission of the crimes for which he had been sentenced to death. Accordingly, the Council met to examine him, with the instrument of torture standing by, but it was not applied, as Earlston protested he would be more full in his statement without torture than with it. The questions and answers are in Sprat's "Account of the Rye-House Plot," but they contain nothing that implicates either Earlston or the Society people, in any attempt against the king's life. But Earlston was not yet out of the hands of his enemies. On November 23, another letter came from the king, ordering the Council to put him to the torture; but when he was brought in, he was so ill that physicians had to be sent for, and they pronounced it would endanger his life. Thrice over was he reprieved, and in the following May was sent to the Bass; where he was kept till the happy Revolution of 1688 set him free.

His wife, Janet Hamilton, daughter of Sir Thomas Hamilton of Preston, was no ordinary woman. She accompanied him abroad, and shared largely in his sufferings. She was a correspondent of James Renwick, who had a high esteem for her. At the close of this chapter is one of Renwick's letters to her, copied verbatim from the original autograph. It has already been printed in the collection of Renwick's letters, but, like most of those in the collection, in an imperfect form without the postscript, and wanting

THE BASS ROCK.

several words, as well as clauses, that do much to complete the sense. The letter is addressed in Dutch to Lady Earlston, at Leeuwarden, and still retains the mark of the seal. Its tone and its command of expressive language are a striking contrast to the bald, ill-spelt letter of Claverhouse, after Drumclog, given in our former volume, p. 60. The first volume of the Wodrow Society's "Select Biographies" contains "An Account of the particular Soliloquies and Covenant Engagements, past betwixt Mrs Janet Hamilton, the defunct Lady of Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, . . . which were found in her cabinet, among her papers, after her death, at Earlstoun, Feb. 26, 1696: being all written and subscribed with her own hand, and thought fit to be discovered for the encouragement of others to do the like duty." The "Account" gives ample evidence that she was a pious, accomplished, and patriotic woman, in every way a worthy helpmate to her husband in his sufferings, and in the ultimate prosperity and the honour he enjoyed after the Revolution.

There is a short road through the fields from West Quarter to Stonehouse, but we took the long one, that, in about a mile's walk, brought us to a mill situated on the Avon, a river that gives its name to the district—Avondale—and, after a winding course, joins the Clyde at Hamilton. After two miles more, we were in Stonehouse. The church stands half-a-mile to the west of the town, and is pleasantly situated on

the rising ground above the Avon. It contains two monuments to the memory of a James Thomson—an old one, and a new one, in the form of a large flat slab, containing all the inscriptions upon the old, and an intimation that the monument has been "*Renewed* by the descendants of the *Thomsons*, late in *Tannahill, Lesmahagow*, 1832." The descendants have done a good deed in erecting the new monument, for in a few years the old will have crumbled away. The inscription on the old monument is:

Here lays or near This Ja^{s} Thomson
Who was shot in a Rancounter at
Drumclog, June 1st 1679
By Bloody Graham of Clavers
House for his adherence to the
Word of God and Scotland's
Covenanted Work of Reform
ation.—Rev. xii. 11.

On the other side:

This hero brave who doth lye here
In truth's defence did he appear,
And to Christ's cause he firmly stood
Until he seal'd it with his blood.
With Sword in hand upon the field
He lost his life, yet did not yield.
His days did End in Great Renown,
And he obtained the Martyrs
Crown.

The churchyard contains one or two monuments as old as the seventeenth century, such as:

MEMENTo
MoRI
REMEMBER
THoW MoST
DIE. AND
CoM. To
JVDGMINT
ANDRoW
HAMILToNE
1663.

One of the longest testimonies in the "Cloud of Witnesses" is that of a James Robertson, who belonged to Stonehouse. He was a travelling packman, and while in Kilmarnock, in October 1682, had gone to see a prisoner of his acquaintance, when, without provocation on his part, he was seized, his pack taken from him, and confined close prisoner in the guard-house for ten or twelve days. While in prison he was treated with great cruelty. In a few weeks he was taken to Edinburgh, and examined by the Committee for Public Affairs. His answers were very guarded. The first is a fair specimen of the rest. He was asked, "Is the king your lawful prince, yea or nay?" His reply was, "Since you have made your questions matter of life and death, ye ought to give time to deliberate upon them; but seeing I am put to it, I answer—As he is a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well, he is; or, he is not." Although his answers contained nothing really treasonable, he was found guilty of treason. In his testimony he gives

free utterance to his thoughts. We give two paragraphs from it. The first is a successful defence of the refusal of the Covenanters to say "God save the king," and the second illustrates his faith:

"The refusing to say 'God save the king,' which we find was the order that was used among the children of Israel at the king's anointing to that office; and used in our own nation at the coronation. Now, this being due only to a lawful king, ought not to be given but to a lawful king, and so not to him, being a degenerate tyrant. For, if I should, I thereby had said Amen to all that he hath done against the Church, and liberties thereof, and to all his oppression, by unlawful exactions and raising of armies for no other purpose but to deprive us of the hearing of the Gospel, and troubling or molesting the subjects, both in their consciences and external liberties; and also to their bloodshed, and murders made upon the people of God and free subjects of the kingdom; and so bid him God-speed, contrary to that in 2 John i. 10. And seeing it cannot be given to any that have thus used their power to a wrong end, in such a measure and manner, so much less when they have set him up as an idol in the room of God incarnate. And shall I pray to bless that man in his person and government which God hath cursed? for it cannot be expected but that he shall be cursed, that thus ventureth upon the bosses of the buckler of God Almighty."

. . . . . .

"I declare I am free of the blood of all men; and though man had never public scandal to charge me with, yet I am one of the chief of saved sinners. And in respect of original, actual, and omissional sin,

there hath been as much guiltiness in me as might and would have weighed down to the pit the whole world; but my lovely Lord hath showed me warm blinks of His love. Oh, for love to give to this lovely Lord Jesus; according to that Scripture, Come, and I will tell you what the Lord hath done for my soul."

He was executed along with William Cochrane and a John Finlay, from Kilmarnock, on December 15, 1682, in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh. When he offered to speak upon the scaffold the drums beat, and drowned his words; and when he complained, the town-major beat him, says Wodrow, in a most barbarous manner.

From the churchyard we went through the village or town of Stonehouse. It is about the same size as Strathaven, although more regularly built, and has a thriving appearance, as if its people had work to do, and something for it. But our day's work was over, and the railway soon landed us again in the Metropolis of the West.

LETTER OF JAMES RENWICK TO LADY EARLSTOUN.

"GRONINGEN, *May 5th*, 1683.

"WORTHY MADAM,—I received your ladyship's letter, But I am sorry that I had not the time to write sooner back to you; however I hope ye will excuse me, considering the circumstances, I stand in at this time. Your letter represents unto me, a troubled case, but (I think) not a sad case, because you have the lively sense of it on your Spirit: You say, a hyd-

ing God, who can bear it? O that I could see those pleasant days, to hear many crying that cry; to hear many signifying their desire after himself, by crying out that they could not want him, that they could not be content without him, yea and that they would not be content with any thing else, being willfull in the matter. It is true indeed, they who know what his sensible presence is, they will not get borne up in his conceived absence; and if I could, I would desire to mourn over their unperceiving temper who can equally bear up in both: But when the soul, not being filled with sense, pants after him as the hart after the brooks of water, and getting up and running through the whole fields, crying out, Saw ye him whom my Soul loveth? I cannot but think that the Lord is eminently present with that Soul, though not to its own apprehension: Yea, and though there be no changes in the Lord nor in his Love, yet of all times (as to the outletting thereof) he is at such a time most fasht* to keep it in: And who knows not that Love the more it is covered, the more it burns; as fire the more it be covered, the more it smoaks, unless it be extinguished? But here is our comfort; he cannot change his Love, nothing can extinguish it; For whom he loves, he loves unto the end. O let us not misconstruct him, for he dow† not abide it; and for mine own part, I am made many times to go and bless his holy name, because of his withdrawing, for I see much more of his Love manifested therein, than if he were sensiblie present; because then I am made to see many things in my self which I saw not before: For it is most difficult to carry aright upon the mount: Do we not finde this in such cases that we forget ourselves, many

* Troubled. † *i.e.*, can.

times? As Peter when he was with our Lord, on the mount, and saw his Glory, said, It is good for us tc be here, let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses and one for Elias, which Luke notes with that, that he knew not what he said. O let us study that noble Life of faith which the Lord is at so great pains to teach us; For it is faith followed with holiness that all the promises are made unto; not one unto sense. Your Ladyship writes that since ye came to this land, the Lord's way hath not been ordinary with you; and I think it looks the liker it is his way, that it is so: And though (possiblie) at the time you cannot see what is the Language thereof, yet I am sure, that afterwards he will let ye see it; we have the swellings of Jordan to pass thorow yet, and the Lord seems to be training you up for what may be before your hand, and learning you only to live the Life of faith. O let us wait on him, for we many times losse our almes, because we want patience to wait on but a little: Let us ly near himself, that we may not be surprised or confused in a day of fyrie tryall, not knowing whither to run. And as for that trouble which ariseth from the finding of friends like to take offence at your not going to the Kirk; I confess in its own place, it is some matter of Concernment, but we have one who is higher, whom we must look unto that we offend not; And to seek their Countenance such a way, I dare not nor will not counsell you to it: Labour to follow the Lord's leading of you, for I think your case in that particular must be of himself, although that ye are not humbled with your Sabbath days being your worst days, for the Lord herein seems only to be trying you: And if Sathan get in his foot, and make you to question Duty, for your want of Sense, he will get his end

mightilie gained. O what is the matter though all the world should forsake, though all men should forsake, though all men should turn against us, if he be for us what need we care. O sweet word! Though father and mother should forsake, yet he will not: And though our flesh and heart fainteth and faileth, yet he never faileth us. O Madam, I have no time to say what I would, but shall omitt the rest untill meeting which (if the Lord will) shall be shortly. Our ordination is going on, but for ought I think Mr John Flint will not go thorow. O pray, pray that the Lord may let his hand be seen with poor weak unworthy me: without him I can do nothing. O what excessive madness will it be to go on without himself: If he go not with me, I pray that he may not carry me up. My Love and Service to your worthy sister and all your familie.—I am, Your Ladyship's Servant to serve you in all things in the Lord,

"JAMES RENWICK.

"I have written a short line to your worthy husband, but I durst not be very particular with him, lest he should be troubled; but if the Lord so order it, I shall be free at meeting: I have left it without a Direction because I know not how to direct it: your Ladyship may do it but if ye fear that it will be miscarryed, I entreat not to send it lest it do harm." *

* By comparing the foregoing transcript with that contained in Mr M'Millan's edition of Renwick's Letters, p. 40, and Dr Houston's, p. 106, a good idea will be had of what Renwick's other letters are, as he wrote them. Twenty of the autograph letters that we have examined are similar to the above. Words, sentences, and whole paragraphs, have been omitted from the printed copy.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMBUSNETHAN AND LANARK.

CAMBUSNETHAN is a continuation of Wishaw, and lies about a mile and a half to the north-east of Wishaw station, on the Caledonian Railway. The church is a prominent object on the roadside. The churchyard is on the opposite side of the road. It is round about the ruins of the old church, the walls of which are now enclosed as a private burying-place. Over one of the doors, now built up, was the following inscription:

AL . MY . VAIN . THOWGHTS . STAY . YE . HEER
BECAWS . MY . GOD . I . DO . DRAW . NEER . 1672.

The churchyard is of considerable extent, and is in fine order. It is nearly studded over with monuments, but all are modern. The inscriptions seemed to be all of the usual character, except the following:

Erected
IN MEMORY OF
JAMES WIER
Son of John Wier and Jean Elder
in this Parish who died 20 August 1821
Aged 17 Months and 9 days.
This child when only 13 months old mea
sured 3 feet 4 inches in height, 39 inches
round the body, 20½ inches round the thigh,
and weighed 5 stones.
He was pronounced by the faculties of
Edinburgh and Glasgow to be the
most extraordinary child of
His age upon record.

After going over the churchyard and finding nothing like a martyr's stone, we did what we should have done at first when we entered, we asked the superintendent where it was; and he told us it was in the old churchyard down near the banks of the Clyde. On looking at the Ordnance Map, we found it marked as "Church, site of," and three miles to the south-west of where we had strayed to. We retraced our steps to Wishaw station, and followed a road on its south side that runs for a mile in a straight line, and then turns to the north-west; a hundred yards from where it turns, a road goes off from it in a south-westerly direction. Along this road, which leads downhill between hedgerows, which were casting forth sweet odours from the hawthorn in full blossom, we went for nearly a mile, until it was crossed by a gate.

On asking at a house near the gate, for the churchyard, we were told to go through by the wicket at the side. We did so, and the churchyard lay two hundred yards before us. We entered it by a small iron gate. Its distance from the populous part of the parish has given it few tenants in recent times, and over a great part of it the ground has not been broken for many years. In the centre, where the old church stood, is the burying-place of the Belhaven family, and close by the walls of the church is the mausoleum of the late Lord Belhaven, for twenty-seven years Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Established Church.

The gravestone we were in search of we found on the south side of the church, within a railed enclosure of some three yards square. The stone is an upright one, about two feet in height. On its east side is the inscription:

HERE LYES
ARTHUR INGLIS IN NETHERTON
VHO UAS SHOT AT STOCKLTON
DYKE BY BLOODY GRAHAM OF
CLAVERSHOUSE JULY 1679
FOR HIS ADHERANCE TO THE
UORD OF GOD AND SCOTLANDS COVE
NANTED WORK OF REFORMATION
REV. 12 and 11.
Erected in the year 1733.

On the west side:

Memento mori
When I did live such was the
day
Forsaking sin made men a
prey
Unto the rage and tyranny
Of that throne of iniquity
Who robbed Christ and killed
his saints
And brake and burn'd our
covenants
I at this time this honour got
To die for Christ upon the spot.

At the east end of the enclosure there is a cross about six feet in height; on the one side of the centre-piece are the words:

IN
MEMORY OF
ARTHUR INGLIS
1837.

On the other:

SOLEMN LEAGUE
AND
COVENANT.

Wodrow's account of him is: "Arthur Inglis, a pious, sober, honest man in the Nethertown of Cambusnethan," a hamlet a mile to the south-west of Wishaw. "He had not been at Bothwell, but upon Monday, June 23d, he was looking after his own

cattle feeding upon a ley"—*i.e.*, a piece of lea or pasture ground—"and had sit down in a fur among his own corn, and was reading upon the Bible; the place was two or three miles from Bothwell, and the high road came near it. Some of the soldiers were coming that way, and, perceiving him reading, concluded he was a whig; and when at a little distance, one of them discharged his piece at him, but missed him. The good man, conscious of no guilt, and probably not knowing the shot was directed at him, only looked about to the soldiers and did not offer to move; they came straight up to him, and without asking any questions clave him in the head with their swords, and killed him on the spot."

The spot where he was murdered is called on the tombstone, Stocklton dyke. This dyke is said, in the statistical account of the parish, to be a hedge that runs between the old churchyard and the adjoining Muirhouse.

From Wishaw station we took the train to Lanark,—eight miles away as the crow flies, but thirteen by railway. St Kentigern's Church is within five minutes' walk, to the south of the Lanark station. The churchyard surrounds it. The church is a ruin. Six of its arches remain, and are of the early Gothic. Their severe simplicity at once arrests the eye.

The martyr's tombstone is at the south-east corner of the church. It is a small upright stone, two feet two inches in height, by twenty-two inches in breadth. On

the west side, there is a rudely-carved skull, with cross-bones. Two lines of the inscription are on the upper edge, and the rest is on the east side of the stone. The inscription is:

HEIR. LYES. WILLI
AM. HERVI. WHO
SWFERED. AT
THE. CROS. OF
LANERK. THE
2 OF. MARCH
1682 AGE 38
FOR HIS ADHERENC
TO THE WORD OF
GOD AND SCOTLANDS
COVENANTED WORK
OF REFORMATION.

William Hervi, or Harvey, was a weaver in Lanark. On February 20, 1682, he was before the Justiciary Court in Edinburgh, on the charge of being "at the late rebellion," and for being present at the publication of "the treasonable declaration" at Lanark, May 29, 1679—one of the declarations issued before the battle of Bothwell Bridge—and also for taking part in the publication at Lanark, on the 12th January 1682, of the declaration emitted by the Societies. The Justiciary Court delayed pronouncing sentence upon him till ordered to do so by the Council, when he was condemned to death, and a party of guards ordered to take him to Lanark, and there to

be present at his execution. He was hanged at Lanark, according to the inscription, on March 2, but Wodrow says March 3. He emitted a testimony, which Wodrow describes as very short. He declared himself a Presbyterian, and "for kingly government according to God's Word." "He believed what was in the Scriptures, and adhered to the Confession of Faith, National Covenant, and Solemn League, the Catechisms, and all the faithful testimonies since 1660." At the place of execution—the Cross of Lanark—he prayed fervently. He then went up the ladder, and spoke to the people. He charged them to make their peace with God sure, and to serve God and the king so far as the Word allowed, and no further. He again prayed, and committed himself to the mercy of the Lord, and forgave all who had a share in his death. "He died with a great deal of composure;" and truly, according to the inscription on his gravestone, "for his adherence to the Word of God, and Scotland's covenanted work of Reformation." Wodrow is not sure as to what was the immediate cause of his death; but there can be little doubt that it was the desire of the Government to make a demonstration against the declaration published by the Societies in the preceding January.

The Societies, so often mentioned in these pages, have left on record an account of their proceedings from 1681 to 1690, in "Faithful Contendings Displayed," published by John Howie of Lochgoin in

1780. Howie professes to have transcribed it from the original manuscript, now in the possession of the Record Committee of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. The manuscript is in the handwriting of Michael Shields. In the introduction, he gives an account of the origin of the Societies. The defeat at Bothwell crushed the hopes of the friends of freedom; but the arrival of Richard Cameron from Holland, in the beginning of 1680, and of Donald Cargill, much about the same time, revived their hearts. Their labours were fruitful, but short, for Cameron fell at Airdsmoss, July 22, 1680, and Cargill was taken July 11, 1681. Matters seemed now worse even than after Bothwell, for there was not a preacher who dared publicly to utter a word against the Erastian tyranny of the time. The Government, however, unconsciously gave origin to means for the expression of free thought. The Parliament that sat at Edinburgh from July 21 to September 17, 1681—the only Parliament since September 1672, and the last in Charles II.'s reign—by the Test Act, ordered to be taken by all persons in places of public trust, led "some of the seriously and zealously godly in the west," to feel that a public testimony must be lifted against this new encroachment on their rights. To make this testimony the expression of the mind of as large a number as possible, "they endeavoured to acquaint all in every place of the nation whom they heard owned" that given forth by Cameron and Cargill, "that some

from all these parts might convene, at a time and place appointed, for mutual consultation."

The first meeting was held at Logan House, in as lonely a spot as can well be conceived could exist so near to centres of population. Logan House lies in the centre between Muirkirk, Strathaven, and Lesmahagow—about six or seven miles from all three. For two or three miles to the north the ground is mossy, and all but inaccessible to troopers; while a mile to the south is Nutberry Hill—1712 feet in height—and the other hills of the Priesthill range, that separate the streams that flow into the Clyde from those which form the Water of Irvine. From these hills watchmen could see the country to the north for many miles. The meeting was held in mid-winter, December 15, 1681. The first business was to revise a declaration which had been already drawn up against the oppression of the Government. The declaration will be found in the Appendix to the "Informatory Vindication." After a general statement of the right of men to civil and religious liberty, and to shake off a tyrannical yoke, the Sanquhar Declaration, June 22, 1680, which declared Charles Stuart had forfeited his right to the crown of Scotland, is approved of, and six of his "misdemeanours" are specified—his overturning in his first Parliament the constitution of Church and State formed by their ancestors—his intruding his will for law in matters civil and ecclesiastical—his adjourning and dissolving

Parliament whenever his acts were called in question —his assumption of supremacy in Church and State— his exorbitant taxation of the subject, for no other end than to maintain the debauchery and depravity of his court, which is styled "a brothel rather than a court" —and lastly, the Test, intended "to unhinge Protestantism itself." Its closing sentences are:

"We, therefore, here convened, in our name and authority, ratify and approve what hath been done by the Rutherglen and Sanquhar Declarations; and do, by thir presents, rescind, annul, and make void whatsoever hath been done by Charles Stewart, or his accomplices, in prejudice to our ancient laws and liberties in all the several pretended and prelimited Parliaments and conventions since the year 1660; and particularly, the late Parliament holden at Edinburgh, the 28th July 1681, by a commissioner professedly popish, and for villany exiled his native land, with all the acts and laws there statute and enacted; as that abominable, ridiculous, unparalleled, and soul-perjuring Test, and the rest.

"We therefore command and charge you to pass to the market cross of Lanark, and in our name and authority publish this our act and declaration, as ye will be answerable.

"Given at the 15th December 1681.

"*Let King Jesus reign, and all His enemies be scattered.*"

There is no mistaking the meaning of these bold statements, and the truth of their allegations, of tyranny and immorality, must have given them a sting

that could not but rankle in the minds of the men then in power, and goes far to account for the fury with which they pursued all supposed to have taken part in the declaration.

A proposal was next adopted for a "general correspondence to run circular through the whole Societies of the nation every fourteen days, or at least every month." By this plan the Societies, of which there seems to have been sometimes several in a shire, were at short intervals made acquainted with all that was done throughout the land.

A general meeting of delegates from all the Societies was appointed to be held "every quarter of a year thereafter." This resolution was actually carried into effect; and in spite of the efforts of Government, meetings were held at short intervals down to the Revolution, and never, in one instance, did informers succeed in getting information of them in time to prevent them, or capture those who attended them. From December 15, 1681, to January 3, 1691, forty-one general meetings were held in regular succession. With the exception of four held in Edinburgh, and one in Glasgow, they were chiefly held within a few miles of the first place of meeting, although they never met at it again. They met seven times at Auchengilloch, in a glen two miles to the west of Logan House, that is not seen, save from the hills behind it, until it is come upon by the traveller over the moor,—a glen that, from its size, and the Kype

Water that rises in it, and its perfect seclusion, was the very place for such a meeting.

It was resolved that no individual should act, "in matters relative to the public," without the consent of the Society of which he was a member; and that no Society should take any public step, without the approval of the general meeting. This resolution accounts for the harmony that prevailed among the Societies, and the wisdom that characterised their proceedings.

It was agreed, that on their return home the deputies should consult with their Societies, to see what could be done to send a deputy or deputies to the Reformed Churches abroad, to tell them of the sad condition of the Church of Scotland. The twenty years' persecution they had suffered, had not led them to despise the teachings of the Westminster Confession, on the communion of the saints, or to forget that they belonged to the holy Catholic Church.

Lastly, it was resolved that the 29th of December should be observed as a day of fasting and prayer to the Lord, that He would direct, countenance, and bless the action that was to be gone about, in the publication of the declaration at Lanark on the 12th of January 1682; and that the 12th of January should be observed as a day of fasting and prayer by all that remained at home; and that the 26th of January and 19th February be kept as days of fasting, humiliation, prayer, and thanksgiving. And the next meeting

was fixed for the 15th of March, to be held at Priesthill.

Such is a specimen of the meetings that were held at regular intervals during the remaining years of persecution, and which doubtless did much to nerve and strengthen the members, during their sufferings, and to animate them with the hopes which the Revolution so largely realised.

Lanark occupies a somewhat prominent place in the history of the times of the persecution. As we have already seen ("The Martyr Graves," 1st series, p. 19), the Covenants were renewed at Lanark, November 26, 1666, two days before the battle of Pentland. The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains the testimony of John Wilson, "son to Alexander Wilson, town-clerk of Lanark." He was a captain at Bothwell Bridge. He must have been apprehended early in 1681, for his sentence refers to a previous condemnation, March 1 in that year, and he had been kept in prison for two years, for his examination before the Council, as reported in the "Cloud of Witnesses" and Wodrow, was on April 17, 1683. He suffered at the Grassmarket, May 16, 1683. The closing sentences of his testimony are remarkable for their faith, their catholicity, and even their beauty:

"I leave my dear wife, children, and sisters upon the Lord, who gave me such sweet refreshing relations, and desire all the people of God to be kind to them; and I bless the Lord He has enabled me to quit

them to Him; and though the Lord has made every one of them so sweet and so pleasing to me, that I have been forced to curb my affection with the bridle of religion, yet herein, I bless the Lord, He has given me a heart to go through my cross with forgetfulness of all, yea, to be most unconcerned in the tears and weeping of my relations.

"I advise any called to suffering, never to quit with the faith of adherence, and they shall not want the faith of assurance; for since ever I came to prison, I saw and believed God's design to me was love, and having emptied me of all promises to sufferers and of all my own righteousness, made me close with Him and take Him for all, and believingly to rest on Him and have recourse to Him for grace to supply necessity, and give me a believing (though to me incomprehensible) of seeing Him as He is and knowing Him even as I am known of Him.

"Now I die commending to all the people of God that duty of unity conform to 2 Tim. ii. 22, 'Follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.'"

Jerviswood, the ancestral residence of Robert Baillie, is about a mile and a half to the north of Lanark. Robert Baillie, though little has come down to us of him, seems to have been one of the most remarkable men of his age. Baillie was a whig of the school of Samuel Rutherford, and this was a great crime when the monarch wished to do whatever he had a mind to do. His trial was a mockery of the forms of justice, or rather it was a setting them at defiance; and from his long confinement in one of the foul dens

then styled prisons, his health had become so shattered that his physician pronounced him to be in a dying condition. But his enemies thirsted for his property, or what was left of it, after the fines they had already laid upon him were paid, and this was enough to ensure his destruction. His speech at his trial, when he convicted the Crown advocate of saying one thing to him in private, and another its very opposite in the court, justifies all the accounts of his contemporaries as to his great abilities. Looking the King's Advocate in the face, he said, "My Lord, I think it very strange you charge me with such abominable things. You may remember when you came to me in prison, you told me such things were laid to my charge, but you did not believe them. How then, my Lord, are you now convinced in your conscience that I am more guilty than before?" The audience fixed their eyes upon the advocate, who, in no small confusion, replied, "Jerviswood, I own what you say; my thoughts in prison were as a private man; but what I say here, is by special direction of the Privy Council, and," pointing to the clerk, Sir William Paterson, added, "he knows my orders." "Well," said Jerviswood, "if your Lordship have one conscience for yourself, and another for the Council, I pray God forgive you; I do." He then turned to the Justice-General, and said, with true dignity, "My Lord, I trouble your Lordships no further."

The sentence passed upon him was little less bar-

barous than that passed upon Hackstoun of Rathillet. He was ordered to be hanged that very afternoon, December 24th, 1683, between two and four, and his body to be quartered, his head to be affixed to the Netherbow port of Edinburgh, and the quarters on the Tolbooths of Jedburgh, Lanark, Ayr, and Glasgow.

The compilers of the "Cloud of Witnesses" have not included his last speech in their collection, for they studiously kept themselves from all connection with those, supposed to be favourable to the rising under the Marquis of Argyle, and Baillie was one of these; but for pithy expression and clear enunciation of the truths that pious Scotsmen count dear, it is not surpassed if it be equalled by any they have published:

"I bless God this day that I know whom I have believed, and to whom I have committed my soul, as unto a faithful keeper. I know I am going to my God and chief joy. My soul blesseth God and rejoiceth in Him that death cannot separate betwixt me and my God. I leave my wife and children upon the compassionate and merciful heart of my God, having many reiterated assurances that God will be my God, and the portion of mine. I bless and adore my God that death for a long time hath been no terror to me, but rather much desired, and that my blessed Jesus hath taken the sting out of it, and made it a bed of roses to all that have laid hold on Him by faith which worketh by love.

"I am much afraid that Christ will be put to open shame in Scotland, and will be crucified afresh, and His

precious blood accounted unholy and polluted, and that Christ in His members may be buried for a while in the nation; yet I have good ground of hope to believe that the Sun of Righteousness will yet shine again with healing under His wings. . . . Woe will be to them that are instrumental to banish Christ out of the land, and blessed are they who are instrumental by a Gospel conversation and continual wrestling with God to keep Christ in the nation. He is the glory of a land, and if we would but love Him, He could not part with us. Woe be to them that would rather banish Christ out of the land than love Him. God pour out His Spirit plenteously on His poor remnant, that they may give God no rest till He make His Jerusalem the joy and praise of the whole earth!"

NETHERBOW PORT.

CHAPTER VIII.

LESMAHAGOW AND BLACKWOOD.

LESMAHAGOW lies in the vale of the Nethan, about three-quarters of a mile from the railway station. Like the most of old Scotch villages, it is built upon no regular plan. Lesmahagow is held by antiquarians to be a contraction for "Ecclesia," and "Machutus," a Welshman of the sixth or seventh century, who was regarded as the patron saint of the parish up till the Reformation. In the twelfth century, David I. granted the lands and church of Lesmahagow to the Abbey of Kelso; so that, at least in the early part of that century, it was the site of a place of Christian worship. Lesmahagow has also a Roman history, for two Roman roads passed through the parish; and it has an earlier history still, for a number of cairns either exist or have existed on its heights. But these matters lie rather out of our province, and they will be found fully detailed and discussed in a volume by a gentle-

man who has spared no trouble nor expense to illustrate and put upon record the antiquities of the parish. The volume is—"Annals of the Parish of Lesmahagow. By J. B. Greenshields, Advocate, of Kerse."

The parish church is easily found, for it stands in the centre of the village, and the churchyard is all but round about it. It contains the resting-places of the mortal remains of two martyrs, Thomas Weir and David Steel. The monument to Thomas Weir is a flat stone, six feet in length by two feet four inches in breadth. The inscription is similar to the others who were shot at Drumclog. It is:

Here lies
THOMAS WEIR
who was shot in a rencounter
at Drumclog June 1st 1679
by bloody Graham of
Claverhouse for his
adherence to the Word of
God and Scotlands
Covenanted work of
Reformation Rev. xii. 2.

As also Gavin Weir
in Waterside who departed
this life. July 25 1732
Aged 79

Repaired by a few
friends to the
Covenanted Cause
1833.

Thomas Weir belonged to Waterside, on the Logan Water, a small stream that rises in Priesthill Height, on the confines of the parish of Lesmahagow with Ayrshire, and falls, after a course of some six miles, into the Nethan. He was on horseback at Drumclog, and joined in the last charge against Claverhouse. He took a standard, but his bridle broke, and his horse carried him too far, when, according to Russell, "he was mortally wounded and knocked on the head." He nevertheless "pursued as long as he was able, and then fell." He lived for three days afterwards.

Gavin Weir was his son. In 1684 he was proclaimed a fugitive and rebel, but escaped.

David Steel was tenant of Nether Skellyhill, a farm three miles to the south-east of Lesmahagow. He was at Bothwell Bridge. His name occurrs on the fugitive roll of 1684. A rigorous search was made for him, and for safety he had to leave his own house, and generally passed the night in a hut, at a spot still pointed out, about four miles from Skellyhill, in the wild moorland near the source of the Nethan. In December 1686 he ventured to return home to Skellyhill. Here, on the 20th, Lieutenant Creichton, with a party of horse and foot, came to the house. David got tidings of their approach shortly before their arrival, slipped through a back window, and ran off to hide himself in the bush-grown banks of the Nethan, a mile away. The soldiers noticed his flight, and followed him. He crossed the Logan Water, where

he fell, and wet the powder of the musket he had taken with him. His fall stayed his flight, but he still ran on. The soldiers, however, gained on him, and his strength began to fail. At Yondertown, a farm half-a-mile to the south of Skellyhill, the soldiers fired on him, and at Meadow, a little further, they came up to him. Here he kept them at bay by presenting his musket at them, until Creichton came up and called him to surrender, with the promise of quarter and a fair trial in Edinburgh. Steel surrendered, but Creichton took him back to Skellyhill, where, in the presence of his wife, Mary Weir, who, with her infant in her arms, had been earnestly watching her husband's flight, he ordered him to be shot before his own door. The dragoons refused, and rode away, but the Highlanders, less scrupulous, fired. Creichton and his men immediately set off, and, when some of the neighbours came, they found the widow gathering up the scattered brains of her husband. She bound up the shattered head with a napkin, and, as she gazed at the dead body, she said—for tradition has still preserved the words that broke from her lips—"The archers have shot at thee, my husband, but they could not reach thy soul; it has escaped like a dove far away, and is at rest." "Lord, give strength to Thy handmaid that will prove she has waited for Thee, even in the way of Thy judgments."

The body of Steel was brought to Lesmahagow, and buried on the spot now marked by the stone. It

is a flat stone, seven feet long by three feet seven inches in breadth. The inscription is:

HERE LIES
the Body of DAVID STEEL Martyr
who was Murdered by Chrichton for his
Testimony to the Covenants and Work
of Reformation and because he durst
not own the Authority of the
Tyrant destroying the same He was
shot at Skellyhill the 20th of Decr.
1685 in the 31st year of his age

Be thou faithful unto Death and
I will give thee a Crown of Life

David a Shepherd first and then
Advanced to be King of Men
Had of his Graces in this Quarter
This Heir, a Wand'rer now a Martyr
Who for his Constancy and Zeal
Still to the Back did prove true Steel
Who for Christ's Royal Truth and Laws
And for the Covenanted Cause
Of SCOTLANDS famous Reformation
Declining Tyrant's Usurpation
By Cruel Chrichton Murder'd lies
Whose Blood to Heaven for Vengeance cries.

Chrichton, or Creichton, long survived the Revolution. In 1731 a small volume appeared, entitled, "The Memoirs of Capt. John Creichton. From his own Materials, drawn up and digested by Jonathan Swift, D.D., D.S.P.D." In the advertisement to the book it is stated, that when Dr Swift was at Sir Arthur

Acheson's, at Markethill, Armagh—where he resided for six months as guest with a Mr Leslie, in 1730—an old gentleman was recommended to him as a remarkable cavalier in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III.; who had behaved with great loyalty and bravery in Scotland during the troubles of those reigns, but was neglected by the Government, although he deserved great rewards from it. He was in poverty, and Swift made him a handsome present, and said, "Sir, this trifle cannot support you long, and your friends may grow tired of you; therefore I would have you contrive some honest means of getting a sum of money sufficient to put you into a way of life of supporting yourself with independency in your old age." Creichton answered, "I have tired all my friends, and cannot expect any such extraordinary favours." Swift replied, "Sir, I have heard much of your adventures; that they are fresh in your memory; you can tell them with great humour; and that you have taken memorandums of them in writing." Creichton said he had, but no one could understand them but himself. Swift rejoined, "Sir, get your manuscripts, read them to me, and tell me none but genuine stories, and then I will place them in order for you, prepare them for the press, and endeavour to get you a subscription among my friends, as you may do among your own."

Creichton soon waited upon Swift with his papers, and related many adventures to him. The dean was

as good as his word. He "was so kind as to put" them "in order of time, to correct the style, and make a small book of them." A subscription was set on foot by the dean's interest and recommendation, and it brought in above two hundred pounds, and made the remaining part of Creichton's "life very happy and easy." Swift's pen is discernible all through the book, especially in its earlier portion, and it has the clearness and idiomatic vigour so characteristic of his writings. But here the merit of the book ends. Creichton was a soldier of the school of Falstaff, and his stories are often what Prince Henry would have called lies, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable." He says, "the rebels" at Drumclog were "eight or nine thousand strong," and that Sir Robert Hamilton was "a profligate who had spent all his patrimony." He makes their numbers at Bothwell Bridge fourteen thousand, while the bridge itself was "guarded with three thousand of the rebels." He invents the story, that the "rebels had set up a very large gallows in the middle of their camp, and prepared a cartful of new ropes at the foot of it, in order to hang up the king's soldiers." He commanded at Airdsmoss, where, he says, "the Royalists killed about sixty and took fourteen prisoners;" whereas there were only nine killed—the nine whose mortal remains lie under the monument—and five were taken prisoners.

These specimens of the exaggerations and inventions that abound in Creichton's "Memoirs" will show what

belief should be given to his narrative of Steel. It very plainly is manufactured, and told in the bouncing style of the rest of the book, and yet so as to keep out of sight the fact that Steel was killed by Creichton. The narrative is not without its value. It shows the light in which Creichton, and men like him, felt themselves compelled to present their misdeeds to an aftertime. They would fain make out Steel and his fellow-sufferers to have been the very opposite of what they were—the salt of the earth. But truth has been too powerful for them. And it, unwittingly on the writer's part, lets us see that the stories that have come down to us from our fathers, of the lawlessness and wanton cruelty of the troopers in the service of the Government, must be true. The narrative is:

"Having drank hard, one night I dreamed that I had found Captain David Steele, a notorious rebel, in one of the five farmers' houses on a mountain in the shire of Clydesdale, and parish of Lesmahagow, within eight miles of Hamilton—a place that I was well acquainted with. This man was head of the rebels since the affair of Airdsmoss, having succeeded to Haxton, who had been there taken and afterwards hanged.

"Steele, and his father before him, held a farm on the estate of Hamilton, within two or three miles of that town. When he betook himself to arms, the farm lay waste, and the duke could find no other person who would venture to take it; whereupon his Grace sent several messengers to Steele to know the reason why he kept the farm waste. The duke received no

other answer than that he would keep it waste in spite of him and the king too; whereupon his Grace, at whose table I had always the honour to be a welcome guest, desired I would use my endeavours to destroy that rogue, and I would oblige him for ever.

"I must here take leave to inform the reader that the Duke of Hamilton's friendship for me was founded upon the many services he knew I had done the public. . . .

"To return, therefore, to my story. When I awaked out of my dream, . . . I presently rose, and ordered thirty-six dragoons to be at the place appointed by break of day. When we arrived thither, I sent a party to each of the five farmers' houses. This villain Steele had murdered above forty of the king's subjects in cold blood, and, as I was informed, had often laid snares to entrap me; but it happened that, although he usually kept a gang to attend him, yet at this time he had none, when he stood in the greatest need. One of my party found him in one of the farmers' houses, just as I happened to dream. The dragoons first searched all the rooms below without success, till two of them, hearing somebody stirring over their heads, went up a pair of turnpike stairs. Steele had put on his clothes while the search was making below. The chamber where he lay was called the chamber of deese [? dais], which is the name given to a room where the laird lies when he comes to a tenant's house. Steele, suddenly opening the door, fired a blunderbuss down at the two dragoons as they were coming up the stairs, but the bullets, grazing against the side of the turnpike, only wounded, and did not kill them. Then Steele violently threw himself down the stairs among them, and made towards the door to save his life, but lost it upon the spot; for the dragoons

who guarded the house despatched him with their broadswords. I was not with the party when he was killed, being at that time employed in searching at one of the other four houses; but I soon found what had happened by hearing the noise of the shot made with the blunderbuss. From hence I returned straight to Lanark, and immediately sent one of the dragoons express to General Drummond at Edinburgh. . . .

"Steele was buried in the churchyard of Lesmahagow by some of his friends, who, after the Revolution, erected a fair monument, on pillars, over his grave, and caused an epitaph to be engraved on the stone, in words to this effect: 'Here lieth the body of Captain David Steele, a saint who was murdered by John Creichton' (with the date underneath).

"Some of my friends burlesqued this epitaph in the following manner:

"'Here lies the body of Saint Steele
Murdered by John Creichton that dee'l.'"

The stone used in Lesmahagow is evidently hard for the churchyard contains an unusual number of old tombstones. We transferred two of their inscriptions. They are:

HERE
LYES THE BODY
OF GEORGE LONGRIGE
WHO DEPART
ED THIS LIFE IN THE YEAR OF
OUR LORD 1622 AGED 35 YEARS

THE PASSIVE PART^{K} LIFE ALONE
THE ACTIVE COULD NOT STAY
THE DUST IS HERE THE SOUL IS GONE
UNTIL THE JUDGEMENT DAY.

And:

HOLD OF YOUR FEET, BUT CA
ST YOUR EYE. [WAS I.
AS YOU ARE NOW SO ONCE
AS I AM NOW SO MUST YOU BE,
SO MIND OF ETERNITY.

In a corner of the churchyard we came upon the tombstone of Thomas Lining, minister of Lesmahagow from 1690 to 1733. He was sent by the Societies in 1685 to Holland, to be educated for the ministry, and was ordained, in 1688, in Embden. He took a leading part in the renewing of the Covenants, in 1689, at Boreland Hill, a hill about a mile to the north-east of Lesmahagow railway station. He afterwards differed with the Society people, and a war of pamphlets took place between them.

From Lesmahagow, guided by two ardent admirers of the sufferers under the last of the Stuarts, we took our way to Skellyhill. Our path lay to the south-west, along a country road with many turnings. In about two miles we reached Wardlaw Hill, a hill 1107 feet above the level of the sea, and from which we had a fine view of the country for miles round. Skellyhill and Yondertown, the scenes of David Steel's flight and death, lay ten minutes' walk from us by the waterside, while rising beyond them, to the south-west, were the heights of Priesthill and Logan House, a lonely farm near the source of Logan Water, where the Societies, in 1681, held their first

general meeting. The road was pointed out, passing by the farm of Stockbriggs, along which Claverhouse went when on his way to Priesthill, to take his part in the murder of John Brown. Three miles away to the south-east, over a pastoral tract of country intersected by the railway to Bankend, we were shown the hamlet of Westtown, where, it is still remembered, Macmillan first dispensed the sacrament of the Supper after he joined the Societies in 1706. On turning round to the east was the wooded valley of the Nethan, and rising up from it were the round grass-covered hills of Brae, Boreland, and Dillar.

We were not long in reaching Skellyhill. It is a farmhouse, and is tenanted by a descendant of David Steel. The spot where David Steel was shot is close to the house, and enclosed by a fence, some seven paces square, of hawthorn, rowan, red beech, and holly. Near the square is an obelisk, erected in 1858. It bears to have been occasioned by a sermon in the adjoining field on Sabbath, 12th September 1858, and eight lines of inscription are devoted to the names and titles of the preacher and the gentleman who built it. On its west side are the words:

EXACT SPOT OF MARTYRDOM
ABOUT 27 FEET TO THE
WEST.

Next day one of our kind guides took us to Blackwood. About three miles on the road from Lesma-

hagow to Hamilton, a branch road turns south-west. A mile and a half's walk brought us in front of the mansion-house of Blackwood. It is an old-fashioned looking house, that has had additions made to it at different times. William Lawrie of Blackwood did what he could, before the battle of Pentland, to persuade the Covenanters to lay down their arms. He took their letter to the Council in Edinburgh; and in return for his mediation was put in prison. After a year's confinement he was set at liberty. In 1682 he was apprehended on the charge of "assisting and countenancing rebels;" and in February 1683 he was condemned to be taken to the market cross of Edinburgh, and "there to have his head severed from his body—his name, memory, fame, and honours to be extinct, and his lands forfeited to his Majesty for ever." A letter came in a few days from the king, approving of the sentence, and reprieving him till the end of March, when he was again reprieved till the end of November. In the following January he was still in prison. The object of all this sentencing and reprieving was to overawe the gentlemen of the western shires, and to let them see what was in store for them, should they be found, like Lawrie, holding converse with men of whom the world was not worthy. The Revolution revoked Lawrie's sentences. He had a special Act passed in his favour, declaring his conviction null and void. The estate is still held by one of his descendants.

The old mansion-house is said to be the original of Milnwood, in Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality." The object of our visit was a tombstone, enclosed in an iron railing some ten paces in circumference. The enclosure, in addition, contains two holly trees, an oak, and the tombstone of a factor to the estate. The tombstone of the martyr is an upright one, two feet nine inches in height by two feet in breadth. On its east side is the inscription:

HERE LYES THE CORPSE
OF JOHN
BROUN VHO VAS
SHOT . TO . DEATH
(*A skull in relievo*)
VITHOUT SHADOV
OF LAW ANNO DOM
1685

On the west side:

MURRAY MIGHT MURDER
SUCH A GODLY BROWN
BUT COULD NOT ROB HIM
OF THAT GLORIOUS CROUN
T
HE NOW ENJOYES . HIS CREDI
NOT HIS CRIME
WAS NON COMPLYANCE
WITH A WICKED TIME.

Not much is known of John Brown. Wodrow adds little to the short notice of him in the "Cloud of Witnesses:" "Lieutenant Murray, with his party, shot one John Brown, after quarter given, at Blackwood, in Clydesdale, March 1685." Murray promised quarter, when Brown made no resistance; but he afterwards changed his mind, and, without trial in any form, shot him where the stone now stands. The body was left where the murder took place; but his friends came, under the covert of night, and buried it where it now lies.

CHAPTER IX.

PAISLEY.

THE Martyrs' Monument in Paisley stands not far from the entrance to its beautifully laid out, as well as finely situated, churchyard. It is an obelisk, with an inscription on each of the four sides of its base. The chief one is:

HERE LIE THE CORPSES OF
JAMES ALGIE AND JOHN PARK
WHO SUFFERED AT THE CROSS OF PAISLEY
FOR REFUSING THE OATH OF ABJURATION
FEBRUARY 3 1685.

Stay, passenger, as thou goest by
And take a look where these do lie
Who for the love they bore to truth
Were deprived of their life and youth
Though laws made then caused many die
Judges and 'sizers were not free
He that to them did these delate
The greater count he hath to make

Yet no excuse to them can be
At ten condemned, at two to die
So cruel did their rage become
To stop their speech caused beat the drum
This may a standing witness be
'Twixt Presbytry and Prelacy.

The inscriptions on the other sides are:

"Erected by the contributions of Christians of different denominations in and about Paisley to renew and perpetuate a Memorial of the respect and gratitude with which posterity still cherish the memory of the Martyrs of Scotland. 1835."

"The stone containing the epitaph transcribed on this Monument was erected over the grave on the Gallowgreen, the place of common execution; and on the occasion of the ground being built upon it was removed near to this spot along with the remains of the martyrs by order of the Magistrates, John Stone, John Patison, John Cochran, etc. MDCCLXXIX."

"Their blood *was* shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame
And chas'd them up to heaven."

The original stone that stood on the Gallowgreen lies on the east side of the monument.

THE ABBEY CHURCH, PAISLEY.

John Park and James Algie were two young men that lived in Kennishead, a small village about four miles to the south-west of Glasgow. Park and Algie are still common names in the parish. They were joint-tenants of a small farm. Algie had been in the practice of attending the ministrations of the curate, in the parish church, until he was persuaded, through the influence of Park, to stay at home. Shortly after Algie ceased to go to the parish church, the lease of their farm, for some reason or other, was given up. The person through whose influence they had entered the farm was much displeased at their ceasing to be tenants. In his anger he determined to inform against them for their nonconformity. He sent a nephew, on the Lord's day, February 1st, to Paisley, to the bailie of the regality in which they lived, with a letter telling him that Park and Algie were "of rebellious principles, disowned the king's authority," defended the "Apologetick Declaration anent Intelligencers and Informers," published by the United Societies in the preceding November, and "that it was his business, as a judge ordinary, to notice them, as he would be answerable." The messenger was kept in custody until the forenoon's sermon was over, when a detachment of soldiers was sent to Kennishead, and seized Park and Algie in their own house, as they were about to engage in family worship. They were taken to Paisley, and were examined that very night. Their examination did not give full satisfaction, and they

were put into prison. During their short imprisonment they were visited by a James Hay, who, after the Revolution, was minister at Kilsyth. According to Wodrow, Hay found they knew little about "the debateable points, upon which they had been interrogate, only they had lately drunk in some of the tenets of those who denied the king's authority;" but on "conversation and further instruction they appeared very willing to quit them." Wodrow adds, that they were willing to take the abjuration oath—an oath directed against the Declaration of the Societies. These statements, however, may be questioned. Wodrow, with all his praiseworthy zeal to hand down to posterity the story of the twenty-eight years' persecution, was anything but favourable to the Societies, and not seldom lets his bias against them prejudice what he has to say. But be this as it may, the inscription—an inscription that, in all probability, like most of the other inscriptions on the gravestones of the martyrs, was put up by the Society people—affirms that their offence was a refusal to take the oath of abjuration. Their trial took place on the Tuesday. It was short and summary. No lawyer was allowed to plead for them. Wodrow says they offered to take the abjuration oath, but were told they must take in addition the Test—an oath that affirms the king's supremacy in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil. They replied, "If to save our lives we must take the Test, and the abjuration will not save us, then we will

take no oaths at all." At ten o'clock they were condemned to death. After sentence had been pronounced, one of the judges, as if to leave evidence, if evidence were needed, of the recklessness with which many of the rulers of that age could take away the lives of good people, whose only crime was that they feared God, was heard to boast, "They thought to have tricked the judges, but," at the same time swearing a profane oath, "I have tricked them." The sentence was carried into effect within four hours of its being passed. They were hanged at two o'clock. When brought out for execution they wished to speak to the assembled people, but the soldiers drowned their words by beating the drums.

Among the prisoners taken at Bothwell that were banished to America, but who perished by the shipwreck of the vessel on the Moul Head of Deerness, in the Orkneys, were two who belonged to Paisley, William Buchan and William Auchincloss. Nothing, save their untimely end, is known of their history.

In the roll of ministers who were nonconformists to Prelacy in 1662, and were, in consequence, turned out of their charges, are three belonging to Paisley, Alexander Dunlop, John Drysdale, and James Stirling.

Alexander Dunlop, by an Act of Council, was "banished forth of His Majesty's dominions;" but, meanwhile, was ordered to confine himself within "the dioceses of Aberdeen, Brechin, Caithness, or Dunkeld." Wodrow says of him: "He was a person

of eminent piety, and extraordinary diligence and learning, and singular prudence and sweetness of temper. He has left behind him, among other valuable papers, collections towards a system of divinity in English, which, had he been able to have put in order, would have been one of the most valuable bodies of divinity which hath been drawn up." He died in 1667.

James Stirling's Recollections form one of the most interesting parts of Wodrow's "Analecta." He was one of the two authors of "Naphtali, or, The Wrestlings of the Church of Scotland for the Kingdom of Christ." The title of "Naphtali" accurately describes its nature. It is the statement, of a narrative as well as of a defensive character, of the contendings of the Reformed Church of Scotland, from the Reformation down to the date of publication in 1667, against arbitrary power, whether exercised by the Crown or by the prelates. The first part of it was written by James Stewart, afterwards Sir James Stewart, and Lord Advocate after the Revolution. Stirling's share is the narrative and larger portion of the book. Sir James Stewart's part is the abler of the two. It is written with a fiery eloquence, and is remarkable for its happy use of Scripture, and the ability with which it shows the unscriptural nature of Prelacy, and defines the respective provinces of Church and State. The whole book was ordered by a Proclamation of Council, December 12, 1667, to be burnt, and copies of it were

ordained to be brought in to the nearest magistrates before February 1, 1668; and all persons, after that date, in possession of copies were to be fined ten thousand pounds Scots. This proclamation is the best testimony to the real merit of the book, for it is one of the most readable books of that age, and of no great size—our copy is an 18mo of 243 pages—and is just the book that the prelates and their supporters would find easier to burn than to answer. Attached to the first edition is an appendix, containing "The Last Speeches and Testimonies of some who suffered for the Truth in Scotland since the year 1660." The speeches and testimonies are those of the Marquis of Argyle, James Guthrie of Stirling, Lord Warriston, etc. The edition of 1680 contains a second appendix of "Papers left by Mr James Mitchell, sentenced to die January 18, 1678"—"The Speech of the most faithful and pious servant of Jesus Christ, Mr John Kid, minister of the Gospel, who suffered at Edinburgh the 14th day of August 1679," etc. These appendices must have added very much to the formidable character of the book, in the estimation of the foes of liberty; for, if the testimonies and speeches want the ornate eloquence of Sir James Stewart, their sentences are shorter, and easier understood, and are generally written in the homely, yet vigorous Saxon, that almost, without an effort, at once speaks to the heart of the reader; and more than all, they are the last words of men who suffered as martyrs for civil and religious

liberty. There are not many more effective defences in our martyrologies than these sentences from the Testimony of Mr James Guthrie:

"I bless God I die not as a *fool:* not that I have anything wherein to glory in myself. I acknowledge that I am a sinner; yea, one of the greatest and vilest that have owned a profession of religion, and one of the most unworthy that have preached the Gospel. My corruptions have been strong and many, and have made me a sinner in all things, yea, even in following my duty; and, therefore, righteousness have I none of my own; all is vile. But I do believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, whereof I am chief; through faith in His righteousness and blood have I obtained mercy; and through Him, and Him alone, have I the hope of a blessed conquest and victory over sin and Satan, and hell and death, and that I shall attain unto the resurrection of the just, and be made partaker of eternal life. I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. I have preached salvation through His name; and as I have preached so do I believe, and do commend the riches of His free grace, and faith in His name, unto you all, as the only way whereby ye can be saved.

"And as I bless the Lord that I die not as a fool, so also that I die not for *evil-doing.* Not a few of you may haply judge that I suffer as a thief, or as a murderer, or as an evil-doer, or as a busy-body in other men's matters. It was the lot of the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and hath been of many of His precious servants and people, to suffer by the world as evil-doers; and as my soul scareth not at it, but desireth

to rejoice in being brought into conformity with my blessed Head, and so blessed a company, in this thing; so do I desire and pray that I may be to none of you to-day, upon this account, a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. Blessed is he that shall not be offended at Jesus Christ, and His poor servants and members, because of their being condemned as evil-doers by the world. God is my record, that in these things for which sentence of death hath passed against me I have a good conscience. I bless God they are not matters of compliance with sectaries, or designs or practices against His Majesty's person or government, or the person or government of his royal father: my heart—I bless God—is conscious unto no disloyalty; nay, loyal I have been, and I commend it unto you to be loyal and obedient in the Lord. True piety is the foundation of true loyalty; a wicked man may be a flatterer and a time-server, but he will never be a loyal subject. But to return to my purpose: The matters for which I am condemned are matters belonging to my calling and function as a minister of the Gospel—such as the discovery and reproving of sin, the pressing and holding fast of the oath of God in the covenant, and preserving and carrying on the work of religion and reformation according thereto, and denying to acknowledge the civil magistrate as *the proper competent judge in causes ecclesiastical*—that in all these things, which—God so ordering by His gracious providence—are the grounds of my indictment and death, I have a good conscience, as having walked therein according to the light and rule of God's Word, and as did become a minister of the Gospel."

CHAPTER X.

KILMARNOCK AND IRVINE.

THERE are three martyrs' monuments in Kilmarnock, and all are in the part of the Laigh Kirk burying-ground that lies on the north side of the church. Nearest the church is that to John Ross and John Shields. Its inscription is:

HERE LIE
the
Heads of JOHN ROSS and JOHN
SHIELDS who suffered at
Edinburgh
Dec. 27th 1666 and had their
Heads set up at
Kilmarnock

Our Persecutors mad with wrath & Ire;
In Edinh members Some do lie, Some here.
Yet instantly united they Shall be,
& witness 'gainst this Nation's perjury

See Cloud of Witnesses.

A somewhat curious discrepancy exists in regard to the date of Ross' and Shields' execution. In "Naphtali"

and Wodrow it is Dec. 7th, 1666, doubtless, the true date. When the monument was put up after the Revolution, the *r* in Dec^r^ must have been read as *2*, making the date Dec. 27. When the "Cloud of Witnesses" was published in 1714, a new variation appeared in the misprint—Dec. 17th. This error continued down at least to the eighth edition of 1765. In the tenth edition of 1778, it seems to have been corrected from the monument and made 27, and, in this form, it has appeared in all the editions ever since. The line "See Cloud of Witnesses," has been added when the monument was renewed in 1823.

John Ross belonged to Mauchline. Colonel Wallace, in his "Narrative of the Rising at Pentland," calls him "our dear friend John Ross, who is now in glory." Wallace sent him in the direction of Kilmarnock to gather intelligence respecting the movements of the Royal troops, but he and his companions were surprised and taken prisoners by a body of soldiers commanded by the Duke of Hamilton, a week previous to the battle. Shields was a tenant in Titwood, a farm in the parish of Mearns, Renfrewshire. He was taken along with Ross; and they were both tried at Edinburgh. Other eight, taken at Pentland, were tried with them. Four of these, and the trial and the death of the whole number, have been noticed in a previous chapter on the Martyrs of Hamilton. They were sentenced to be hanged at the market cross of Edinburgh, their heads to be affixed to the Watergate of Kilmarnock, and,

like the other eight, their hands were to be put up on the public ports of Lanark. Their names are appended in "Naphtali" to "The Joint Testimony of these who died together in Edinburgh, Dec. 7, 1666. Subscribed by them in prison, the same day of their death." In addition to the "Joint Testimony," "Naphtali" contains one from John Shields himself. It is short, but vigorously expressed. It is:

"The Testimony of
JOHN SHIELDS
Yeoman, one of the former ten, who
died at Edinburgh the 7 day of
Decemb. 1666.

"I am a man unlearned and not accustomed to speak in public, yet being now called to witness and suffer for the Lord in public, I cannot be altogether silent of that which religion and reason hath taught me, anent the cause of my suffering.

"I bless the Lord I suffer not as an evil-doer, especially not for any rebellion against his Majesty's lawful authority. I attest Him who is the searcher of hearts, that was never my intention in the least, and it is as little the nature and intention of what I have done. But for renewing of the covenant with the Lord, and following the ends thereof, as to the suppressing of abjured prelates, and intruders upon the Lord's flock, and the restoring of the government of the house of God by Presbyteries, as He himself hath appointed in His Word, with a faithful, godly, called and sent ministry, and together with pure ordinances, the power of godliness. For this I am condemned, and am to suffer this day. This I acknowledged freely

before our judges. This I still acknowledge, and am persuaded that herein I witness a good confession. This cause and covenant I commend to all the Lord's people. It is not free for you to forsake it. You are inviolably engaged in it. It is not safe to desert it, because of the curse of the perjurer and false swearer. There is unspeakable blessedness in the pursuance of it, whereof I can bear witness to the Lord by my rich experience since we began to do and suffer at this time for Him. Whereupon I cheerfully lay down my life for this His cause. He it is who justifieth it: what man or authority under heaven can condemn it? Arise, O Lord, let not man prevail against Thee; plead and judge this cause which is Thine own, for Thine own name's sake."

After the battle of Pentland, Dalziel, with a considerable number of soldiers, came westward, and took up his headquarters in Kilmarnock, and acted in the manner, in which it was thought, in that and the succeeding century, an army was justified in acting, when in an enemy's country. The people were harassed and plundered to such an extent, that their losses in a few months after Pentland were estimated at upwards of 50,000 merks Scots—*i.e.*, about £3000 sterling—and these losses were accompanied by corresponding cruelties. M'Crie, in his Appendix to the "Memoirs of Veitch and Brysson," gives extracts from the "Diary of Sergeant James Nisbet," telling of the barbarities practised on the wife of John Nisbet of Hardhill, about the time the sergeant, her son, was born; and these barbarities are equalled in wanton

cruelty by the instances detailed by Wodrow. In the beginning of February 1678, when the Highland host ravaged the West of Scotland—Kilmarnock suffered severely. Wodrow gives a statement of the losses of its inhabitants amounting to £14,431 Scots.

On the north wall of the burying-ground is a monument erected, when the other two were renewed, in 1823, to commemorate all the others belonging to the parish who suffered during the years of persecution. It will be readily seen that the inscription is as modern as the monument. It wants, what Dean Stanley, in his Introduction to his "Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church," has happily called, the almost Homeric simplicity of the old inscriptions on the rude gravestones of the Scottish Covenanters. The lines that follow the inscription are smooth enough, but they are feeble in thought, and their "honoured shade," and "peaceful altars," etc., might have been suitable enough from heathen in a heathen land, over the tomb of a lamented pagan, but are quite out of place over the dust of men, that rejoiced in hope of the life and the immortality Christ has brought to light in the Gospel. The stone has a semicircular top, on which is carved the figure of an open Bible, on the right page of which is inscribed Psalm xliv. 17, "All this is come upon us; yet have we not forgotten Thee, neither have we dealt falsely in Thy covenant;" and on the left page, Rev. ii. 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;" and then comes below:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS FINLAY
JOHN CUTHBERTSON
WILLIAM BROWN, ROBERT & JAMES
ANDERSON
Natives of this Parish
Who were taken Prisoners at Bothwell 22nd
June 1679, sentenced to Transportation for
Life, & drowned on their passage near
the Orkney Isles.
ALSO JOHN FINLAY
who suffered martyrdom 15 Dec. 1682
in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh
Peace to the Church, her peace no friends invade;
Peace to each Noble Martyr's honour'd shade;
They, with undaunted courage, truth and zeal
Contended for the Church and Country's weal,
We share the fruits, we drop the grateful tear
And peaceful altars o'er their ashes rear.

Nothing is now known of the individual history of the five who were drowned off the Moul Head in South Ronaldshay. There was a sixth from the parish, a Patrick Watt, who was banished along with them, but he was among the few that escaped the cruelty of the sailors, and got safe on shore when the vessel was wrecked.

John Finlay suffered in Edinburgh at the same time with James Robertson and William Cochrane, both of whose last testimonies are to be found in the "Cloud of Witnesses." In the early editions of the

"Cloud," Finlay's name is mentioned along with his fellow-sufferers, but his testimony is not given, as it affirmed to be the same in substance with that of Robertson, and "for the most part" the two "agree in expressions." It will be found in the fifth and succeeding editions. "John Finlay," says Wodrow, "was a dear comrade of James Robertson, and, if I mistake not, his visiting him," *i.e.*, Finlay, "was the occasion of his being taken." This intimacy accounts for the similarity of the two testimonies. Finlay was no scholar, and in all likelihood employed Robertson to write the testimony for him, who seems from his own testimony, to have been able to express his thoughts even to the extent of verbosity. At his trial Finlay said little.

"Being interrogate whether it be lawful to rise in arms against the king, refuses to answer, these being kittle questions, and he a poor prisoner. Refuses to say 'God save the king,' but says he loves the king as well as any person. Confesseth he was present at Drumclog, but without arms. Being asked if he conversed with Mr Donald Cargill within these two years, refuses to answer otherwise, than that a man is neither by the law of God nor man, bound to have a hand in shedding his own blood. Declares he cannot write."

In his testimony he very successfully states why he declined to say "God save the king." It was not, as the enemies of the persecuted Presbyterians alleged, a refusal to accept of life on easy terms, but because

such words were regarded by those in authority as an acknowledgment of the king's ecclesiastical supremacy.

"I was commanded to say 'God save the king,' which I durst not for my very soul; their bidding us to do it in test of our loyalty, to save him in his person, and government, and authority, is a perfect owning of him in all that he hath done, in his usurpation upon Christ's prerogatives and privileges, they having made him supreme head in all matters and causes, civil and ecclesiastic."

In the middle of the churchyard is a monument to John Nisbet the younger. It is an upright stone, four feet in height, by three in breadth. The upper part of the inscription is made up of two sculptured scrolls, with "Solemn League and Covenant" on the one, and "God and Country" on the other. Beneath the scrolls are the words:

HERE LIES
JOHN NISBET
who was Taken by
Major Balfour's Party &
Suffered at Kilmarnock
4th April 1683 for adhering
To the Word of GOD & our
Covenants. Rev. xii. & 11
Renewed by Public
Contribution
A.D. 1823.

On the other side:

Come, Reader, see, here pleasant NISBET lies:
Whose Blood doth pierce the high and lofty Skies.
Kilmarnock did his latter Hour perceive;
And Christ his Soul to Heaven did receive.
Yet bloody Torrans did his Body raise
And bury'd it into another place:
Saying, *Shall Rebels ly in Grave with me?*
We'll bury him where Evil-doers be.

Nisbet was executed at the south corner of the cross in Kilmarnock. The spot where the scaffold stood is still marked by the initials of his name, J. N., formed with small white stones.

After copying the inscriptions on the martyrs' stones we surveyed the churchyard. It is of no great size, and is shut in on all sides by the surrounding houses. Its monuments are of the usual prosaic character. Our eye, however, lighted on one of a different nature. It had been erected over the mortal remains of a child, crushed to death on the street by the wheel of a cart passing over it. On the upper part of the stone is depicted a wheel, and peering from underneath it the head of a child. Below the rude sculpture are the lines:

Ye little children who survey
The emblem'd wheel that crush'd me down,
Be cautious as you careless play
For shafts of Death fly thick around.
Still rapid drives the car of Time
Whose wheels one day shall crush you all.
The cold low bed which now is mine
Will soon be that of great and small.

The ministers of Kilmarnock at the Restoration of Charles II., in 1660, were Matthew Mowat and James Rowatt. Both were men of more than ordinary ability. Rowatt had studied theology at the Glasgow University, had been called to Kilmarnock in July 1647, and had been ordained March 28, 1649. James Stirling, in Wodrow's "Analecta," records, that "he was eminent for piety from his youth, and that William Guthrie used to say of him that he thought Mr Rowatt behoved to love Christ much, for He was rarely out of his mouth, he was so much taken up in speaking of Christ and His worth." He joined the protesting party in 1651. When the bishops came down from England in 1662, and it was determined to compel Scotland to accept Prelacy, the two ministers of Kilmarnock were among the first eight, whose opposition Government resolved to overcome or make an example of. Of these eight two gave way, but Mowat and Rowatt remained steadfast to their early professions. They were required to take the oath of allegiance, which they expressed their willingness to do, if they be allowed to take it with the explanation, that "His Majesty's sovereignty reacheth all persons ecclesiastic and civil, having both for its object, albeit it be in its own nature only civil and extrinsic as to causes ecclesiastical." But this explanation was regarded as a refusal, and in the close of May they were put in close confinement. On the 16th of September they were set free, but their

churches were declared vacant, and they were forbidden to reside within their respective presbyteries, or within the city of Glasgow or of Edinburgh. Both Mowat and Rowatt submitted to their sentences, and retired from Kilmarnock. What came of them is not now known. Rowatt must have been a preacher of the school of his contemporary and neighbour, Guthrie of Fenwick, evangelical in tone, and earnest in appeal, using oftentimes the homeliest language, so as to convey his meaning to the very humblest of his hearers. Mr Galloway, of the University Library, Glasgow, lately discovered, in a MS. note-book of the seventeenth century, belonging to George Gray, Esq., S.S.C., Glasgow, and formerly in the possession of the well-known antiquary, the late Gabriel Neil, Esq., two discourses that bear his name. The greater part of one of them was reprinted in the *Reformed Presbyterian Magazine* for November 1870. Although somewhat disfigured by a fault of that age—excessive division—it is in every way a striking discourse, as remarkable for its vigour as for its dramatic power, and calls forth the regret that so few of Rowatt's productions should have escaped the ravages of time.

Irvine is one of the cleanest of towns. It has not the look of doing much trade, but its main street and its side streets are all well paved and scrupulously clean. Its houses have an old-fashioned look about them, and if there had been a canal or two running through the town, the streets and houses are all so

tidy that we could almost have imagined ourselves in Leyden, the cleanest of cities, rather than in Irvine. But our object in visiting Irvine was the churchyard. It was easily found, for the parish church, around which it lies, is one of the most prominent objects in the town. The stone in the neighbourhood must be good and plentiful, for the churchyard is filled with monuments, many of them going back to the early part of last century, and some even into the seventeenth. As might be expected from the site of Irvine at the mouth of a river, in not a few cases the stones mark the resting-place of the mariner, or are set up to the memory of the shipwrecked, whose bones, it may be, lie far from human ken in the depths of the sea.

The monument that brought us to Irvine is in the north-east corner of the churchyard. It is a large flat stone, $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $3\frac{1}{2}$. Its inscription is:

STOP PASSENGER
THOU TREADEST NEAR TWO MARTYRS
JAMES BLACKWOOD & JOHN M'COUL
who suffered at IRVINE
on the 31st of December 1666
REV xii 11th

These honest Country-men whose Bones here lie
A Victim fell to Prelates Cruelty;
Condemn'd by bloody and unrighteous Laws
They died Martyrs for the good old cause
Which Balaams wicked Race in vain assail
For no Inchantments 'gainst Israel prevail
Life and this evil World they did contemn
And dy'd for Christ who died first for them

'They liv'd unknown
Till Persecution dragged them into fame
And chas'd them up to Heaven'
Erected by Friends to Religious Liberty
31st Dec. 1823.

Blackwood and M'Coul were taken prisoners at Pentland. Wodrow's account of them is:

"When Mr Alexander Nisbet, minister of Irvine, visited them in prison, he found them ignorant, and very much discouraged and damped with the near views of death and eternity. After he had bestowed some pains upon them, and instructed them in the way of salvation by faith in Christ, when the day of execution came they died full of joy and courage, to the admiration of all who were witnesses."

Their executioner was a Cornelius Anderson, who had been taken prisoner along with them, but who, as we shall see in the following chapter, had been offered his life if he would act as *burrier*, *i.e.*, hangman—a word from the same root as the French *Bourreau*. But Anderson did little good after the execution was over. Patrick Walker, in a characteristic passage, says:

"His conscience troubling him, he went to Ireland, where he was no better; nobody would either give him work or lodging. He built a little house in some common place near Dublin, where he and it and all were burnt to ashes. I had this account from severals in Ireland, especially from that worthy Christian woman who was witness to that murder, and spoke several times with these martyrs when under sentence of death, to wit, Mrs Hamilton in

Donaghadee, daughter to Mr Andrew Stewart, sometime minister there, of whom great and good things the world have heard, in the Fulfilling of Scripture."

The Parliament of 1662 passed an Act requiring a declaration to be signed by all persons in public trust, affirming the unlawfulness of subjects entering into leagues and covenants, and that the National Covenant and Solemn League were unlawful oaths. The king and most of his counsellors had sworn to these Covenants, and, indeed, by their professed respect for the Covenants they had stepped into power; and now, when they had attained their object, they declared these oaths unlawful. The Irvine people, in November 1662, were of another mind, for the provost and one of the bailies presented a petition to the Privy Council, in which they state that all chosen to be magistrates in the burgh had refused to take the declaration.

In the beginning of 1678 the Council issued a form of bond to be taken by masters, to the effect that no member of their households should frequent conventicles, or protect or show kindness to the intercommuned preachers, otherwise they would become liable to the penalties the delinquents might incur. The town of Irvine peremptorily refused to sign the bond. The consequence was, that in no part of the West of Scotland were the exactions of the Highland host (let loose that year upon Ayrshire) heavier than in Irvine.

CHAPTER XI.

AYR.

AYR was one of the scenes of the ministry of George Wishart. The success of the Reformer, as a preacher, fired Dunbar, the Bishop of Glasgow, with a spirit of emulation to try to exercise the unusual duty of a bishop, in those degenerate times. Wishart's friends were for his occupying the church, so as to keep out the bishop, but Wishart himself counselled otherwise, saying, as Knox in his wonderfully vivid "History of the Reformation" records, "'Let him alone, his sermon will not much hurt—let us go to the market cross;' and so they did, where he made so notable a sermon that the very enemies themselves were confounded. The bishop preached to his jackmen [*i.e.*, armed followers], and to some old bosses [*i.e.*, drunkards] of the town. The sum of all his sermon was, 'They say that we should preach: why not? Better late thrive than never thrive: had us still for your bishop,

and we shall provide better for the next time.' This was the beginning and the end of the bishop's sermon, who, with haste, departed the town, but returned not again to fulfil his promise."

Christopher Goodman, Knox's colleague at Geneva, and, like Knox and Buchanan, noted for his advanced opinions on the freedom of the subject and the limited power of princes, was the first minister of Ayr after the Reformation. Knox himself repeatedly preached at Ayr. At a visit in 1662, that led to the discussion with Quintin Kennedy, Abbot of Crossraguel, one of the earliest of the bonds or covenants, that were so frequently entered into in the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, was drawn up and signed by seventy-eight of the "Barons and Gentlemen of Kyle, Cunningham, and Carrick."

Goodman was minister in Ayr for a few months only. He was succeeded by James Dalrymple, of whom little has been recorded. His successor was John Porterfield, who had been thirty-three years minister, when John Welsh, the son-in-law of Knox, became his colleague. The story of Welsh is one of great interest, and has recently been presented afresh to the world by the late Rev. James Young, in his "Life of John Welsh, Minister of Ayr, including illustrations of the Contemporary Ecclesiastical History of Scotland and France." The volume has been written with unusual care.

Welsh was born about the year 1568, in Colliston,

in the parish of Dunscore, Dumfriesshire. His father was the proprietor of Colliston, and was of old family. He had embraced the principles of the Reformation, that had been made known in Dumfries, so early as 1538, by "Frere Jerome," "a well lernid man," whose martyrdom at Ayr, in 1539, is touchingly told by Knox ("History of the Reformation," vol. i., p. 65). Young Welsh received his education from his pious father, and from the teacher—a John Jamieson—of the school in his native parish; but it was little that he would receive. He had more than the ordinary indisposition of schoolboys to learning. He often absented himself from school; and at length, with his boyish passion for adventure, ran away from home, and joined "the thieves on the English border, who lived by robbing the two nations." In their society he remained until his ragged condition, and the miseries attendant upon lawlessness, led him, like the prodigal of old, to sigh for his father's house. He first went to an aunt in Dumfries to get clothes, and to see if she would use her influence with his father to take him back. While young Welsh was under her roof, the father called. Without telling him who was in the house, she asked after his son John. "Cruel woman," he replied, "how can you name his name to me? The first news I expect to hear of him is that he is hanged for a thief." She soon brought the penitent into his father's presence, and so interceded for him, that the past was forgiven, and he was taken home. His sojourn

among the thieves cured him of idle propensities. He took to his books, went to the grammar school, and in due time was sent to Edinburgh, to study in its College, that had recently—1582—been founded by James VI. Rollock was the first principal of the infant College, and did much to give the new institution the pre-eminence among the Scottish Universities, that it has so long maintained. Welsh entered the second class, then taught by Mr Duncan Nairn, the only other professor as yet appointed. The fame of the new University had drawn a large number of students. But many of them, on examination, were pronounced "not ripe enough in the Latin tongue." Nairn was appointed to the charge of these raw lads, and enjoined to devote the session to the study of Latin, as a preliminary to their entering upon the regular course of study next year. Welsh was one of these unripe students, but speedily his immaturity left him. There was much to interrupt his studies. The plague, that so often swept over Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and carried away multitudes from its pent up, and not seldom unclean cities, came to Edinburgh, and there died "of people not able to flee, 1400 and some odds." The College was broken up for eight months. Nairn died soon after the students reassembled, and his successor held office for a few months only, when he resigned. In spite of these obstacles, Welsh made rapid progress in his studies, and in August 1588 took his degree of

Master of Arts. His autograph, "Johannes Welsche," may still be seen in the Register of Laureations for that year.

It was the law of the Church of Scotland, that none be admitted to the Christian ministry under their twenty-fifth year, except such as "the General Assembly shall judge meet and worthy, by reason of singular endowments and rare qualities." These excellences Welsh must have been judged to possess, for, in his twentieth year, he was appointed to the pastoral charge of Selkirk, or rather to a district including the town of Selkirk and four other parishes. It was no easy matter to be minister of so wide a tract of country, as large, indeed, as the county of Selkirk itself, but he did his utmost. "His custom," says Kirkton, "was to preach publicly," in some part of it, "once every day." He "always kept two good horses," not to till the glebe, for he had none, but to accomplish the distant excursions he was necessitated to make. The district required all his energies. The Reformation was just beginning to reach its people. Many of its families were devotedly attached to Rome, and took every opportunity to obstruct him in his labours. Some of the old Romish clergy who had conformed with Protestantism, but who still in reality were Papists, lived in the district, and did what they could to annoy him. But opposition had little effect upon him, save to urge him to greater exertions in spreading the truth. For five years he laboured in Sel-

KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

kirk, until in 1595 he was translated to Kirkcudbright. Kirkcudbright was not then the quiet sleepy town that it is now. Its harbour was the outlet for the trade of the south-west of Scotland with foreign parts. The year before Welsh was inducted as its minister, it had been fixed upon as the landing-place for 30,000 Spanish troops, with which Philip II. hoped to crush the Reformed religion in Scotland, as well as in England. Its people, to a larger extent than in Selkirk, were Romanists, and sunk in ignorance. It was therefore needful that a minister such as Welsh should be settled in its midst. As in Selkirk, the district in the neighbourhood of Kirkcudbright, comprising three parishes, was under his pastoral care, but he laboured among its people with not less assiduity to discharge the duties of a Christian minister.

It was while Welsh was in Kirkcudbright that his name first appeared in connection with public affairs. He was a member of the General Assembly that met at Edinburgh in March $15\frac{8}{8}\frac{5}{6}$. King James VI. was present, and took a large share in its proceedings. He frequently spoke, and, through his commissioners, expressed his desire that every kirk in Scotland should have a minister, and every minister a stipend out of his own parish. But he was soon to change, if he had not even then changed. He had already given intimations of the course of policy, that, persevered in, was yet to send his son to the scaffold, and, in his grandson, to bring the line of the Stuarts to an

inglorious end in a foreign land. He had high ideas of kingly power, but while, in the words of Schiller, he exhausted his learning to deduce the origin of majesty from heaven, he allowed his own dignity to sink into the dust. He hated all convocations in which opinions might be uttered contrary to his own. Papists have ever been opposed to the utterance of free thought, and so he began, in spite of all he had written against and suffered from Rome, to have a liking for Popish counsellors. In 1595 John Maitland, Lord Thirlstane, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, died. He had long been counsellor of the king, and had employed his great influence in behalf of freedom. With his death, a formidable obstacle to the fulfilment of James' desires was taken out of the way, and the administration of the State was given to a council of eight, known in history as Octavians, the majority of whom were either Papists, or Popish in their leanings. Certain Popish noblemen, who had been discovered to be in league with Spain for the overthrow of the Protestant religion, had been banished from the kingdom. In the summer of 1596 they secretly returned. The nation was alarmed, for Philip II. was then straining every nerve to get ready an expedition for the invasion of Britain, that should cause his failure with the Armada to be forgotten. James protested that they had come without his knowledge. His counsellors, however, must have known; and so the body of the people were slow to believe him. David Black, minister at

St Andrews, "a man," says James Melville, "mightie in doctrine, and of singular fidelitie and diligence in the ministry," had animadverted from the pulpit upon the folly of the king's love of Popish counsellors. A report of what he had said was carried to the king, and Black was summoned to appear before the Privy Council at Edinburgh, on November 18, 1596. The Commissioners of the General Assembly saw that the king's design was to put down the free expression of thought, and to bring all matters in the Church under his control, and joined with Black in a written declinature of the royal jurisdiction in matters spiritual, and sent copies of the declinature to every presbytery for signature. They further determined to sit daily, to watch the proceedings of the Court against Black, but they were soon ordered to leave Edinburgh; and Black was banished from St Andrews. On the 17th of December a riot took place on the streets of Edinburgh. Although at first it seemed serious, nobody was hurt, and it was allayed in an hour. It arose out of the jealousy the two rival factions of courtiers had for each other. But paltry as this riot had been, James magnified it into a grand rebellion, and declared the ministers to be the cause of it all. On the following day he quitted Edinburgh for Linlithgow, and issued a proclamation commanding all strangers to depart from the city, as well as all judges and sheriffs, to hold their courts elsewhere. On the Sabbath afternoon, Welsh, by appointment of the ministers then

assembled in Edinburgh, occupied the pulpit of the High Church, and "gravely and wisely" spoke, in condemnation of the course the king and his counsellors were pursuing. A report of his sermon was soon carried to the king, and orders were given to arrest him, but, aided by a friendly hand, Welsh escaped from Edinburgh. A messenger was speedily sent to Kirkcudbright to summon him before the king. This summons Welsh did not obey, and he was at once declared an outlaw; but, in seven months after, the king revoked the sentence, and Welsh resumed his pulpit duties.

In 1600 the General Assembly removed him from Kirkcudbright to Ayr, "as being a town of greater note, and more populous." For seven years had his ministry lasted in Kirkcudbright, and short as this period was, it had been fruitful of large success. He gained many converts from Romanism; and in a successful contest with Gilbert Brown, the Abbot of Sweetheart or New Abbey, not far from Kirkcudbright, he prepared his first work upon Romanism, which he published some years afterwards. "He reaped," says Kirkton, "a harvest of converts, which subsisted long after his departure, and were a part of Mr Samuel Rutherford's flock, though not of his parish, while he was minister of Anwoth."

Welsh's old colleague, Porterfield, was evidently a good man; but not much is told of him. Although Ayr had enjoyed a succession of Protestant ministers

for forty years, Protestant truth had as yet obtained little hold of the mass of the people, for when Welsh came to it, he found it a stronghold of ignorance and barbarism. The accounts given of its condition are more like a description of Tipperary or of Galway than of Ayr in the present day. Street fights were common: it was not safe to walk the streets unarmed. In keeping with the dislike of Romanism to the Scriptural views of the Sabbath, as a day holy to the Lord, the so-called canonical hours were all that were kept sacred of the Lord's day, while the other hours were devoted to archery, the butts for which were ordained by statute—Jac. I., cap. 18—to be "speciallie neir to paroche kirkes." Even Porterfield himself went to the bow-butts at the close of the afternoon's service. Welsh laboured to bring about a better state of matters. When he heard of a street fight he would rush between the combatants to separate them, and in order to protect himself, "he used to cover his head with a head-piece." He practised great hospitality, and embraced every opportunity of bringing his people together in social intercourse—he himself presiding and directing their entertainment. With two of his elders, he devoted part of the afternoon, when the public labours of the Sabbath were over, to religious conference and prayer, and affectionately invited his aged colleague to favour them with his presence, an invitation which Porterfield could not well refuse, and thus drew him away from the bow-butts. Church discipline was

exercised upon offenders. He surrounded himself with a staff of twenty elders and nine deacons. Mr Young, in his Appendix, gives an extract from the minutes of session as a specimen of what was done. Moderns may think that the session was rigorous to a degree, but the times required rigorous measures. Mr Young justly says: "In the very severity by which it was marked, and in the strict impartiality with which it dealt with culprits, as well of the higher ranks as of the lower, it was well adapted to a rude state of society, and must have proved a very powerful corrective to the barbarous manners of the age" (p. 104).

Welsh embraced every opportunity of preaching the Gospel. It may seem at first as if he preached too much; but we must remember the ignorance of the people, their want of education, and the entire absence of the abundant religious literature, so characteristic of the reading age, in which our lot has fallen. He was the one source of knowledge in the district, so that the best course he could pursue for his people was preaching as often as his strength would permit. This was indeed the course he followed. "I was assured," says Crawford, "by an old reverend and godly minister, who knew the truth thereof, that he preached twice every week-day from nine to ten in the morning, and from four to five at night, besides his work on the Lord's day, and catechising and visiting of families and of the sick." He had a pleasant voice, and he used it with great effect. All contemporary

accounts testify that the matter of his addresses was not inferior to his manner. The sermons that bear his name were not published until long after his death, and are from notes taken by some of his hearers; they cannot be regarded as fair specimens of his preaching; but the extracts given by Mr Young from his reply to Gilbert Brown, and the letters that Mr David Laing has published in the "Wodrow Miscellany," especially the letter that has called forth the admiration of Mr Carlyle (Wod. Mis., p. 558; Young, p. 355), give ample evidence of his great power in expressing himself.

Abundant as Welsh's labours were, his success was not less so. He changed the character of the people of Ayr. Kirkton says his fruitfulness will be found unparalleled; but Kirkton was fond of the marvellous, and a considerable deduction must often be made from his statement to reach the truth. Much more dependence may be placed in Welsh's own declaration, that there were many hundreds in Ayr the fruit of his ministry.

In the fifth year of his sojourn in Ayr, Welsh's labours were suddenly brought to a close. King James ascended the English throne in 1603. In his new dominions his zeal for establishing Prelacy in Scotland increased. Bishops were appointed to all the old Popish sees. The last set of appointments was made in April 1605. An adjourned meeting of the General Assembly had been fixed to be held at Aberdeen, on Tuesday, July 2, 1605, but on the 7th of the

preceding June, a letter was issued from Edinburgh, forbidding the Assembly to meet, because such was his Majesty's pleasure. Notwithstanding this royal mandate, the Assembly, in virtue of its own intrinsic authority, manfully met on the appointed day, and immediately dissolved without transacting business, but asked the royal commissioner to name a day for another meeting. This he refused to do, when the Assembly appointed their next meeting to be held in Aberdeen, on the last Tuesday of September. Welsh and several other commissioners arrived on the 5th, but when they found the Assembly had met and been dismissed, they declared their approval of what it had done. Welsh returned home, and on the two following Sabbaths discoursed on the Day of Judgment with all his wonted power. They were the last Sabbaths he was to spend in Ayr. On the Tuesday morning a king's messenger came to summon him to appear before the Privy Council in Edinburgh. Welsh immediately prepared to answer the summons, but before starting he would go about his usual morning service. The audience, which had come together in great numbers, met, not in the usual place of meeting the magistrates had prepared for the week-day services, but in the parish church. Welsh preached from Rom. viii. 1: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Mr Young gives the closing sentences of the sermon. They are remarkable for their vigour, as well as for their solemn

and impassioned earnestness. It is not easy to conceive of anything more effective or more becoming the close of a ministry so faithful as that of Welsh. On the Friday, at the appointed time, Welsh appeared before the Council. The Lords of Council were about to examine him upon oath as to the Aberdeen Assembly, when he declined both to answer their inquiries, on the ground that a copy of their questions should have been given him beforehand, and to take the oath, because the law forbade an oath to be taken in examinations for evidence in support of an accusation. Although Welsh's objections were valid, they were overruled, and he was hurried off to the Tolbooth, and next day to Blackness, where tradition still points out the dungeon in which he lay. It is well called by James Melville "a foull holl," for it has no fireplace, and its floor is the rugged rock, its outer wall is washed by the sea, and its one window is a narrow loop-hole. Here Welsh was imprisoned for six months, without trial, and all the while had to support himself at his own expense, for no provision was made in Blackness for the bodily wants of its prisoners. At last, early on the morning of the 10th of January 1606, without previous intimation, with five other brethren, he was taken out of prison to Linlithgow, where a form of trial was gone through, but it was a mockery of the forms of justice, and Welsh was condemned as guilty of treason. Welsh and his companions were taken back to Blackness, and lay there for nearly ten months

ere their final sentence was pronounced. Within a month they must leave the kingdom, upon the pain of death. They fixed upon France as the land of their exile, and in the depth of winter—November 7th—they set sail for Bordeaux. From the unhappy state of matters at home, the Continent then swarmed with Scotsmen. In the succeeding age—September 1647—the General Assembly's letter, "Unto the Scots Merchants and others, our Countrey People, Scattered in Poleland, Swedland, Denmarke, and Hungarie," speaks of many thousands of Scotsmen in these countries. The curious narrative that Robert Munro gives of his expedition "with the worthy Scots Regiment called Mackeys," "under the invincible King of Sweden, during his Majesties life-time, etc.," contains a list of thirty-six "Scots Colonells" and fifty-four "Scots Lievetenant Colonells" in the service of Gustavus Adolphus in 1632. But it was in France that Scotsmen were found in the greatest numbers. The professorships in the French Protestant colleges were largely filled by them. Indeed so numerous were our educated countrymen in France in that age, that it almost seemed, says Mr Young, as if the learned men of Scotland had migrated thither in a body. This preference of France arose out of the friendliness of the French to Scotch people—a friendliness that has not yet altogether passed away—and the perfect similarity in doctrine and worship of the Church of Calvin and Beza with that of Knox and Melville.

Welsh soon found friends in his adopted country. Shortly after landing he visited Robert Boyd of Trochrig, then jointly with William Craig—a son of John Craig, the drawer-up of the National Covenant—Professor of Divinity in the University of Saumur. The visit ripened into the most intimate friendship, and led to a correspondence, still preserved, that lasted till Welsh's death. At a meeting of the National Synod at Rochelle, March 1, 1607, Welsh was affectionately received by its members. At the same time he received a remarkable testimony of the love his flock at Ayr bore for him. No less than thirty of his old parishioners crossed the Bay of Biscay, and came in a company to Rochelle, to see him once more in the flesh. At their earnest request, he preached to them in the hall of the College. Meanwhile the French Church sought out employment for the exile, and he was soon ready for it. Although he was unacquainted with its language when he landed on the shores of France, such were his powers of application, that in seventeen weeks after his arrival he actually preached in French. He was offered the chair of Theology in Dijon, in Burgundy, one of the most pleasantly situated cities in France, but he declined the offer. In the close of 1608 he was appointed minister at Jonsac, a small town about seventy miles to the north of Bordeaux. Jonsac was the seat of a presbytery. Here Welsh remained for nearly six years. In 1612 he published his second work on Popery. It

was entitled, "L'Armageddon de la Babylon Apocalyptique." It is now extremely rare. It is written in French, but, according to a most competent authority—the late M. Surenne, of Edinburgh—in excellent French of the period. Little is known of Welsh during his stay in Jonsac, save that for some reason or other he was far from being comfortable. His family suffered much affliction. His letters touchingly describe his anxiety and grief on their account.

In 1614 he removed to Nerac, an old town sixty-seven miles to the south-east of Bordeaux. Nerac was, alternately with Pau, the capital of Béarn, the residence of the family of D'Albret. In its castle Marguerite de Valois, the Queen of Navarre, had sheltered Calvin, Le Fevre, Clement Marot, and others of the French Reformers; and Henri IV., the one king of the old *régime* whose statue in Paris the fury of revolution has spared, received much of his early training. Welsh's history in Nerac is a total blank. Nothing more is known than that he exercised his ministry there for a short time.

In 1617 he was called to be second minister to the Reformed congregation of St Jean d'Angely. The call, says Welsh, was with the consent and approbation of all, as though it had been but "*ane only man, with ane only heart.*" St Jean d'Angely was a Protestant town. It was strongly fortified, and was one of the cautionary towns handed over to the Reformed, for the preservation of their rights and liberties. It early

embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and was one of the eleven towns that sent deputies to the first National Synod that met at Paris in 1559. Here Welsh's ministry, says Fleming, was much blessed with success. This success was soon put to the proof. The principality of Béarn, in which St Jean d'Angely was situated, had, since 1564, professed Protestantism, and enjoyed the liberties of a free people. These liberties were hateful to the Popish counsellors of France, and attempts were often made to take them away. But Henri IV., much of a Protestant at heart, although externally he had been led to conform with the Romish Church, and a Béarnese by birth, steadfastly refused to deprive his countrymen of their freedom. His successor, Louis XIII., the grandson of Catherine de Medici, was of a different mould. He issued edicts in 1617 and 1618 for the suppression of the Protestant Church of Béarn. The French Protestants sympathised with the Béarnese, and determined to give an armed resistance to the measures of the Court. Louis would make no concession, and set out, April 1621, from Paris, to crush the Protestants by force. His army met with no opposition until it reached the neighbourhood of St Jean d'Angely. The inhabitants defended their city with great valour. Even the very women helped to watch the fortifications, and laboured night and day making cartridges. Welsh used his persuasive eloquence in stirring up their courage. He had more than one narrow escape: a

cannon ball went through below the bed on which he was asleep. But everything was against the besieged. Their gallant commander, Hautefontaine, was killed by the springing of a mine at the beginning of the siege. Their numbers were small, compared with the overwhelming forces of Louis, and their store of provisions was so scanty, that the soldiers had but two ounces of bread a day. The besiegers carried on the siege with such constancy that they scarce gave the defenders an hour's rest. The besieged came to Welsh to ask his advice, and told him that a great gun of the enemy was so placed that it swept the wall where the most vigorous defence needed to be made, so that they had there been compelled to abandon their guns. Welsh still counselled resistance, and he himself went to the spot where the guns had been forsaken, succeeded in calling "the cannoniers" again to the wall, and while one of them went to fetch a ball, filled the scoop with powder to put in the piece; a shot from the enemy carried the scoop out of his hand, but, undismayed, he shouted, "Courage!" took his hat to the barrel, filled it with powder, loaded the gun, and told the cannonier to level well and God would direct the shot. It was so. It dismounted "the great cannon" that had so played on the wall. This spirited resistance secured for the citizens of St Jean d'Angely favourable terms, when at last they were obliged to capitulate. Louis remained for several days in St Jean d'Angely after it had surrendered. During this

brief sojourn, Welsh was advised not to preach, as the celebration of Protestant worship so near the king would give offence; but he would not be silent, and discoursed to an audience larger than usual. In the midst of the services the Duke of Espernon and a detachment of soldiers came to seize him. When he saw him approaching, he charged the audience, in a tone of authority, to make way for the maréchal and his attendants, that they too might hear the Word of God. The duke took the place pointed out to him, and heard to the end. When the services were over Welsh was led into the presence of royalty. The king asked him how he dared to preach heresy so near his person. "Sire," was the reply of the son-in-law of John Knox, "if you knew what I preach, you would command others, and come yourself, to hear it, for I preach not as those men whom you are wont to hear; I preach salvation only by Jesus Christ, and I am sure your own conscience tells you that your good works will never merit heaven to you; and I preach that there is none in the earth above you, which none of these deceivers about you who adhere to the Pope will say." "Good!" exclaimed the king, "you shall be my minister;" and dismissed him. A year afterwards, Louis commanded the fortifications of St Jean d'Angely to be rased to the ground, but, at the same time, gave strict charges that Welsh, "his minister," should be kindly dealt with, and that waggons be offered him, for conveyance of himself and family to

Rochelle, if he chose to remove thither. Welsh accepted the offer.

Rochelle was the citadel of Protestantism, and was yet to obtain an imperishable name in history for its heroic defence against the armies of Louis. It had many charms for Welsh; but his long imprisonment and many years of incessant labour had told upon him, and made him an old man, while yet far from the allotted threescore and ten, and he longed for rest away from the din of arms. Hence, after a short stay, he went to Holland, then the asylum of liberty. He visited his old companion in tribulation in Blackness, John Forbes, who was settled near Campvere. His physician, however, advised him to return to Scotland to breathe his native air, as the last chance of recovery. A supplication was sent to King James for the needed permission. It was refused; only, it was added, he might come to London, "to be dealt with." When he arrived in London, the Dean of Winchester waited upon him. The dean did his utmost to draw from Welsh a general approbation of the measures the king had taken for the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland. But he gave, says Calderwood, a fair confession to the truth, and would not yield so much as a hoof. Some of Mrs Welsh's relations next interceded with the king; but he was deaf to every entreaty. At last Mrs Welsh gained an audience with James himself, and besought him to give liberty to her husband to return to Scotland. "Who was your father?" asked the king.

"John Knox," was her reply. "Knox and Welsh!" exclaimed he; "the devil never made such a match as that." "It's right like, sir," she replied, "for we never speered his advice." "How many children did your father leave; and were they lads or lasses?" next inquired the king. She said, "Three, and all lasses." "God be thanked!" James cried out, "for if they had been three lads, I had never bruiked [*i.e.*, enjoyed] my three kingdoms in peace." Mrs Welsh again pleaded that he would give her husband his native air. "Give him his native air!" called out the king; "give him the devil!" "Give that to your hungry courtiers," was her indignant reply. At length the king told her, that if she would prevail upon her husband to submit to the bishops her request would be granted. As if it were her very father himself, the heroic woman lifted up her apron, held it out to the king, and said, "Please your Majesty, I'd rather kep his head there."

One would almost suppose that Dr Barrow had Knox's daughter in his mind in his encounter with the Earl of Rochester; yet, admirable as his replies were, they are not equal to those of Mrs Welsh. "Dr Barrow," said the witty but profligate Rochester, and with a sarcastic bow, "your humble servant." "My lord, your most obedient," was the ready reply, and with a bow at least as profound as his lordship's. "Dr Barrow, your humble servant down to the ground," said the earl. "My lord, your most obedient to the antipodes," replied the divine. The encounter had

become serious; and afraid of being outwitted, Rochester took up weapons he knew Barrow would not employ, and now said, "Dr Barrow, I am your humble servant to the bottom of hell." But the divine, more than able for him, replied, "There, my lord, I leave you. I have answered a fool according to his folly, lest he should be wise in his own conceit; but I answer not a fool according to his folly, lest I should be found like unto him."

Welsh's friends now petitioned that he remain in London; but even this small favour was denied, until the king was told Welsh's life was in danger. Welsh embraced the liberty afforded him to resume his old occupation, and to preach in London. But he preached once only, and with great fervour. The effort was too great for him, and in two hours after he returned to his abode, he "quietly, and without pain, resigned his spirit into his Maker's hands." "When dying he was so filled and overcome with the sensible enjoyment of the Divine presence, that he was sometimes overheard in prayer to utter these words: 'Lord, hold Thy hand, it is enough; Thy servant is a clay vessel, and can hold no more.'"

He thus died, as he had lived, in a praying frame. Indeed his fondness for prayer was one of his most marked characteristics. He would often pray for hours, and he prayed aloud. Mr Young very appropriately quotes an example of the same practice in Robert Hall. "His habit of oral, audible, private

prayer," says his biographer, Dr Olinthus Gregory, "rested upon the conviction that silent prayer was apt to degenerate into meditation, while, from our compound nature, a man cannot but be affected by the sound of his own voice, when adequately expressing what is really felt." His love of prayer was equalled by his habit of study. He entirely overcame the idleness of his younger days, and to the close of his life was a hard and constant student. Even in his old age it was found, after his death, that he had written out an abridgment of the metaphysics of the clear-headed and enthusiastic Jesuit, Suarez.

Welsh was buried in London, and Mr Young has discovered, after much inquiry, that his remains were interred on the 4th of April 1622, in the parish of St Botolph, Bishopgate, in the same cemetery where rest those of James Lawson, minister of Edinburgh, and the successor of Knox.

Welsh's wife, Elizabeth Knox, whom he married when minister of Selkirk, where her mother, the widow of the great Reformer, resided, did not long survive him. She died at Ayr, January 8, 1625, and was, says Boyd of Trochrig, a most worthy wife and daughter.

In 1662 Ayr had two ministers, William Eccles and William Adair, both of whom refused to own the supremacy of the Crown in ecclesiastical affairs. Adair was one of the nine leading Presbyterian ministers in the west that were singled out by Government, in order to frighten the rest into submission. He alone

yielded and took the oath as it stood in the Act of Parliament. We meet with him afterwards, in 1670, at Paisley, at the meeting Leighton and Gilbert Burnet held with some thirty indulged and non-indulged ministers in the neighbourhood, with a view to win them over to Episcopacy—a meeting, however, that, as might be expected, failed to prove that a lordly bishop is a more faithful reproduction of an apostle, that spent himself in preaching the Gospel, than a Presbyterian minister. Adair died in 1684. Eccles, like his neighbour, Rowatt of Kilmarnock, also one of the nine, lived to see the happy change at the Revolution of 1688.

As in Irvine, the greater part of the magistrates of Ayr refused to sign the declaration repudiating the National Covenant and Solemn League. No doubt these magistrates thought of the Covenants, as a poet thought a century after them, whose name is inseparably connected with Ayr:

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears;
But it seal'd Freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers"—

and so they refused to sign. When the Highland host was let loose on the West of Scotland, Ayr was its headquarters, and experienced the largest share of its cruel attentions. During the short period of its stay, the loss the town sustained amounted to not less than £12,000 Scots.

The churchyard of Ayr contains a monument to seven martyrs taken prisoners at Pentland. We give the inscription as we found it. The spelling does not say much for the learning of the Incorporated Trades of Ayr in the year 1814, however much the monument may tell of their pious regard for the memory of the martyrs:

Here lie the Corpse
of
James Smith, Alex^{r} M^{c}Millan,
James M^{c}Millan John Short,
George M^{c}Kertny, Jn^{o} Graham,
and John Muirhead who
Suffered Martyrdom at AIR 27th
Dec^{br} 1666 For their Adherence
to the Word of GOD and Scotlands
Covenanted work of Reformation.

This Small Tribute to the Above
was done by the Incorporate
Trades of AIR *Anno Domonie* 1814
For the Righteous shall be keept
in everlasting rememberance.

On the other side:

Here lye seven Martyrs for our Covenants
A sacred number of triumphiant Saints
Pontius McAdam th' unjust Sentence past.
What is his own the world shall know at last
And Herod Drummond caus'd their Heads affix
Heav'n keeps a record of the sixty six.
Boots, thumbkins, gibbets were in fash'on then.
LORD let us never see such Days again.

Eight of those taken at Pentland were condemned to death at Ayr. The hangman of the town, unwilling to assist in putting men to death who had taken up arms in the cause of freedom, disappeared, and was not to be found. William Sutherland, a Highlander, and the hangman in Irvine, was by force brought to Ayr, but in no way could he be persuaded to act as executioner. When fair means failed, foul were tried. They threatened him with the boots, and when he affirmed they would not prevail with him, the soldiers told him they would pour a cruse of melted lead upon his hands. The lead was brought, but when he remained firm it was again set on the fire, while he was further examined. At last, by orders of Lord Kellie, he was put in the stocks. After he had been there some time, Lieutenant-General Drummond ordered him to be bound to a stake, and four soldiers to load their matchlocks and light their matches. A cap was drawn over his head, and he began to prepare for death by opening his breast to receive their shots. At the sight of his firmness, and readiness to die rather than yield, he was remanded back to prison, where he lay for many weeks. His "declaration," written by him after he was set free, is in Wodrow, and has been often printed in a separate form. Wodrow styles it "rude, and in a very homely dress," but those who love a story full of interest, told in nervous Saxon, will think it one of the best written papers in the volume, and marvel how the simple

AYR.

Highlander learned to express himself so well. Failing with Sutherland, the provost fell upon the expedient of offering life and a free pardon to any one of the eight who would hang the other seven. He prevailed with Cornelius Anderson, afterwards employed in the same manner, as we have seen in the preceding chapter, at Irvine. Little is now known of the seven, save what is told upon the stone itself, and what Patrick Walker says of their reply to Anderson, when he expressed his willingness to accept the offer of the provost: "The foresaid Cornelius said, If the rest would forgive him, he would do it. They answered, If he did it they should wish him repentance and forgiveness."

The first edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," page 290, after the epitaph on the monument over the mortal remains of the seven, contains the following:

"*Upon a stone lying beside the Gallows of* Air, *upon the Body of* Andrew M'gill, *who was apprehended by the information of* Andrew Tom, *who suffered there* November 1684.

Near this abhorred Tree a Sufferer lyes,
Who chus'd to fall, that falling Truth might rise
His Station could advance no costly deed,
Save giving of a Life, the LORD did need.
When Christ shall vindicate his Way, he'll cast
The Doom that was pronounc'd in such a haste,
And Incorruption shall forget Disgrace
Design'd by the Interment in this Place."

This monument has disappeared, and every effort on the part of a zealous inquirer, the Rev. T. H. Lang of Ayr, has failed to discover what has come over it. This is much to be regretted, as the inscription, for vigour and beauty, is not surpassed by any in the "Cloud of Witnesses."

Wodrow mentions M'Gill's apprehension and execution, and details at length the sufferings his father endured, evidently on the martyr's account. There is a difference of a month in the date given by Wodrow and in that in the "Cloud of Witnesses," but the monument itself, were it discovered, might clear up this discrepancy

When we had copied the inscription, we took a look round the churchyard. It is filled with tombstones in character similar to those in Irvine. We came upon one less prosaic than its many fellows, over the grave of Robert Cairns, a sailor. Its lines, though not very polished, are yet the language of faith and hope:

Though Boras blasts and raging waves
  has tost me too and fro
Yet at the last by God's decree
  I harbour here below
Where at an anchor I do rest
  With many of our Fleet
Hopeing for to set sail again
  Our Admiral Christ to meet.

On the wall of the church, at a part evidently devoted to the ministers of Ayr, is a monument—become some-

what grotesque through the ravages of time—to the memory of Adair. It represents him in his gown preaching, but makes him ridiculously short in stature. Near his remains are tablets to the memory of M'Gill, for forty-six years, and of Dalrymple, sixty-eight years, ministers—alas, that it should be said—not of the Gospel,—for it was a cold, cheerless Arminianism, or rather Socinianism, that they preached, whose evil effects have not yet disappeared from Ayr.

On the way home we turned aside at Troon to visit a much respected brother in the ministry. The day was fine—it was in the beginning of July—and all around was rejoicing in the sunshine. It was soon agreed that we should visit Crosbie church. A walk of two miles or so brought us to the old church. Its walls are roofless, and must have been so for years. In size and appearance it is like the old churches of Glassford and Loudon, a pattern that seems to have prevailed in the century after the Reformation. The piece of ground in which the church is enclosed is still used as a place of burial. On the east wall of the church is a monument, of date 1619, to "ane Honorrabel Man callit David Hameltovne of Bothelhavche, Spovs to Elesone Sinclair." In the burying-ground itself we came upon a monument, dated 1761, erected over the remains of a Janet M'Fadzen, the wife of a "master sergant." It shows still less literature than the inscription put up by the Incorporated Trades of Ayr, but, in a simple and not ineffective

way, it tells of trust in the Redeemer, and of belief in the resurrection of the body:

Twenty four years i lived a
Maiden life three years i was a
married wife in which time i lived
a hapie life i trevld with him from
toun to toun untill by death i was
cut doun in my sisters house did
die & hear at Crosbe kirk i ly
where i my Rest & sleep will take
untill at last i be Awaked it will not
be with tuk of drum but it will
be when the trumpet sound &
when ile my Redeemer see who
shed his preshios blood for me.

CHAPTER XII.

TARBOLTON AND STRAITON.

THE village of Tarbolton lies between Ayr and Mauchline, and about half-an-hour's walk to the north of the railway station. The walk was a pleasant one, for it was in May, and we were under the guidance of a brother minister full of local lore, and the road was lined with hedges of hawthorn or beech, that were fast coming out in the freshest and loveliest of colours—the green of early summer. The birds, too, were everywhere in full song. The village of Tarbolton is small, and, like many villages in the West of Scotland near large towns, has rather a declining appearance. Our object, however, was not to examine the village, but to make for the churchyard. We got the keys from a house opposite, and went in our two selves to find out the Martyr's Monument. Our companion decided for the west side of the church, and we for the east. As we were there for the first time, we yielded to his guidance.

and wandered over all the west and the south parts of the graveyard, and yet not a trace of the stone was to be seen, till at last, just as we were giving up the search as hopeless, we came upon it against the east side of the church porch, on the very side where he had first concluded it might be. The reason for our conclusion had been, that on entering the gate we had noticed that of the two paths that led in opposite directions, the one leading to the east side was more trodden than the other, and our past experience had been that the most frequented path was most likely to be that which took to the object of our visit, and that in no part of Scotland had our countrymen forgotten the martyrs, or ceased to visit their graves.

The gravestone we were in search of was a small upright one, two feet in height by one foot nine inches in breadth. Its inscription is:

W. S.
HERE LYS
William Shillilau, who
was shot at Woodhead
by Lieu^{t} Lauder for his
adherence to the Word of
GOD and Scotland's cove-
nanted work of REFORMATION.
1685. Erected in 1727.
Renewed 1812 by W^{m} Drinnan.

William Shillilaw, or, as he is called in Wodrow,

Shirinlaw, was a lad of eighteen years of age. The curate had given in his name to the soldiers on the charge of nonconformity. Lewis Lauder, a lieutenant in the garrison of Sorn, had sometime in the month of July, been riding up and down in quest of nonconformists. In the distance he saw Shillilaw cross the road, and sent one of his dragoons to apprehend him. When he was brought up, after a few of the usual questions, Lauder ordered him to be shot, which was immediately done upon the spot. After this murder Lauder went to the neighbouring parish of Stair, to the Stairhead, where William Shillilaw had been servant, and seized his master and other two friends. They were examined, as Shillilaw had been, when Lauder ordered them down on their knees, and to cover their faces, to be shot, but his men refused to obey orders, telling him one in a day was sufficient, and so they escaped.

Wodrow, writing in the year 1722, says the murder of Shillilaw is attested by several persons yet alive. He, followed by Crookshank, gives it under the year 1684, while the "Cloud of Witnesses" and the gravestone give the date 1685. There is little doubt, from the character of the murder, that the latter are correct —that it happened in 1685, the year so memorable for many similar murders.

To reach Straiton we took the railway from Ayr to Maybole. From thence it is about seven miles, and nearly half way to Dalmellington. We found the road

somewhat hilly, but through a highly cultivated country. Straiton is a small village, occupied by a few weavers and agricultural labourers, or "labourous men," as a good woman, of whom we asked the way, told us. It is finely situated, with the green hills of Largs, Kildoach, and Bennan, rising behind it on the south-west and south, to the height of about a thousand feet. Under the guidance of the beadle we were taken to the churchyard. The Martyr's Stone, we found, had fallen out of its socket and was lying on the ground; but we were told that Sir Edward Blair, the proprietor of the district, had been in the churchyard the day before, and had ordered it to be set up again. The stone is small, two feet by one foot eight inches. The inscription is:

HERE LYS THOMAS
M^CHAFFIE, MARTYR 1686.
THO' I WAS SICK AND
LIKE TO DIE
YET BLOODY BRUCE DID
MURDER ME,
BECAUSE I ADHERED
IN MY STATION
TO OUR COVENANT
ED REFORMATION.
MY BLOOD FOR VENG
EANCE YET DOTH CALL
UPON ZION'S HATERS
ALL.

Close to the old stone is a larger new one, to which

the inscription has been transferred, with the addition, "This stone was erected by subscription in the year 1824."

Thomas M'Haffie, or Machassie, was the son of a John M'Haffie in the Largs, a farm about half-a-mile to the east of the village of Straiton. His name is in the "List of Fugitives, May 5, 1684." Dr Simpson tells of a narrow escape he made from his enemies, sometime previous to his death. On the morning of the day on which he was murdered, he was hid in a glen on the farm of Linfern, a farm about three miles to the south of Straiton. He was ill of fever, caught through exposure in the caves in which he had been compelled to hide himself. In this state he heard the approach of the soldiers, and, weak as he was, he rose and fled. He reached the house of a friend, but so exhausted that he threw himself on a bed. Here Bruce and a party of soldiers found him, and after a few questions, on his declining to take the abjuration oath, ordered him to be taken out to the high road and shot. A rude stone, says Dr Simpson, on the farm of Linfern, marks the identical spot where he fell.

CHAPTER XIII.

BARRHILL, COLMONELL, AND OLD DAILLY.

THE road from Girvan to Barrhill runs to the west of the new railway to Stranraer, and rises gently from the sea until, at about the two-mile stone, the hills near the shore shut us in, and we were fairly inland. About five miles on our way from Girvan the valley of Colmonell opened up to view, and at its far end the height of Knockdolian, a height so strikingly like Ailsa Craig, in the distance, as to receive from the sailors the name of the False Craig. But we soon left the valley of Colmonell and the old castle-like house of Daljarroch behind us, and turned southward, the road still rising, and as we rose the crops were greener. The time was the month of August, and the country was acquiring more of a moorland cast. At last, after nearly two hours' drive, houses appeared in the distance, and a plain, simple-looking church, cruciform in plan—evidently older at least than the Disruption—and close

by it, on the rising ground above, a somewhat lofty-looking building with unmistakably the appearance of a manse. It was Barrhill we had come to, and its Established church and manse we had been looking at.

After leaving our conveyance at the inn, we turned back a few yards until we were again out of the village, and had passed over the Cross Water of Dusk, when a country road to the south-west led us up by the water's edge. Within five minutes from leaving the village, our eye caught the object of our visit—the Martyrs' Monument—on the other side of the water; and in five minutes more we were across its all but waterless channel, and were at the monument itself. It stands close to the water's edge, but some six or eight feet up from its bed. The monument is an erect tablet some eight or nine feet in height, and is at the end of a walled-in enclosure thirteen feet by nine. The inscription is:

ERECTED ANEW
A.D. 1825
To the memory of
JOHN MURCHIE
and
DANIEL MEIKLEWRICK
at the expense of a generous Public
and Friends to the same
Covenanted cause
for which these MARTYRS suffered,
bled and died
in the persecution of 1685.

HERE in this place two martyrs lie
Whose blood to heaven hath a loud cry
Murder'd contrary to Divine laws
For owning of King Jesus' cause
By bloody Drummond they were shot
Without any trial near this spot.

On looking into the walled enclosure we saw what seemed to be three fragments of an older monument. We were soon within, and found, on putting the three together, that they made a tablet three feet in length by two in breadth, and that on the one side there was the following inscription:

Here lys John
Murchie and
Daniel M^{c}Jlurick
martyrs By
bloody
Drummon
they were
shot 1685.

And on the other:

Renewed By
Gilb^{t} M^{c}Iurick
in Alticonnach
1787.

From the date on these pieces they must have been preceded by a still older monument, for the inscription first appears in the third edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," published in 1730.

Both the martyrs were young men. Meiklewrick belonged to the Altercannoch family; Murchie was a friend of Meiklewrick from Barr. They were on the top of a hill, that rises behind the Free church manse, when they were seen by Drummond and his dragoons guided by the Laird of Bellymore. As soon as Meiklewrick and his companion perceived the soldiers, they ran west to Altercannoch, but were overtaken. Bibles were found in their possession. This was enough to condemn them, and without any process or trial they were instantly shot. Their bodies were left where they fell, but under covert of night two women came and buried them where they now rest. It is said their Bibles were carried to Old Kildonan House, and cast into the fire, while Drummond used his sword as a poker, stirring them up until they were reduced to ashes.

From the Martyrs' Grave we walked for a few minutes along the road that leads up the valley in which the water runs. At either side of the road peat could be seen in the open drains, and the sweet gale —*Myrica*, so well called by its fragrant name, was in great abundance. But we soon returned to the village, and found that it had two inns, four grocers, a smith, a shoemaker, a Free church, a school, a bank, and no baker; and the piles of peat, at the side of or behind the houses, and the absence of other fuel, showed that it was far from the region of coal.

Colmonell is about ten miles south from Girvan by the direct road, and five miles from the Daljarroch station on the railway to Stranraer, but for the sake of the drive, we chose a circuitous road by the sea-coast to Ballantrae. The road runs close by the sea all the way, and is one of wild beauty. About a mile and a half from Girvan, at Shalloch, the sands of Girvan give way to rocks that every here and there rise ruggedly out of the water, threatening destruction to the ill-fated ship that may come near them. They are mostly conglomerate, and are rich in the variety of stones enclosed within their once viscous mass. Back from the water's edge there is generally a narrow strip of land, between it and the high grounds behind. These high grounds rise into a range of hills—Byne Hill, Fell Hill, Grey Hill, and Pinbain Hill—that are from six hundred to nearly a thousand feet in height. Sometimes the sloping ground disappears, and rugged precipitous cliffs rise up from the very edge of the road, and once or twice the road by a gentle ascent mounts up over these cliffs, as at Pinbain, and looks down a hundred feet or so upon the sea beneath. Near a small village—Lendalfoot—seven miles from Girvan, it descends almost to the level of the sea-shore. Here a walled enclosure of five feet in height, with a gravestone at the end of it, made us dismount, and read and copy its inscription. It told of an old story, that must often happen on such an iron-bound coast. Our guide told us the tombstone was erected in 1870,

and the expense had been defrayed by a collection at a sermon which he had preached. It replaced an earlier stone which had fallen into disrepair. The inscription was:

ERECTED
TO
THE MEMORY OF
ARCHIBALD HAMILTON
AND CREW
NATIVES OF KINGS CROSS,
ARRAN.
WHO WERE DROWNED
NEAR THIS PLACE
SEPTEMBER 11th 1711.

Ye passengers who e'er
ye are
As ye pass on this way
Disturb ye not this small
respect
That's paid to sailor's clay.

Two miles from Lendalfoot the road again begins to ascend, until, according to the Ordnance Map, it rises to the height of 179 feet. We dismounted and walked up to its highest point, and looked down from its giddy height on the sea beneath. At its height, at a crag called Gamesloup, is the scene of the Scottish ballad:

"Fause Sir John a wooing came,
To a maid of beauty rare.
May Collean was this lady's name,
Her father's only heir."

Sir John was a Blue-Beard in his way, for he had already married seven ladies for their gear, and then disposed of them, no one could well say how. He won the heart of Mary Culzean, and persuaded her to mount and ride away with him.

"He's got on, and she's gone on,
And fast as they could flee,
Until they came to a lonesome part,
A rock abune the sea.

"'Light down, light down,' says fause Sir John,
'Your bridal bed you see;
Here have I drowned seven ladies fair,
The eighth ane you shall be.

"'Cast off, cast off your jewels fine,
Cast off your silken gown,
They are ower fine and ower costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.'

"'O turn ye then about, Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree,
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see.'

"He turned himself straight round about
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
She has twined her arms around his waist
And thrown him into the sea.

"'Now lie you there, thou fause Sir John,
Where ye thought to lay me,
Although ye ha'e stripped me to the skin,
Your claes ye ha'e gotten wi' thee.'

. . . . . .

"So she went on her father's steed,
As fast as she could gae,
And she cam' hame to her father's house
Before it was break of day."

After gazing for some time down upon the depths where Sir John's bones have long ago mouldered away, we again started on our journey. The road now began to descend, until it was down almost to the level of the water's edge. Here the cliff rises perpendicularly, almost up from the roadside, and is pierced by a so-called robbers' cave, which we found to be of the type of the caves that appear so often, in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, as the hiding-place of outlaws, smugglers, gipsies, or Covenanters, as suits his purpose. Recently its entrance has partly been built up, it may be to keep out cattle, but at its mouth it is about ten feet in height, and goes far into the rock, until there is so little light that a candle has to be lit, to see one's way. The litter scattered over its floor gave evidence that it must often be tenanted by wandering tramps.

Ballantrae is a small fishing village, situated near

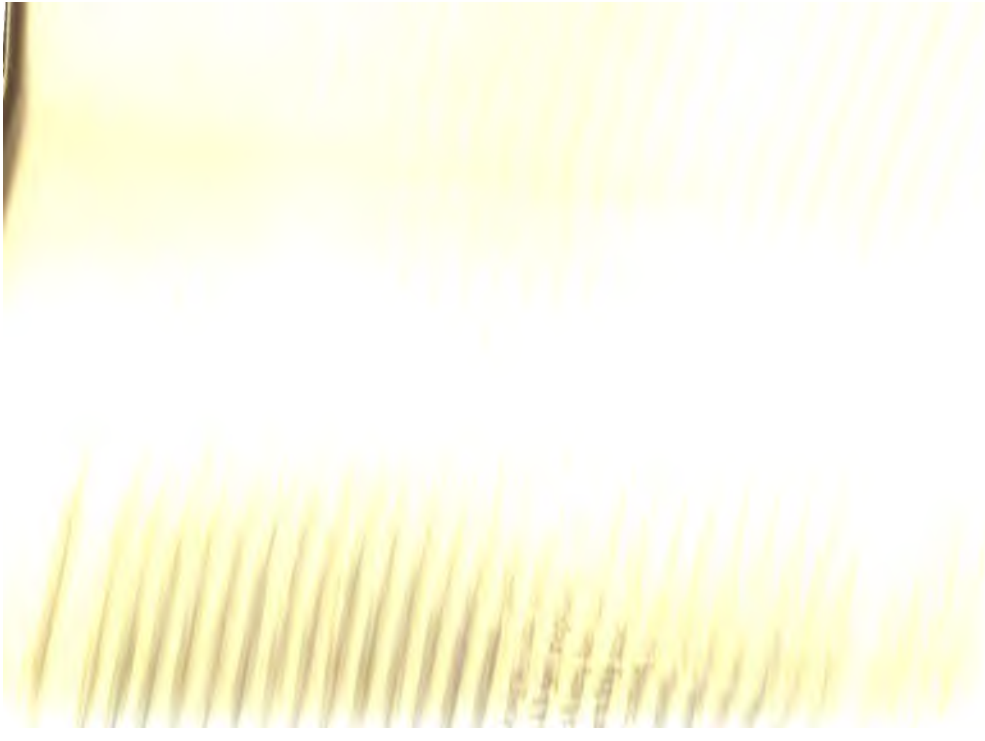
where the Stinchar falls into the sea. Here we turned to the north-east, and for nearly seven miles the road runs on the edge of the high ground that looks down into the fertile valley of the Stinchar. For two miles the chief object in view, before us, was Knockdolian, a hill that stands quite apart by itself, and that rises almost from the sea-level to the height of 869 feet. After six miles' drive from Ballantrae, we were at the village of Colmonell. It is little more than a small street of some twenty houses. The parish church is at its south-west end. The churchyard is seated on a kind of plateau that rises abruptly some thirty feet from the bed of the Stinchar, and commands a fine view of the valley in which the water flows. After some seeking, and reading nearly all the tombstones within its precincts, we came upon the object of our search, the resting-place of the martyr, at about twenty yards to the south of the church. The inscription is on the back of an upright stone, the front of which records it to be the resting-place of a James M'Cracken, who died in 1772. The tradition is that M'Cracken's representatives were allowed to bury him in the martyr's grave on the condition that the inscription on the old stone, which had fallen into disrepair, be transferred to the back of the new stone they were to erect. When the old stone was put up is not said, but as the inscription is in the third edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," it must have been previous to 1734.

The inscription is:

I Matthew M'Ilwraith in this parish of Colmonell
By bloody Claverhouse I fell
Who did command that I should die
For owning Covenanted presbytery
My Blood, a Witness still doth stand
'Gainst all defections in this land
cloud of Witness.

Matthew M'Ilwraith's name does not occur in Wodrow. The notice in the "Cloud of Witnesses" is very brief. It is: "The said Claverhouse authorised his troops to kill Matthew Mickelwrath, without any examination, in the parish of Colmonell, in Carrick, anno 1685."

Directly south from the churchyard, about half-a-mile away, is the ruin of Craigneil Castle, roofless, but the walls are still standing nearly entire. It was the fourth ruined castle we had seen since we left Girvan—Carleton at Lendalfoot, Ballantrae, and Knockdolian—and as we left Colmonell behind us, we came, where the road joins that from Barrhill, in sight of Penwherry. All of them were of the same type, lofty and narrow, with windows not much bigger than loopholes. They must have been uncomfortable places to live in, and doubtless had fallen into their present ruin, because they were found to be so. Their desolate and weird and warlike look, stands in strange contrast with the peaceful braes and hills among which they



stand, studded over with sheep or cattle quietly browsing, as if the time had never been, when these castles were tenanted by chiefs that were little better than idle robbers, that plundered or levied black mail on the surrounding district.

Old Dailly is three miles to the west of Girvan. The road to it from Girvan runs very nearly in a straight line on the south side of the winding Girvan Water. The village of Old Dailly no longer exists, or is represented only by a single farmhouse. The churchyard is pleasantly situated on a piece of table-land that rises up from the Penwhapple Burn, and is encompassed by aged trees that look as if they had seen at least a century. The old church, that has evidently been roofless for many a day, occupies its centre. It is an oblong about twenty-four feet in breadth within, and some fifty feet in length. At the one end is a kind of mausoleum, in which rest the mortal remains of the Killochan family. The churchyard is of some extent, but its surface has the appearance of being seldom broken into. The village of New Dailly, four miles away, has become the site of the church as well as the favourite place of interment in the parish. The Martyrs' Grave is seen about thirty paces away from the gate of the old churchyard, as we enter. It is an obelisk about seven feet in height, at the end of an enclosed iron railing. The inscription on the one side is:

HERE LIES
the Corpse of JOHN
SEMPLE who was
Shot by Kilkerran
at command of
Cornet James Douglas
Also Here lies
THOMAS M^cCLORGAN
who was shot
uncertain by whom
for their adherence
to the Word of GOD
And the Covenanted
Reformation 1685.

On the other side:

ERECTED
A.D. MDCCCXXV
By a public
contribution
to the memory of those
who for their
Devoted attachment
To the cause of
Truth fell victims to
Despotic power.

Lying flat on the ground, in the front of the obelisk, is the old monument. Its inscription can still be distinctly read.

Of Thomas M'Clorgan nothing seems now to be known beyond what is on the tombstone. The "Cloud of Witnesses" records, "John M'Glorgan was

killed at Drummellian's house in the night-time, not known by whom." Perhaps this is the same person. Wodrow gives an account of John Semple's death, and says it "is attested by several honest people yet in that parish, from their particular knowledge of all its circumstances, Gilbert M'Lurkin, Thomas Alexander, and others." The narrative is told with much simplicity. It is:

"John Semple was a person who lived a very quiet and innocent life, with his wife and three or four children; he never carried arms, nor gave the least disturbance to the Government, only from a principle of conscience came not to the church to hear the episcopal ministers; and being given to hospitality, and of a compassionate temper, he did sometimes harbour those poor people who were then hunted for their lives. Upon these accounts April this year (1685), Alexander Ferguson of Kilkerran, living at Moorston, a country house about a mile from Eldington, went to Blawhan garrison, commanded by Dundas, and informed against John Semple. The commander detached a party about sunset, Alexander Ferguson being their guide, who conducted them first to his own house at Moorston, where they supped. And about midnight, when they reckoned he would be at home, and all ready for their purpose, they came straight towards Eldington, and surrounded the house. John Semple hearing the sound of their feet about the house, and a confused noise of whispering, dreaded what was the matter, and having a right thought of their design, considered with himself what to do in that extremity, and at length concluded to venture his escape out at

a narrow window, which while he was endeavouring, and half out and half in, five or six of the party espied him and discharged their pieces at him, and killed him dead on the spot. After they had perpetrate this murder, as if they had done some worthy exploit, they and the said Ferguson went to the barns of Bargeny, and drank and caroused till next night. An honest woman near that place, in a little time meeting with Ferguson, challenged him, how his conscience suffered him to be thus accessory to the death of that innocent man, who left a wife and four or five small shiftless children behind him. He scornfully replied that it was a piece of kindness done to her and them, since her husband, with those he entertained, would have eaten up all they had."

After viewing the monument, we walked round to the other side of the church, to the ruins of the session house, on the floor of which are two large dark-looking stones, about five feet each in circumference. There is a two-fold tradition regarding them—that the two have fallen from the skies, and certainly the stones have a meteoric look, had they not been so large; and second, that they are the old standard weights of the district. If so, the district has in the past certainly not been fleeced by light weights.

From the churchyard we walked about a quarter of a mile, up the steep road that leads from the churchyard, and had a fine view of the fruitful country in the valley beneath, with Killochan Castle, embowered among trees in the foreground, and to the west of it the mansion of Trochrig, once associated with the

name of Zachary Boyd, who did so much for the Glasgow University; while looking west was the sea and the cone-like rock of Ailsa Craig at least twelve miles away.

CROSS OF EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD CUMNOCK AND SORN.

OLD CUMNOCK lies about half-a-mile to the west of the station, on the South-Western Railway, that runs from Glasgow to Dumfries and Carlisle. The road is nearly downhill the whole way to the bed of the Lugar Water, that skirts the west side of Old Cumnock. The churchyard is on the right-hand side, on a knowe or hill, before the town is reached. As we entered, on the left was the object of our visit, the three tombstones overshadowed by two aged thorns, and all three enclosed within an iron railing. The first of the stones is that erected to the memory of Peden. It is a flat stone, and, according to the gravedigger, is the fourth stone that has been put up. The remains of the old stones lie by its side. The inscription is:

HERE LIES
Mr ALEXANDER PEDEN
A Faithful Minister of the
Gospel sometime
of Glenluce
who departed this life
26th of January 1686,
And was raised after six weeks
out of the grauf,
and buried here,
out of
Contempt.
MEMENTO MORI.

Alongside Peden's monument is a similar flat stone with the inscription:

HERE LIES
the Corpse of
THOMAS RICHARD
who was shot by Colonel James Douglas
for his adherence
to the Covenanted
work of Reformation
on the 5th day of April
ANNO 1685.
Halt Passenger! this stone doth shew to thee
For what, by whom, and how I here did die.
Because I always in my station
Adhered to Scotland's Reformation
And to our Sacred Covenants and Laws
Establishing the same which was the Cause
In time of Prayer I was by Douglas shot.
Ah! cruelty never to be forgot.

Between the gravestone of Thomas Richard and the railing next the gate is an upright stone, about three feet in height. On its west side there is the inscription:

HERE . LYES . DAVID . DVN
AND . SIMON . PATERS
ON . WHO . WAS . SHOT
IN . THIS . PLACE . BY .
A . PARTY . OF . HIGHL
ANDERS . FOR . THEIR

On the east side:

ADHERANCE . TO . THE
WORD . OF . GOD AND
THE COVENANTED
WORK OF REFORMA
TION 1685.

Peden was one of the most remarkable men of the persecuting times. It has been happily said by Dr John Ker:

"There is something weird about the history of Alexander Peden. He was the John the Baptist of the Scottish Covenant. His lonely life for years, his wild hiding-places, his marvellous escapes, the timely descent of the mist or 'the lap of the Lord's cloak,' as he called it, to screen him from his persecutors, the keen insight of his sayings which amounted to foresight, his burial beneath the gallows at Cumnock, and the change of the place thereby to a God's-acre, have thrown an air of mystery round his

memory in the minds of the people. The sermons that remain are very fragmentary, like the panting words of a man in the intervals of flight, and are no doubt, besides, very imperfectly reported to us. There was no shorthand writer on the spot; and sometimes the more eccentric points would be best remembered. The stern Old Testament spirit comes out in Peden more than in any other of the time, and if the fierceness occasionally startles us, we must think of the old man with the bloody dragoons of Claverhouse on his trail, a tyrannical voluptuary on the throne, and the cause of God, for which he was very jealous, trampled in the mire. Charity is good, yet with most men it needs time for reflection, and a little sunshine."

Howie has printed two of his sermons, from notes by a hearer. They are obviously imperfectly reported, but it is not difficult to see that, as spoken by Peden, they must have been effective in a high degree. He goes direct to his subject without introduction, and in a manner that must at once have arrested attention. "The first sermon is on Matt. xxi. 38—'But when the husbandmen saw the son, they said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance;'" and it thus begins:

"This that I have read unto you is Scotland's sin this day. If our king and nobles had our Lord Jesus Christ among them at Edinburgh the day, what would they do to Him? They would even give Him a scaffold, or worse if they could devise it, for which He shall yoke ere long with our king and nobles, and a

part of unfaithful ministers, as well as either prelates or malignants; ere it be too long, all shall go together in these lands. Now, in the text there is fruit called for from thir husbandmen. What fruit is this? Ye see it is fruit in season. This fruit is called for from thee, O Scotland! the day. This fruit is not such fruit as ye pay your rents with, corn or hay, or the like, that your hearts love well. Sirs, it is fruit in season. . . . Well, what fruit is this that is called for? It is faith and repentance, love to God, and obedience to His revealed will, which many of you, yea, the most part of you, are as great strangers to as if ye had never heard this everlasting Gospel preached unto you."

The second begins:

"Where is the Kirk of God in Scotland the day? It is not among the great clergie folk. Sirs, I'll tell you where the Kirk of God is—wherever there is a praying lad or lass at a dyke-side in Scotland, a praying partie will ruin, will ruin them; yet, sirs, a praying partie shall go throw the storm. But manie of you in this countrie-side ye ken not these things. The weight of the broken Kirk of God in Scotland never troubles you. The loss of a cow, or two or three of your beasts, or an ill market day, goes nearer your hearts nor all the troubles of the Kirk of God in Scotland. Well then, thou poor bodie, that will resolve to follow Him; pray fast, if there were but one of you, He will be the second: if there were but two of you, our Lord will be the third. Ye need not fear that ye shall want company; our Lord will be your company Himself. He will condescend as you like to you that will resolve to follow Him in this stormie

blast that is blowing upon His poor Kirk in Scotland the day. But there is some of you that is come here the day, the next day, when ye cannot get a meeting of this kind, ye will run away to your hirelings again. Take heed, sirs, do not mock God; these indulgences will lead you away from Christ as well as the curates. O the base drag the Kirk is getting from manie of the ministers in Scotland in our day. About thirty-six years ago, our Lord had a great thick back of ministers and professors in Scotland; but one blast blew six hundred of our ministers from Him at once, and they never came back to Him again. Yea, manie lords and lairds and ladies followed Him thene, but the wind of the storm blew the ladies' gallantries in their eyes and their ears, both which put them both blind and deaf, that they never saw to follow Christ [since], nor to hear His pleasant voice. The lords and lairds and ladies were all blown o'er the brae. Alace! for the apostacie of nobles, gentles, ministers, and professors in Scotland—Scotland ere long shall run in streams of blood; yea, many of the saints' blood shall yet be shed ere long. But yet the blood of the saints shall be the seed of a glorious Church in Scotland. O sirs! what are ye doing in this countrie-side? Christ's followers in throw in Clydesdale yonder; they have ventured fair for God, and have given a great testimonie. They have burned the Test and the Acts of the cursed Parliament. There was a poor widow in that countrie-side as I came through that was worth many of you, and when she was asked how she did in this ill time, 'I do verie well,' says she; 'I get more good in one verse of the Bible now nor I did in it all langsyne. He hath casten me the keys of the pantrie door, and bids me take my fill.' Was not that a Christian, indeed? O sirs,

I would have you taking heed what ye are doing now, when the blood of the saints is running so fast. Now, sirs, the observation that I would have you take home with you is this: It is aye a poor bodie that Christ hath done a good turn for that will follow Him in a storm. And now, people of God, ye ken this. Mary Magdalene, that is here spoken of in this chapter, He cast a legion of devils out of her in a morning. I trow she never forgot that till she went to glorie. Think ye not but it was a sore heart [to her] that morning when she missed Him, and got a tomb and an empty grave? O! what would ye have thought to have seen this poor woman running through the bands of soldiers? But that was not the thing that troubled her, neither the Roman guard that was about the grave, nor the heavy stone that was upon the grave's mouth, nor the charge under the pain of death, that they should not touch the grave. Na, na, sirs, love to God goes beyond all that. He was their Lord and they dought not [*i.e.*, could not think to] want Him. The note that I would have taken with you is this: If ye have gotten good of Jesus Christ, ye would go through hell at the nearest to be at Him. O sirs, them that hath suffered for Christ in Scotland they ken this best the day. They got a stormy rough sea indeed, but a choice, pleasant shore, and the Captain of their salvation to welcome them heartily home. O sirs, Christ had a wheen o' [*i.e.*, number of] noble worthies in Scotland not long ago, that set the trumpet to their mouth, and gave fair warning in His name. He had a Welsh, a Cameron, a Cargill, and a Welwood, a noble party of them proclaiming His name in Scotland. O sirs, if ye could be admitted to see and speak to them, they would tell

you that it is nothing to suffer for Christ. They are all glancing in glory now. They would fley [*i.e.*, frighten] you out of your wits to behold them in these white robes, and glorious crowns and palms in their hands. Follow fast if He call you to suffer for His name. But what shall I say? The most part of you know nothing of this. Ye that are lying in black nature, ye dought not [*i.e.*, could not think to] bide in heaven if [*i.e.*, though] ye were in it; ye would give a thousand worlds, if ye had them, to be out of it again."

M'Millan's "Collection" contains two of his letters; and they are still more racy than his reported sermons.

Patrick Walker in 1728 published the "third edition, with amendments and additions, with thirty new additional passages," of "some remarkable passages of the life and death of Mr Alexander Peden, late minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway, singular for piety, zeal, and faithfulness; but especially who exceeded all to be heard of in our late ages in that gift of foreseeing of events and foretelling what was to befall the Church and nation of Scotland and Ireland, particular families and persons; and of his own life and death." Patrick Walker's book has been many a time reprinted, and perhaps most recently in a collection of chap books lately issued from the Glasgow press. Its best form is that in the "Biographia Presbyteriana," a collection which contains all his biographical tracts, and Shields' "Life of

Renwick." Walker's nervous English, and the simple way in which he tells his stories, make his passages, in spite of all his vituperation and strange digressions, eminently readable. Its stories, however, would require confirmation. Some of them are inherently improbable, others are evidently the happy forecastings of a shrewd observer, and all of them are the better of Patrick Walker's telling, in whose hands a story of the marvellous never becomes less marvellous.

Peden was the eldest son of a small Ayrshire proprietor, and was born in Sorn about 1726. He received an education in accordance with his position in life, and was far from being the uncultivated, boorish being that some have fancied he was. Indeed, his command of idiomatic English, so manifest in his letters and sermons, shows that he must have received a large share of the learned training of his time. He was ordained at Glenluce about three years before the Restoration of Charles II., and his name occurs in the list of those who were turned out of their parishes in 1662. In January 1666 the Council issued a letter against him, in the preamble of which conventicles are declared to be seminaries of rebellion, and "the not joining with the public ordinary meetings for divine worship" to be "seditious;" and after reciting the names of Welsh, Blackader, Peden, and several others, their "seditious practice and example" is specified. Of Peden it is affirmed—"The said Mr

Alexander Peden did keep a conventicle at Ralston, in the parish of Kilmarnock, about the 10th of October last, where he baptized the children of Adam Dickie, Robert Lymburner, and many others; as also kept a conventicle in Craigie Parish, at the Castle-hill, where he baptized the children of William Gilmor in Kilmarnock, and Gabriel Simpson, both in the said parish, and that besides twenty-three children more; both which conventicles were kept under cloud of night, with a great deal of confusion: as also the said Mr Alexander rides up and down the country with sword and pistols, in grey clothes." This letter summoned Peden and the others, named in it, to appear before the Privy Council at Edinburgh. Peden did not appear. He joined the rising that ended in the battle of Pentland, but he went no further than Lanark. This was enough for the Government to declare him an outlaw. In June 1673 he was apprehended at Knockdow or Knockdaw, in the parish of Colmonell, Ayrshire. He and his host, Hugh Ferguson, who had constrained him, much against his will, to stay all night with him, were taken to Edinburgh. Ferguson was fined a thousand merks for sheltering Peden—a strange crime for which to be fined—and Peden was sent to the Bass, where he was prisoner for four years. In his petition to the Council, November 14, 1678, he states that he had lain in Edinburgh Tolbooth for a long time, and he asks permission to go to Ireland, where he had

formerly lived for some years. But the Council banished him to what was then called the Plantations, in North America, and forbade him ever to come to Scotland, otherwise the sentence of forfeiture of his property would take effect.

Peden and upwards of sixty others sailed in the "St Michael" from Leith to Scarborough. According to Walker, he declared that the ship was not built, that would take him or his companions to Virginia, and if once they were at London all would be set at liberty. The voyage was tedious, as was often the case in the ages before steam, and they arrived at Gravesend five days after the expected time. At first there was nobody to receive them. At last, the captain who was to take them to Virginia appeared, but when he found that they were "grave sober Christians," banished for their Presbyterianism, he declared he would sail with none of them, while their former captain, finding the provisioning of sixty hungry men a serious matter, sent them all ashore to shift for themselves. The people of Gravesend showed the discharged prisoners for religion no little kindness, and in due time they nearly all got safe back to Scotland.

Peden remained for six months in England, and he was near the borders on the fatal day of the 22d of June, the day of the battle of Bothwell Bridge. Walker relates, that when some friends said to him, about mid-day, "Sir, the people are waiting for sermon," he replied, "Let the people go to their

prayers. For me, I neither can nor will preach any this day; for our friends are fallen, and flee before the enemy at Hamilton; and they are hagging and hashing them down, and their blood is running like water."

For four or five years after Bothwell he was chiefly in the north of Ireland, but he came back to Scotland for the last time in the close of February 1685. It was the worst year of persecution, and he had many narrow escapes. He seldom preached, but counselled the people rather to prayer, for "it was praying folk that would win through the storm."

The evil spirit of slander and division was not absent from the Societies, even in these years of persecution, and evil reports were spread about James Renwick. Peden believed these slanders, and expressed himself strongly against Renwick. When he came to die he changed his mind, and he sent for Renwick, "who found him," says Walker, in a passage that is written in his best manner, "lying in very low circumstances, overgrown with hair, and few to take care of him, as he never took much care of his body, and seldom unclothed himself these years, or went to bed. When Mr James came in he raised himself upon his bed, and, leaning upon his elbow with his head upon his hand, said, 'Sir, are ye the Mr James Renwick that there is so much noise about?' He answered, 'Father, my name is James Renwick, but I have given the world no ground to make any noise about me; for

I have espoused no new principle nor practice but what our Reformers and Covenanters maintained.' 'Well, sir,' said Mr Peden, 'turn about your back,' which he did in his condescending temper. Mr Peden said, 'I think your legs too small, and your shoulders too narrow, to take on the whole Church of Scotland upon your back. Sit down, sir, and give me an account of your conversion and of your call to the ministry, of your principles, and the grounds of your taking such singular courses in withdrawing from all other ministers;' which Mr Renwick did in a distinct manner."

When Renwick ended, Peden said, "Ye have answered me to my soul's satisfaction, and I am very sorry that I should have believed any such ill reports of you, which have not only quenched my love to you and marred my sympathy with you, but made me express myself so bitterly against you, for which I have sadly smarted. But, sir, ere you go, you must pray for me, for I am old, and going to leave the world." Renwick prayed, and when ended, Peden took him by the hand, drew him to him, kissed him, and said, "Sir, I find you a faithful servant to your Master. Go on in a single dependence upon the Lord, and ye will win honestly through and cleanly off the stage, when many others that hold their head high will fall and lie in the mire, and make foul hands and garments." Peden then prayed with great fervour that the Lord might support and comfort Ren-

wick in whatever duty or difficulty he had to pass through in the troublous times that lay before him.

Peden's brother lived in Sorn, and to his house the old man came when he felt death near. A cave was dug, in which to hide himself when the soldiers came in search of him. His brother's house was repeatedly searched, but he was safe in the cave. One morning early, two days before he died, he left the cave and came to his brother's door. His sister-in-law said, "Where are you going? the enemy will be here." "I know that," he replied. "Alas, sir," said his sister-in-law, "what will become of you? You must back to the cave again." "I have done with that," replied Peden, "for it is discovered. But there is no matter, for within forty-eight hours I will be beyond the reach of all the devil's temptations and his instruments on hell and on earth, and they shall trouble me no more." In about three hours the soldiers came, searched the cave, the barn, turned up the unthreshen straw, and then the house, "stobbing the beds," but did not find where he lay hid. After the soldiers were away he told his friends that bury him where they would he would be lifted again, and in a few hours he died. He was buried in the family vault of the Boswells of Auchinleck. But, as he foretold, his remains were not allowed to rest in peace. His enemies got notice of his death. Forty days after it was buried, the body was taken out of the grave, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Boswells

and the Countess of Dumfries, it was carried two miles to the place of execution, on the hill above Old Cumnock, and hung upon the gallows. When taken down it was buried at the gallows' foot, where it now lies in sure hope of a part in the resurrection of the just.

As we shall presently see, the burying-ground of the parish in Peden's time was in the centre of the town of Old Cumnock. But after Peden's burial at the gallows' foot, the good people of Cumnock felt that what had been a place of shame had become a place of honour, hallowed by the dust of one of whom the world was not worthy, and so the old churchyard was forsaken, and the gallows-hill has been for many a year the burying-ground of the parish.

Thomas Richard was a farmer in Greenock Mains, a farm that lies about five miles from Muirkirk, on the main road to Mauchline. His house was said to be the resort of the persecuted. Wodrow's informant relates that a cornet, Peter Inglis—apparently the same person whose barbarities are noted in Fenwick Churchyard, on the tombstone of James White—and some soldiers, came to Greenock Mains, and pretended that they were friends. They had Bibles, and pressed Thomas to pray with them, which the old man, for he was near eighty, unsuspectingly did. They asked him if he knew where any of the honest party were. He replied he did not know, but he had lodged some of them a few days ago, and he would be glad to do so still. Thus they talked

until one of the soldiers betrayed himself by an oath, when they all threw off the mask, and carried the good man away prisoner to Colonel Douglas at Cumnock. Next day, on the report of his alleged confession before the soldiers, he was, without jury or trial, condemned to death, and shot while in prayer. "Three ladies of the Episcopal persuasion," when they heard of his case, went to Colonel Douglas to intercede for his life. They were not admitted, and had a message sent them that he could show no favour to such people.

Little is known of David Dun. He was a farmer in Glass or Class, in Ayrshire, and had been at a conventicle held at Kilmein, a spot about four miles north-west from Dalmellington. He was on horseback, and was leisurely returning home when he saw horsemen approaching. He turned to the moor, in the midst of which was a hollow or glen in which he hoped to escape from his enemies. As he was keeping by the edge of the moss, in order to turn into the glen as soon as he reached a firm path, another detachment of troopers met him, and at the same time his horse sank in the soft ground, and ere he could right himself he was in their hands.

Still less is known of Simon Paterson. He seems also to have been at Kilmein, and to have been captured by the same party of dragoons as took David Dun. Both were taken to Old Cumnock, and without trial, witnesses, or jury, were hanged that very day.

From the churchyard we walked down the hill to Old Cumnock itself. It is a thriving-like town. The noise of steam-engines and the smoke of tall chimneys that came from the outskirts of the town, as well as the flames rising from the Lugar works a mile away, showed it to be the centre of a coal and iron district. The parish church stands in the midst of a square, or what a Belgian would call a "*place*." This square was the ancient burying-ground. The church is a modern building, and, from the completeness of its fittings and adornments, must have cost a large sum. In a kind of crypt are the graves of some of the ancestry of the Bute family, the only signs now visible that, in days of old, here was the parish burying-ground.

From Old Cumnock, under the direction of the gravedigger, we set off to visit a Martyr's Grave said to be at Stone Park, a row of two or three houses, a mile and a half from the churchyard. We retraced our steps to the station and passed below the railway by a somewhat round-about road, keeping always to the right; in less than half-an-hour's time we got to a path lined with a thin belt of trees, and after following it for two hundred yards or so, we came to a gate that in five minutes' walk brought us to an indifferent-looking row of thatched houses. They were Stone Park. We did not need to look far for the gravestone. It stood in the middle of a ploughed field, with a grass plot of three or four yards square about it. The stone is an upright one about six or seven

feet in height. On the one side was an inscription relating to the martyr, and on the other a second, stating it had been erected by the proceeds of a sermon preached 28 Aug. 1836, by a minister in the neighbourhood, whose name is given, making it very much a monument to commemorate the sermon and the preacher as well as the martyr. Lying on the grass, and close to the monument, was a small stone, nineteen inches in length by twenty in breadth. It was the original gravestone. Its lettering was of the same bold deeply-cut Old Mortality type as that of the stone in Old Cumnock to David Dun and Simon Paterson. On the one side the inscription was:

HERE LYES JOHN MAC
GEAGHAN WHO FOR HIS
CONSTANT ADHERANCE
TO THE WORD OF GOD
PROSECUTING THE ENDS
OF OUR NATIONAL AND
SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COUE
NANTS AND APPEARING
FOR THE RESCUE OF M^{R}
DAVID HOUSTON ONE OF

On the other:

THE PERSECUTED MINIS
TERS OF THE GOSPEL
SHOT AT BELLO
PATH BY A PARTY OF THE
BLOODY DRAGOONS
JULY 28 1688
ERECTED ANNO 1728.

David Houston was an Irish minister, whom the Societies, at a general meeting, September 22, 1686, had invited over to confer with them. The letter sent to him is in the "Faithful Contendings," p. 261. He appeared at a meeting held at Wanlockhead, December 26, 1686. After long conference the Societies expressed themselves satisfied with him, and called him to preach among them, although not as a settled minister. At a meeting in June 1687, it was "appointed that one should go to Ireland to conduct Mr David Houston's wife and family from thence to this land; and £5 sterling was allowed for their charges."

Houston seems to have laboured for some months among the Societies, but in January 1688 he was in Ireland, where he was apprehended. The minutes of the general meeting of the Societies, held June 7, 1688, record that he had been long kept in close prison and badly used, and that he was brought prisoner out of Ireland, and was to be carried to Edinburgh, where it was feared they would take his life. Preparations were made to rescue him, but the soldiers did not come at the expected time. On the 20th of June, however, he was rescued at Carbelpath, or Bellowpath, about three miles from Old Cumnock on the road to Muirkirk. In the scuffle several soldiers were killed, and, according to the proclamation issued June 22, 1688, "others were desperately wounded." Houston himself was much hurt. As a prisoner, his feet had been tied, and in the scuffle he fell, and his head was

trailed for some time on the ground before he could be relieved. After this, says Michael Shields, with much simplicity, he was discovered to be "short in his naturals." There had evidently been concussion in the brain. After the Revolution "the good old man" returned to Ireland, where he died. John MacGeaghan was the only one of the country people who was killed, but some others were wounded. He belonged to Auchengibbert, in Old Cumnock, and, according to Wodrow, was "a singularly pious man."

The date on the stone, July 28th, differs from that of Wodrow, who says "about 20th of June," and Wodrow's date is borne out by the "Faithful Contendings" and the proclamation issued by Government. The difference of date is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that the stone was not erected until forty years after the Revolution, and by a careless mason, to whom one date was as good as another.

Sorn lies about four miles from the Mauchline station, on the South-Western Railway. After leaving the station, the road runs for a quarter of a mile to the north-east, when it joins another that goes north-west, which in a few minutes brought us to Mauchline. Had we, instead of turning to the north-west, followed the road to the south-east, we had taken the way to Sorn by Catrine, but we preferred that by Mauchline, the main road to Muirkirk. From Mauchline the road is through a richly-cultivated

country, but the road itself is far from level. It goes up hill and down dale, and must have been made at a time when pack-horses rather than carriages and heavily-laden carts and waggons were the means of transit. It had one feature, as novel in Scotland as it was pleasant to the traveller—the milestones were new, and the lettering deep and distinct. The stones were of granite, while beside them were the old ones, made of freestone, and with letters wholly illegible, the condition of the milestones over almost all Scotland that we have seen. It is to be hoped that the example set on the Muirkirk road will speedily be followed throughout the country. After three miles' walk we came to the beautifully wooded grounds of Sorn Castle, through which the road passed until we reached the Water of Ayr. The Sorn church immediately came in view. We turned off the main road about a hundred yards before we arrived at the church, by a path that led to the churchyard and the manse. Happily for us we met the parish minister just as we were nearing the churchyard, and he at once kindly became our guide to the Martyr's Grave. The churchyard is well filled with gravestones. The most striking that met our eye was one on the front wall of the church, to the memory of a former minister. The Martyr's Grave is on the east end of the church. There is a double monument. First, there is a large slab, four or five feet in length, by two or three in breadth, with the inscription:

TO
PRESERVE FROM OBLIVION
THE FATE OF
GEORGE WOOD
WHO WAS SHOT AT TINKHORNHILL
MDCLXXXVIII
FOR HIS ADHERENCE TO THE WORD OF
GOD
AND THE COVENANTED WORK OF
REFORMATION
AND TO MANIFEST GRATITUDE
FOR THE INVALUABLE
RELIGIOUS PRIVILEGES
NOW ENJOYED.

THIS STONE WAS
ERECTED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Second, beneath it, and like it, built into the wall, is the original stone, a slab about one foot eight inches in height by two feet in breadth. On it were the words:

HeRE LYeS GORG
WOOD WHO WAS SHOT
AT TINKHORNHILL BY BL
OODY JOHN ReID TRVPeR
FOR HIS ADHeRANCE TO
THE WORD OF GOD AND
THE COVeNANTeD WORK
OF ReFORMATION 1688

George Wood was a lad of sixteen years of age. He had been in concealment, having evidently been reported to the neighbouring garrison at Daldilling as

one who had been at field preaching. John Reid, a trooper, and noted for his cruelties, came upon him, it is said, at night, while hiding upon Tincornhill, a hill two miles north-east of Sorn village, and killed him outright, without asking him a single question. When afterwards challenged for the murder he had committed, Reid replied that he knew him to be one of the whigs, and they ought to be shot wherever they were found. The monument does not give the date when he was shot, but both the "Cloud of Witnesses" and Wodrow mark it to have been June 1688. George Wood was thus the last who suffered death in the twenty-eight years' persecution.

CHAPTER XV.

SOUTH QUEENSFERRY AND BLACKNESS.

SOUTH QUEENSFERRY may be reached either by coach or railway from Edinburgh. The town, or rather village, lies to the north of the station, and is made up of a single street with closes that run back from it. The ferry at Burntisland with its connections by railway has deprived South Queensferry of its former importance as the chief ferry on the Forth, so that now it has rather a decaying appearance. It has a history of some antiquity. It is said to derive its name from Margaret, Queen of Malcolm III., who married her in 1067. When on her way to the palace at Dunfermline she had sometimes to wait at the ferry for the tide or favourable weather. A house was built for her accommodation, which gave a name to the place—the Queensferry. As the town is entered, the first object that catches the eye is the remains of the settlement of the Carmelites. Our object, however,

in the first instance, was what in Fyfe's "Guide to South Queensferry" is called the Covenanters' House. We walked through the town, but although Fyfe has given an excellent lithograph of the house, we could see nothing like it. At last we had to inquire in a grocer's shop, at the west end of the town, where it was, when we were told, and put under the guidance of the sanitary inspector; and a better guide we could not have had.

As the town is entered, after passing the Carmelite monastery, there is a large old two-storied house in excellent condition. All that paint and lime can do has been done to give it a modern appearance. On the lintel of the entrance to its outside spiral staircase is the inscription, "SPES MEA CHRISTUS. S.W.A.P. 1641." Opposite this old house is a close leading down to the sea. On the west side of this close is the Covenanters' House. It is a red-tiled house, with the door in the centre of the ground flat, and a window on either side, with two windows on the upper flat. One of these windows is twice the size of the other, and its oaken woodwork is somewhat elaborately carved. To the north end of the house is the main stair, in the form of a two-storied gable, facing the street. On the lintel of the door of this stair is the date, "16.P.D.MC.13." The rooms on the ground flat have rather a mean appearance, but on the flat above they are ten or eleven feet in height. The walls are three or four feet in thickness. The attics

are divided into two rooms. In one of these Donald Cargill and Henry Hall were sitting when surprised, and on the stair leading down it is said Hall received his death-wound; and the good woman who kindly showed us the rooms assured us that when she washes the stair, on its fifth and sixth steps, bluish marks, the marks of blood, are still to be seen.

Henry Hall was a gentleman of some property. His estate, Haughhead, is in the parish of Eckford, about five or six miles to the south of Kelso. He was related to the Earl of Roxburgh. He had received a religious education, and early in life had taken the side of the Protesters. When the Restoration introduced Prelacy he showed his sympathies with Presbyterianism so strongly that, in 1665, he had to retire for safety to the north of England. In 1666 he was seized when on his way to join the rising that ended in Pentland, and was imprisoned in Cessford Castle; but was soon set free through the favour of the Earl of Roxburgh. He found it prudent again to return to Northumberland, where he remained for ten or twelve years, and did much for the spiritual instruction of the people among whom he lived. In 1678 he was present when Thomas Ker of Hayhope was killed, while Colonel Struthers was endeavouring to seize him for his nonconformity, and had in consequence to flee to Scotland. He was at Drumclog, and had the post of honour at the bridge at Bothwell. After the defeat he fled to Holland, but ventured to

return home in the spring of 1680. He seems to have been a good deal about Borrowstounness in company with Donald Cargill. Tidings of the proscribed worthies being in the neighbourhood were given by the curates of Borrowstounness and Carriden to Middleton, Governor of Blackness, and, on June 3, 1680, he followed them to the house where we have been. He saw them stable their horses, and came forward and professed much respect for both, and persuaded them to have a glass of wine. When they had sat down and "had taken each a glass," Middleton threw off the mask, declared them his prisoners, and called upon the people in the house to assist; but all refused except what the "Cloud of Witnesses" calls "a waiter," that is, an excise officer, "through whose means the governor got the gates shut till his soldiers came." Of these gates there is no trace now, but the probability is that in those times the houses now in front did not exist, and that there was an open space that may have been enclosed with a gate. The noise in the house awakened the suspicion of the women in the neighbourhood, and they broke up the outer gate. Hall held the governor until Cargill got safe away. He then got off himself, but in getting away, "Thomas George, the waiter, struck him on the head with a carabine, and gave him a mortal wound." He nevertheless managed to get out, when the women took him under their care and conveyed him out of the town. He walked a few steps, but soon fainted away.

He was taken to the next country house and surgeons brought. General Dalziel, of Pentland fame, lived near at hand, at Binns, a residence about a mile south from Blackness, and with a party of his guards came, and, though it was evident Hall was dying, carried him away prisoner to Edinburgh, and he died among their hands on the road.

When Hall was taken, there was found upon him a paper that has been called, from the place where it was got, the Queensferry Paper. It was not acknowledged by Mr Cargill, for it does not seem to have been revised; and it was unsubscribed, but there can be no doubt that it mainly came from his pen. Wodrow speaks rather disparagingly of it, but he lived too near the times of persecution to be always fair in his judgments. Most modern readers will prefer to agree with the opinion of Lord Lindsay, in his "Lives of the Lindsays," that it is "a very able statement," and really lays down the great principles of constitutional government, that have made our country the envy or the admiration of other lands. An abridgment of it is given in the "Cloud of Witnesses," but it barely does justice to its contents. The original document itself is given in Wodrow.

Mr James Drummond, F.S.A.Scot., has a paper in the "Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries," vol. iii., part 2, entitled "Notice of the 'Bluidy Banner' of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig, preserved at Dunbar." The paper is accompanied by a beautifully executed

reduced facsimile of the banner. The inscription is: "Jehovah Nissi," in Hebrew characters, and, "For ∴ Christ & His ∴ Truths. No Quarters For Yᵉ Active Enimies of Yᵉ Covenant." He says that its possessors, Mr and Miss Raeburn of Dunbar, state that it belonged to Hall's son, who on his deathbed gave it to a zealous covenanting friend, of the name of Cochrane, from whom it came into the family of its present proprietors. Mr Drummond holds that the inscription on the banner justifies the fiction of Creighton that the Covenanters had set up a large gallows at Bothwell Bridge, and that they were not a whit less cruel and blood-thirsty than their persecutors, save that they lacked the opportunity to carry their desires into effect. He has, however, forgotten that at the Revolution they had the opportunity, but they confined themselves to what has been called the rabbling of the curates, which was simply a rough way—in which no bones were broken—of telling their persecutors to get off the ground where their very presence was an offence, as reminding their parishioners of the cruelties of the past. But the real meaning of the words, "No quarters for yᵉ active enimies of yᵉ covenant," will be best seen from the last paragraph of the Queensferry Paper. The paragraph is the worst expressed in the whole document, and is by no means a fair specimen of the vigorous writing in the paragraphs that precede. It has very much the appearance of being finished off in

a great hurry, as if the writer had not had time to clarify his thoughts. It is:

"We bind and oblige ourselves to defend ourselves and one another in our worshipping of God, and in our natural, civil, and divine rights and liberties, till we shall overcome, or send them down under debate to the posterity, that they may begin where we end; and if we shall be pursued or troubled any further in our worshipping, rights, and liberties, that we shall look on it as declaring war, and take all the advantages that one enemy doth of another, and seek to cause to perish all that shall in an hostile manner assault us, and to maintain, relieve, and right ourselves of those that have wronged us, but not to trouble or injure any but those that have injured us, those being most lawful for us, being many that are wronged upon such an account, and by such persons who have nothing now over us but power and usurped authority, which we shall neither answer nor acknowledge, if we can do otherwise, hoping that God shall break off that part of the yoke, and free us of that power and tyranny, that we have cast off upon His account, and will give us judges as we had at the beginning, and counsellors as we had at the first."

These sentences make it evident that the words mean no more than that if attacked, when worshipping God according to their conscience, and in the exercise of their natural rights, they would defend themselves to the utmost of their ability, and would not be responsible for any bloodshed that might happen in consequence. But this is only what Scotsmen would do now, and what the friends of civil and religious

liberty all over the world would think them justified in doing.

The Covenanters' House bears in addition the name of "The Palace." This may arise from its being on the site of the house erected for Queen Margaret, and from its having been used as a resting-place by royalty in the early part of the seventeenth century. Straight down from the house or palace is the Binks, a rock that runs out into the sea, and forms at high water a natural pier. From it Queen Margaret is said to have stepped into the ferry-boat.

The back window of the Covenanters' House looks into the large window of the Carmelite monastery. It has a trefoil arch of the transition period of the thirteenth century. Its simple beauty led us to desire to see the inside of the building. We found, however, that what we saw was the window of what was used as a vault for the mortal remains of the Dundas family, and was not open to the public. This so-called vault, looked at from the outside, has a roof of stone slabs much overgrown with ivy, and must be of considerable size. On the side facing the sea, there is only a dead wall, but on that to the main road there is another trefoil window, but considerably smaller than that we had seen from the Covenanters' House. Attached to this vault is a square tower. The entrance to it is from the main road, and is a low arch nearly square, with very little ornamentation. Within all is open up to the vaulted roof. In the east corner

is the font, still in good preservation. The walls are of great thickness, as if it had been a place of defence as well as of worship; but the whole is now used as a store, and when we visited it, was filled with what seemed to be empty herring barrels. The tenant very willingly removed any of the barrels that we might better examine the building; but it was sad to see so interesting a relic of the past devoted to so ignoble uses. We should suppose a monastery must be public property, and that the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests are not doing their duty in South Queensferry, when such a building is allowed to remain in its present condition. If its present contents were cleared out, and its surroundings cleansed and made so that one could walk round about the whole with comfort, it would be an object of no small attraction to Queensferry.

Blackness Castle is about four miles, as the crow flies, to the west of South Queensferry; but partly from the windings of the shore, and partly from the sand and stones over which our path lay in the latter part of our journey, it took us nearly two hours' walking to reach it. As we left South Queensferry, we passed along the now all but disused branch of the North British Railway, made in connection with the once proposed bridge across the ferry. After a mile's walk along the shore, we got upon the road from Queensferry to Hopetoun House, which here comes close to the water's edge. The road skirted the

richly-wooded policies of Hopetoun House, while to the north was the Firth of Forth—the shelter of St Margaret's Hope—studded with at least a hundred vessels waiting for a change of wind to take them out to the open sea. Another mile's walk brought us to Society—one or two houses, where the road turns off to the south for Hopetoun House. We followed the road for about a quarter of a mile, until we had a view of the princely range of building that forms Hopetoun House, when we retraced our steps until we reached the shore, and walked along the wall which forms a kind of parapet for a considerable distance along the beach. When it ended, we took to the sand. The ground now rose up from the sea to the wooded heights on which formerly stood Abercorn Castle. Here the shore trends somewhat to the north-west, and still concealed from view the object of our visit. At last, after an hour's walk from Queensferry, we turned the point, and about two miles from us on the opposite side of a bay, on a projecting spur running out into the sea, was Blackness Castle. The day was not one of the brightest—it was in the latter end of October, and there was a slight haze over the water which gave the castle in the distance a kind of gaunt, weird-like look. As first seen from the east, it has been said to be like the hulk of a ship of war dismantled and stranded on the shore—and it was only as we came near that the resemblance disappeared. On the land side of the castle a row of

three or four plain-looking houses, and to the south-west a more stately abode, have recently been erected. The castle itself originally had no entrance from the land side. It is only in recent times that a gate has been made in the wall that cuts it off from the land. Its one entrance was from the sea. As we walked on the south side of the wall outside of the castle proper, workmen were busy digging down some twelve feet in what at one time must have been a trench or open ditch between it and the mainland. The digging down had laid bare the whinstone rock that here rises up from the prevailing sandstone of the district, and forms the foundation on which the castle stands.

The castle is not open to the public, and it is not desirable that it should be so, for it is now the gun-powder magazine for military purposes for Scotland. But when we told our errand, the gentleman in charge, to whom we were referred, at once said he would be most happy to show us everything that we wished to see; and he certainly, with the greatest courtesy, fulfilled his promise. The castle is of no great size. It is made up of two tall buildings of three or four stories. In one of them is the cell in which Lady Ochiltree, and very likely Barbara Cunningham, Lady Caldwell, were imprisoned. The cell is now as clean as white-wash and paint can make it, and the floor has the appearance of being new; but it is narrow, indeed much more so than cells in our modern prisons, and the window is small and so placed that the inmate

BLACKNESS CASTLE.

could not reach it. In another part of the castle we were shown a dungeon in its original state, the only one in the castle, with an exception immediately to be specified, that is as it would be in the seventeenth century. The floor is earthen, the roof arched, and the light scanty, and is wonderfully like, although on a small scale, the Under Whigs' Vault at Dunnottar. The window, unlike that at Dunnottar, has been unbroken, and lets one see what a dark gloomy place the Whigs' Vault must have been.

We were next taken to that in which John Welsh was confined. It is a frightful-looking place, compared to which, the vaults at Dunnottar are a paradise. It is situated outside of the main buildings on the west side of the castle. The sea beats upon its outside. We were taken into a room nearly on a level with the rock outside. In the wooden floor was an open trap-door with the ends of a ladder projecting out of it. On looking down all was dark. We were told to go down, and to take care in going down not to fall off the ladder. It was certainly not a pleasant prospect to look at, but we plucked up courage, and after going down some six feet we stood upon the ground, but on stepping forward from the ladder the floor sloped downwards, and we found we must be standing on the rock that roughly shelved down at an angle of not less than thirty degrees. On trying to look about us we found it was in vain, for we were in all but complete darkness. Above us light

streamed from a loop-hole said to be fourteen inches long by four in breadth, but so placed that its rays do not dispel the darkness beneath, save where they strike the opposite wall, four or five feet from the ground, at the upper end of the dungeon.

John Welsh was kept in Blackness for nearly sixteen months. It is said that he was not always in the dungeon we had been down to; and it is nearly impossible that he could have been so, for it is difficult to conceive how any man could have maintained existence, beyond a few days at the utmost, in such a place. In a previous chapter—Chapter XI.—the story of John Welsh has been told. He suffered in behalf of a doctrine for which many have suffered in Scotland, the spiritual independence of the Church, the Church's right to regulate its own spiritual affairs, independent of the control or the dictation of the civil power. Englishmen have sometimes fancied that the spiritual independence of the Church is one or both of two things: First, a claim that the clergy manage the Church's affairs apart altogether from the laity. In the lips of a bishop this may be the meaning of the phrase, but not in the idea of a Scotch Presbyterian; for a leading error, that Presbyterianism protests against, is that all Church power rests in the clergy; and the contrary affirmation, that it makes, is that there is no such distinction as that made by Episcopacy between the clergy and the laity; that there is no sacerdotal class in the Church; that all its

members belong to the priesthood, and have all a right to a substantive part in the government of the Church. Second, that it is a claim on the part of ecclesiastical persons to be exempt from civil control. But no Presbyterian has ever made such a claim, and the Westminster Confession expressly teaches that "ecclesiastical persons are not exempted" from "due obedience to the magistrate" (chap. xxiii., sec. 4). And one remarkable feature in the history of Scotch Presbyterianism is, that while its followers have been noted for their assertion of the spiritual independence of the Church, they have been as distinguished for their attachment to the civil power that occupied the place of royalty. Indeed, it required more than twenty years of absolute misrule, and the setting aside of all the machinery of constitutional government by the later Stuarts, ere the bolder spirits of Scotch Presbyterianism began to think of the course that took effect in the convention of 1689, proclaiming the throne vacant.

Nothing is known of the first building of Blackness. In the Statistical Account of the parish a brief outline is given of its later history. It seems first to be mentioned in 1548, in the regency of the Earl of Arran, when it was garrisoned by the French. In 1584 the Council resolved to imprison Andrew Melville, for his protesting against their right as a civil power to decide upon spiritual matters. James Melville, in his autobiography, has vividly depicted his uncle's appearance

before the Council. His description at the same time strikingly illustrates what was then understood by the spiritual independence of the Church. He says:

"I being in Angus, convoying my mother-in-law to her household, made diligence and came to Edinburgh the day of his second appearance. The which day he declined the judicatory of the king and Council, being accused upon no civil crime or transgression, but upon his doctrine uttered from the pulpit. The which, when the king and Captain James [Stewart], then made Great Chancellor, with roaring of lions, and messages of death, had taken so hot, that all the Council and courts of the palace were filled with fear, noise and brutes [rumours]. Mr Andrew never jarging [flinched], nor daschit [abashed] a whit, with magnanimous courage, mighty force of spirit, and fouthe [abundance] of evidence of reason and language, plainly told the king and Council, that they presumed over boldly in a constituted estate of a Christian Kirk—the kingdom of Jesus Christ—passing by and disdaining the prophets, pastors, and doctors of the Kirk to take upon them to judge the doctrine, and controul the ambassadors and messengers of a King and Council greater nor [than] they, and far above them. 'And that,' says he, 'you may see your weakness, oversight, and rashness, in taking upon you that which you neither ought nor can do'—loosing a little Hebrew Bible from his belt, and clanking it down on the board before the king and Chancellor—'there are my instructions and warrant. Let [us] see which of you can judge thereon, or controul me therein, that I have passed by my injunctions?' The Chancellor

opening the book, finds it Hebrew, and puts it in the king's hand, saying, 'Sir, he scorns your Majesty and Council.' 'No, my lord,' says Mr Andrew, 'I scorn not; but with all earnestness, zeal, and gravity, I stand for the cause of Jesus Christ and His Kirk.'"

Melville escaped to Berwick. After Melville's time, Blackness Castle was repeatedly used to imprison those who held like opinions. In the middle of the seventeenth century it seems to have fallen into disrepair. Under date 24th June 1677, Fountainhall notices, the Council wrote to the king, petitioning him "to grant warrant to his Treasury for lifting as much money as will repair the Castle of Blackness for holding prisoners, the Bass being already full." Two years afterwards it was repaired; and during the next nine years was often used as a prison for the persecuted Presbyterians. In the Caldwell Papers, vol. i., p. 140, there is a touching account of the sufferings of Barbara Cunningham, Lady Caldwell, who was imprisoned from 1683, for three years and a half, and her daughter Jean for six months, within its walls without trial, on the information that a preacher had been seen in her bedchamber. At the Union of 1707, Blackness was made one of the four fortresses to be upheld in Scotland for all time coming.

After we had tried to survey Welsh's dungeon, we felt we had got quite enough in five minutes of its darkness and confinement, and felt thankful to regain the light and air above, and to think that we lived in

happier times, when spiritual independence is regarded by all intelligent nonconformists as one of their birth-rights, which no man dare seek to take from them.

From the dungeon we went down to the sea-gates —a strong iron grate and a thick wooden door—and looked at the massive walls, that are six, or eight, or even nine feet, in thickness. Outside of the rampart is the small wooden jetty that enables vessels at once to transfer to the castle the gunpowder with which they may be laden.

As we left the castle we were shown two iron balls, twenty-four or thirty-two pounders, and a smaller ball, a five pounder, a piece of a shell, what looked like one of the vertebræ of a whale, and the skull of a goat, that had been got while digging out the trench on the land side of the castle.

Blackness lies about three miles to the north-east of Linlithgow. The road from it is easily found, for it has almost no offshoots until it reaches Linlithgow.

M'Farlane & Erskine, Printers, Edinburgh.

LIST OF WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

JOHNSTONE, HUNTER, & COMPANY.

PHŒNIX BUILDINGS, 4 MELBOURNE PLACE,

EDINBURGH.

LIST OF WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

JOHNSTONE, HUNTER, & CO., EDINBURGH.

MAGAZINES—

The Christian Treasury: A Family Miscellany.
Edited by Dr Horatius Bonar. Super-royal 8vo.

Weekly Numbers, Price One Penny.
Monthly Parts, Price Sixpence.

The Reformed Presbyterian Magazine.
Published Monthly. Demy 8vo. Price Fourpence.

J. H. & CO.'S SABBATH SCHOOL TICKETS—

Crown folio, printed in Colours.

Sheet No. 1.—The Attributes of God. 120 Tickets. Price Twopence.
Sheet No. 2.—The Titles of Christ. 120 Tickets. Price Twopence.
Sheet No. 3.—The Proverbs of Solomon—No. 1. 60 Tickets. Price Twopence.
Sheet No. 4.—The Proverbs of Solomon—No. 2. 60 Tickets. Price Twopence.

Assorted Packets, Sixpence and One Shilling each.

J. H. & CO.'S PICTURE HYMN CARDS—

Crown folio, printed in Colours, and Illustrated.

Sheet No. 1, containing 20 Cards, 4½ by 3. Price Twopence.
Do. 2, do. do. do. do.
Do. 3, do. do. do. do.
Do. 4, do. do. do. do.

Packet No. 1, containing 50 Cards, 4½ by 3. Price Sixpence.
Do. 2, do. do. do. do.
Do. 3, do. do. do. do.
Do. 4, do. do. do. do.

THE FOURPENNY SERIES—
Enamelled Wrapper.

THE SIXPENNY SERIES—
Extra cloth gilt.

Super-royal 32mo, Illustrated.

1. JEANIE HAY, THE CHEERFUL GIVER. And other Tales.
2. LILY RAMSAY; or, 'Handsome is who handsome does.' And other Tales.
3. ARCHIE DOUGLAS; or, 'Where there's a Will there's a Way.' And other Tales.
4. MINNIE AND LETTY. And other Tales.
5. NED FAIRLIE AND HIS RICH UNCLE. And other Tales.
6. MR GRANVILLE'S JOURNEY. And other Tales.
7. JAMIE WILSON'S ADVENTURES. And other Tales.
8. THE TWO FRIENDS. And other Tales.
9. THE TURNIP LANTERN. And other Tales.
10. JOHN BUTLER; or, The Blind Man's Dog. And other Tales.
11. CHRISTFRIED'S FIRST JOURNEY. And other Tales.
12. KATIE WATSON. And other Tales.
13. BIDDY, THE MAID OF ALL WORK.
14. MAGGIE MORRIS: A Tale of the Devonshire Moor.
15. THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR. By the late Rev. John Macdonald, Calcutta.
16. TIBBY, THE CHARWOMAN. By the Author of 'Biddy.'
17. OUR PETS.
18. THE TRUE CHRISTMAS. And other Tales.
19. THE BROKEN IMAGE. And other Tales.
20. FRED AND HIS FRIENDS.
21. THE STORY OF THE MICE; AND OF ROVER AND PUSS.
22. THE TREASURE DIGGER. From the German.
23. THE AYRSHIRE EMBROIDERER.
24. FRENCH BESSIE. By the Author of 'Biddy.'
25. THREE STRAY LEAVES.

THE DIAMOND SERIES—Price Ninepence—

Demy 32mo, cloth extra, Illustrated.

1. THE DIAMOND: A Story Book for Girls.
2. THE PEARL: A Story Book for Girls.
3. THE RUBY: A Story Book for Boys.
4. THE EMERALD: A Story Book for Boys.

J. H. & CO.'S ONE SHILLING SERIES (Enlarged)—

Small 8vo, extra cloth gilt, Illustrated.

1. THE STORY OF A RED VELVET BIBLE. By M. H., Author of 'Labourers in the Vineyard,' etc.
2. ALICE LOWTHER; or, Grandmamma's Story about her Little Red Bible. By J. W. C.
3. NOTHING TO DO; or, The Influence of a Life. By M. H.
4. ALFRED AND THE LITTLE DOVE. By the Rev. F. A. Krummacher, D.D. And THE YOUNG SAVOYARD. By Ernest Hold.
5. MARY M'NEILL; or, The Word Remembered. A Tale of Humble Life. By J. W. C.
6. HENRY MORGAN; or, The Sower and the Seed. By M. H.
7. WITLESS WILLIE, THE IDIOT BOY. By the Author of 'Mary Matheson,' etc.
8. MARY MANSFIELD; or, No Time to be a Christian. By M. H., Author of the 'Story of a Red Velvet Bible,' etc.
9. FRANK FIELDING; or, Debts and Difficulties. A Story for Boys. By Agnes Veitch.
10. TALES FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. By M. M. C.
11. THE LITTLE CAPTAIN: A Tale of the Sea. By Mrs George Cupples.
12. GOTTFRIED OF THE IRON HAND: A Tale of German Chivalry. By the Author of 'Little Harry's Troubles.'
13. ARTHUR FORTESCUE; or, The Schoolboy Hero. By Robert Hope Moncrieff, Author of 'Horace Hazelwood.'
14. THE SANGREAL; or, The Hidden Treasure. By M. H.
15. COCKERILL THE CONJURER; or, The Brave Boy of Hameln. By the Author of 'Little Harry's Troubles.'
16. JOTTINGS FROM THE DIARY OF THE SUN. By M. H.
17. DOWN AMONG THE WATER WEEDS; or, The Marvels of Pond Life. By Mrs Charles Brent.
18. THE SUNBEAM'S STORY; or, Sketches of Beetle Life. By Mrs Charles Brent.
19. RICHARD BLAKE, AND HIS LITTLE GREEN BIBLE. A Sequel to the 'Story of a Red Velvet Bible.' By M. H.
20. LITTLE MISS MATTY: A Tale of the Sea. By Mrs George Cupples.
21. BESSIE BROWN, AND HER FIRST SERVICE. By Jane M. Kippen.
22. MARY'S WORK. By Hetty Bowman.
23. GENTLEMAN JACK. And other Tales.
24. THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN RED. And other Tales.

J. H. & CO.'S REWARD BOOKS—In Shilling Packets—

Enamelled Covers, and Illustrated.

1. PLEASANT WORDS FOR LITTLE FOLK. By various Authors.
   24 Halfpenny Books. Illustrated.
2. SHORT TALES TO EXPLAIN HOMELY PROVERBS. By M. H.
   12 Penny Books. Illustrated.
3. SHORT STORIES TO EXPLAIN BIBLE TEXTS. By M. H.
   12 Penny Books. Illustrated.
4. WISE SAYINGS: And Stories to Explain Them. By M. H.
   12 Penny Books. Illustrated.
5. LITTLE TALES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. By various Authors.
   6 Twopenny Books. Illustrated.
6. CHOICE STORIES. 4 Threepenny Books. Illustrated.
7. JEANIE HAY; LILY RAMSAY; ARCHIE DOUGLAS.
   3 Fourpenny Books. Illustrated.
8. MINNIE AND LETTY; NED FAIRLIE; MR GRANVILLE'S JOURNEY.
   3 Fourpenny Books. Illustrated.
9. JAMIE WILSON; THE TWO FRIENDS; THE TURNIP LANTERN.
   3 Fourpenny Books. Illustrated.
10. JOHN BUTLER; CHRISTFRIED'S FIRST JOURNEY; KATIE WATSON.
    3 Fourpenny Books. Illustrated.
11. STORIES. By the Author of 'Biddy.'
    3 Fourpenny Books. Illustrated.
12. OUR PETS; THE TRUE CHRISTMAS; THE BROKEN IMAGE.
    3 Fourpenny Books. Illustrated.
13. AUNT LETTY'S STORIES. 3 Fourpenny Books. Illustrated.
14. STORIES OF HUMBLE LIFE. 3 Fourpenny Books. Illustrated.
15. HAPPY STORIES FOR BOYS. 24 Halfpenny Books.
16. HAPPY STORIES FOR GIRLS. 24 Halfpenny Books.
17. GEMS. 48 Farthing Books.
18. JEWELS. 48 Farthing Books.

J. H. & CO.'S 'CHRISTIAN CLASSICS:'—

Super-royal 32mo, cloth boards, - Per Vol., One Shilling.
Do. do. gilt edges, - „ Eighteenpence.

1. THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Complete, with 8 Illustrations.
2. COME AND WELCOME TO JESUS CHRIST. By John Bunyan.
3. THE ALMOST CHRISTIAN DISCOVERED. By Matthew Mead.

J. H. & CO.'S EIGHTEENPENCE SERIES—

Super-royal 32mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, Illustrated.

1. SHORT TALES TO EXPLAIN HOMELY PROVERBS. By M. H.
2. SHORT STORIES TO EXPLAIN BIBLE TEXTS. By M. H.
3. THE STORY OF THE KIRK: A Sketch of Scottish Church History. By Robert Naismith.
4. LITTLE TALES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.
5. WISE SAYINGS: And Stories to Explain Them. By M. H.
6. STORIES OF HUMBLE LIFE.
7. PLEASANT WORDS FOR LITTLE FOLK.
8. AUNT LETTY'S STORIES.
9. CHOICE STORIES FOR YOUNG READERS.
10. STORIES. By the Author of 'Biddy.'

J. H. & CO.'S TWO SHILLINGS SERIES—

Small 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, Illustrated.

1. ALFRED AND THE LITTLE DOVE. By the Rev. F. A. Krummacher, D.D. And WITLESS WILLIE, THE IDIOT BOY. By the Author of 'Mary Matheson,' etc.
2. THE STORY OF THE BIBLES. By M. H.
3. ARTHUR FORTESCUE; or, The Schoolboy Hero. By Robert Hope Moncrieff. And FRANK FIELDING; or, Debts and Difficulties. By Agnes Veitch.
4. MARY M'NEILL; or, The Word Remembered. By J. W. C. And other Tales.
5. ALICE LOWTHER; or, Grandmamma's Story about her Little Red Bible. By J. W. C. And other Tales.
6. NOTHING TO DO; or, The Influence of a Life. And MARY MANSFIELD; or, No Time to be a Christian. By M. H.
7. BILL MARLIN'S TALES OF THE SEA. By Mrs George Cupples.
8. GOTTFRIED OF THE IRON HAND. And other Tales. By the Author of 'Little Harry's Troubles.'
9. THE HIDDEN TREASURE. And other Tales. By M. H.
10. WATER WEEDS AND SUNBEAMS. By Mrs Charles Brent.
11. MARY'S WORK. By Hetty Bowman. And other Tales.

THE MELBOURNE SERIES—

Extra foolscap 8vo, printed on toned paper, Illustrated.

Cloth extra, - - Per Vol., Eighteenpence.
Do. gilt edges, - Do. Two Shillings.

1. THE COTTAGERS OF GLENCARRAN. By Letitia M'Clintock.
2. THE ROYAL CAPTIVE; or, The Youth of Daniel. From the French of the late Professor Gaussen.
3. THE KING'S DREAM; or, Daniel the Interpreter. From the French of Professor Gaussen.

THE MELBOURNE SERIES—*Continued.*

4. THE IRON KINGDOM; or, The Roman Empire. From the French of Professor Gaussen.
5. THE KINGDOM OF IRON AND CLAY. From the French of Professor Gaussen.
6. AUNT MARGERY'S MAXIMS: Work, Watch, Wait. By Sophia Tandy.
7. MARY BRUNTON AND HER ONE TALENT. By E. A. D. R.
8. LINDSAY LEE, AND HIS FRIENDS. By P. E. S., Author of 'Biddy,' etc.
9. QUIET TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS. By M. H.
10. TALES FROM THE HOLLY TREE FARM. By Mrs Charles Brent.
11. TO ROSLIN: FROM THE FAR WEST. With Local Descriptions.

THE HALF-CROWN SERIES—
Cloth, plain edges.

THE THREE SHILLINGS SERIES—
Cloth, gilt edges.

Extra foolscap 8vo, with Illustrations.

1. ROSA LINDSAY, THE LIGHT OF KILMAIN. By M. H.
2. NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DAVENPORTS. By A. E. W.
3. ALICE THORNE; or, A Sister's Work.
4. LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD. By M. H.
5. THE CHILDREN OF THE GREAT KING. By M. H.
6. LITTLE HARRY'S TROUBLES. By the Author of 'Gottfried.'
7. SUNDAY SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHS. By Rev. Alfred Taylor, Bristol, Pennsylvania.
8. WAYMARKS FOR THE GUIDING OF LITTLE FEET. By the Rev. J. A. Wallace.
9. THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE. By the Rev. John Thomson.
10. SELECT CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHIES. By the Rev. James Gardner, A.M., M.D.
11. JAMES NISBET: A Study for Young Men. By the Rev. J. A. Wallace.
12. NOBLE RIVERS, AND STORIES CONCERNING THEM. By Anna J. Buckland.
13. THE HARLEYS OF CHELSEA PLACE. By Sophia Tandy.
14. VIOLET AND DAISY; or, The Picture with Two Sides. By M. H.
15. THE MELVILL FAMILY, AND THEIR BIBLE READINGS. By Mrs Ellis.
16. THE COTTAGERS OF GLENBURNIE. By Elizabeth Hamilton.

THE 'CHILDREN'S HOUR' SERIES—

Cloth Elegant, cut edges, - Per Vol., Half-a-Crown.
Do. gilt side and edges, „ Three Shillings.

Complete in Twelve Volumes.

An admirable Series for the Family or for School Libraries.

1. MISS MATTY; or, Our Youngest Passenger. By Mrs George Cupples. And other Tales. Illustrated.
2. HORACE HAZELWOOD; or, Little Things. By Robert Hope Moncrieff. And other Tales. Illustrated.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR SERIES—*Continued.*

3. FOUND AFLOAT. By Mrs George Cupples. And other Tales. Illustrated.
4. THE WHITE ROE OF GLENMERE. By Mrs Bickerstaffe. And other Tales. Illustrated.
5. JESSIE OGLETHORPE: The Story of a Daughter's Devotion. By W. H. Davenport Adams. And other Tales. Illustrated.
6. PAUL AND MARIE, THE ORPHANS OF AUVERGNE. And other Tales. Illustrated.
7. ARCHIE MASON: An Irish Story. By Letitia M'Clintock. And other Tales. Illustrated.
8. THE WOODFORDS: An Emigrant Story. By Mrs George Cupples. And other Tales. Illustrated.
9. OLD ANDY'S MONEY: An Irish Story. By Letitia M'Clintock. And other Tales. Illustrated.
10. MARIUS FLAMINIUS: A Story of the Days of Hadrian. By Anna J. Buckland. And other Tales. Illustrated.
11. THE INUNDATION OF THE RHINE. From the German. And other Tales. Illustrated.
12. THE LITTLE ORPHANS. From the German. And other Tales. Illustrated.

THE THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE SERIES—
Cloth, plain edges.

THE FOUR SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE SERIES.
Cloth, gilt edges.

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Illustrations.

1. SKETCHES OF SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. By the Rev. Andrew Thomson, D.D.
2. STARS OF EARTH; or, Wild Flowers of the Months. By Leigh Page.
3. ELIJAH, THE DESERT PROPHET. By the Rev. H. T. Howat.
4. CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF ELSIE ELLIS. By Hetty Bowman.
5. NANNETTE'S DIARY: A Story of Puritan Times. By Anna J. Buckland.
6. ETHEL LINTON; or, The Feversham Temper. By A. E. W.
7. SUZANNE DE L'ORME: A Tale of France in Huguenot Times. By H. G.
8. LILY HOPE AND HER FRIENDS. By Hetty Bowman.

J. H. & CO.'S FIVE SHILLINGS SERIES—

Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, gilt side and edges.

1.	THE CHILDREN'S HOUR ANNUAL.		First Series.	656 pp.	60 Illustrations.
2.	Do.	Do.	Second Series.	640 pp.	70 Illustrations.
3.	Do.	Do.	Third Series.	640 pp.	70 Illustrations.
4.	Do.	Do.	Fourth Series.	640 pp.	60 Illustrations.
5.	Do.	Do.	Fifth Series.	640 pp.	60 Illustrations.
6.	Do.	Do.	Sixth Series.	640 pp.	60 Illustrations.

7. THE STORY OF DANIEL. From the French of Professor Gaussen. By Mr and Mrs Campbell Overend. Toned paper. 450 pp. 5 Illustrations.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Authorised Standards of Free Church of Scotland: Being the Westminster Confession of Faith, and other Documents. *Published by authority of the General Assembly.* Demy 12mo, cloth limp, - £0 1 6
——— Cloth boards, - - - - - 0 1 8
——— Superior Edition, printed on superfine paper, extra cloth, bevelled boards, antique, - - - - - - 0 3 6
——— Full calf, lettered, antique, - - - - 0 5 0

Brodie (Rev. James, A.M.) The Antiquity and Nature of Man: A Reply to Sir Charles Lyell's Recent Work. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - - - - 0 2 6

——— **The Rational Creation: An Inquiry into the Nature and** Classification of Rational Creatures, and the Government which God exercises over them. Crown 8vo, cloth, - - - - 0 5 0

——— **Our Present Position on the Chart of Time, as Revealed in** the Word of God. Enlarged Edition. Extra foolscap 8vo, - - 0 1 0
——— Cloth, - - - - - - 0 1 6

——— **The True Text of the Old Testament, with some Remarks** on the Language of the Jews. Crown 8vo, cloth, - - - 0 3 0

Burns (Rev. Geo., D.D.) Prayers for the use of Sabbath Schools. 18mo, sewed, - - - - - - 0 0 4

Calvin's Treatise on Relics. With an Introductory Dissertation on Image Worship and other Superstitions in the Roman Catholic and Russo-Greek Churches. By the late Count Valerian Krasinski. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - 0 2 6

Catechisms—

CATECHISM OF THE EVIDENCES OF REVEALED RELIGION, with a few Preliminary Questions on Natural Religion. By William Ferrie, D.D., Kilconquhar. 18mo, stitched, - - - 0 0 4

CATECHISM ON BAPTISM: in which are considered its Nature, its Subjects, and the Obligations resulting from it. By the late Henry Grey, D.D., Edinburgh. 18mo, stitched, - - - 0 0 6

THE ASSEMBLY'S LARGER CATECHISM; with (*Italicised*) Proofs from Scripture at full length. Demy 12mo, sewed, - - - 0 0 6

Catechisms—*Continued.*

THE ASSEMBLY'S SHORTER CATECHISM; with (*Italicised*) Proofs from Scripture at full length; also with Additional Scripture References, selected from Boston, Fisher, M. Henry, Paterson, Vincent, and others. Demy 18mo, stitched, - - - - £0 0 1

THE ASSEMBLY'S SHORTER CATECHISM; with References to the Scripture Proofs. Demy 18mo, stitched, - - - - 0 0 0½

THE CHILD'S FIRST CATECHISM. 48mo, stitched, - - - - 0 0 0½

SHORT CATECHISM FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. By the Rev. John Brown, Haddington. 32mo, stitched, - - - - 0 0 0½

PLAIN CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN. By the Rev. Matthew Henry. 18mo, stitched, - - - - - - 0 0 1

FIFTY QUESTIONS CONCERNING THE LEADING DOCTRINES AND DUTIES OF THE GOSPEL; with Scripture Answers and Parallel Texts. For the use of Sabbath Schools. 18mo, stitched, - - - 0 0 1

FORM OF EXAMINATION BEFORE THE COMMUNION. Approved by the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland (1592), and appointed to be read in Families and Schools; with Proofs from Scripture (commonly known as 'Craig's Catechism'). With a Recommendatory Note by the Rev. Dr Candlish, Rev. Alex. Moody Stuart, and Rev. Dr Horatius Bonar. 18mo, stitched, - - 0 0 1

THE MOTHER'S CATECHISM; being a Preparatory Help for the Young and Ignorant, to their easier understanding The Assembly's Shorter Catechism. By the Rev. John Willison, Dundee. 32mo, stitched, - - - - - - - 0 0 0½

WATTS' (DR ISAAC) JUVENILE HISTORICAL CATECHISMS OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS; with Numerous Scripture References, and a Selection of Hymns. Demy 18mo, stitched, - - - 0 0 1

A SCRIPTURE CATECHISM, Historical and Doctrinal, for the use of Schools and Families. By John Whitecross, Author of 'Anecdotes on the Shorter Catechism,' etc. 18mo, stitched, - - 0 0 1

A SUMMARY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES AND DUTIES; being the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism, without the Questions, with Marginal References. Foolscap 8vo, stitched, - - 0 0 1

Christian Treasury (The) Volumes 1845 to 1860.

16 Volumes. Royal 8vo. A complete Set will be forwarded to any part of the country, carriage paid, on receipt of - - - 2 2 0

—— Volumes 1861 to 1873.

Super-royal, cloth, green and gold—each - - - 0 6 6

Cloud of Witnesses (A) for the Royal Prerogatives of Jesus Christ:

Being the Last Speeches and Testimonies of those who have Suffered for the Truth in Scotland since the year 1680. A New Edition, with Explanatory and Historical Notes, by the Rev. J. H. Thomson. Printed on Toned Paper, with Full-Page Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, - - - - - - - - 0 7 6

—— Calf, antique, red edges, - - - - 0 15 0

Cochrane (Rev. Thomas). Home Mission Work: Its Duties, Difficulties, and Encouragements. Super-royal 32mo, - - - £0 1 0

Confession of Faith (The), agreed upon at the Assembly of Divines at Westminster. Complete Edition, with the *Italics* of the Elegant Quarto Edition of 1658 restored. (Authorised Edition.)
Demy 12mo, cloth limp, - - - - - 0 1 4
——— Cloth boards, - - - - - 0 1 6
——— Roan, sprinkled edges, - - - - 0 1 9
——— Roan, gilt edges, - - - - - 0 2 0
——— Superior Edition, printed on superfine paper, extra cloth, bevelled boards, antique, - - - - - - 0 3 6
——— Full calf, lettered, antique, - - - - - 0 5 0
——— Without the other Documents. Demy 12mo, stitched, - - 0 0 6

Dill (Edward Marcus, A.M., M.D.) The Mystery Solved; or, Ireland's Miseries; Their Grand Cause and Cure. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - - - 0 2 6

——— **The Gathering Storm; or, Britain's Romeward Career: A Warning and Appeal to British Protestants.** Foolscap 8vo, cloth, - 0 1 6

Family Prayers for Four Weeks. Edited by the Rev. John Hall, D.D., New York. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - 0 2 0

Family Prayers for Working Men (for Two Weeks). By Ministers of various Evangelical Denominations. Edited, with a Preface, by the Rev. John Hall, D.D., New York. Extra foolscap 8vo, stiffened boards, - - - - - - 0 0 6
——— Limp cloth, - - - - - - 0 0 9

'Fifty-One Hour' Wages Reckoner, The: Consisting of Computations per Week, and Computations per Hour, for a Working Month. With Supplementary Comparative Table, applicable to Weeks of 48, 54, 57, and 60 Hours respectively. By a Retired Banker. 256 pp., extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - 0 2 6

Fleming (Rev. Robert). The Rise and Fall of Papacy. Reprinted from the Edition of 1701, with a Preface by the late Rev. Thomas Thomson. Extra foolscap 8vo, sewed, - - - - 0 1 0
——— Cloth, - - - - - - 0 1 6

Forbes (Rev. Robert, A.M.) Digest of Rules and Procedure in the Inferior Courts of the Free Church of Scotland. With Appendix, embracing a Ministerial Manual, and also containing Forms and Documents. Third Edition, Revised. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - 0 3 6

Habit; with Special Reference to the Formation of a Virtuous Character. An Address to Students. By Burns Thomson. With a Recommendatory Note by the late Professor Miller. Second Edition, Revised. 18mo, - - - - - - - £0 0 2

Handbook and Index to the Principal Acts of Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland—1843-1868. By a Minister of the Free Church of Scotland. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - 0 2 6

Helps at the Mercy-Seat. Selected from the Scriptures, the Old Divines, and the Poets. By the Rev. John M. Putnam. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - - 0 2 6

———— Gilt edges, - - - - - - 0 3 0

Howat (Rev. H. T.) Sabbath Hours: A Series of Meditations on Gospel Themes. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - 0 3 6

Hunter (James J.) Historical Notices of Lady Yester's Church and Parish, Edinburgh. Compiled from Authentic Sources. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth. Printed on Toned Paper, - - - 0 2 6

Hymns for the Use of Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes. Selected by a Committee of Clergymen. Royal 32mo, sewed, - 0 0 3

Knitting Book of Counterpanes (A). With Diagrams and Directions. By Mrs George Cupples, Author of 'The Stocking-Knitter's Manual.' Printed on Toned Paper, with Illuminated Cover. Extra foolscap 8vo, - - - - - - 0 0 6

Meikle (Rev. Jas., D.D.) Coming Events. An Inquiry regarding the Three Prophetical Numbers of the last Chapter of Daniel. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - - 0 2 6

Miller (Rev. James N.) Prelacy Tried by the Word of God. With an Appendix on the Prelatic Argument from Church History. Foolscap 8vo, limp cloth, - - - - - 0 1 0

Miller (Professor Jas.) Physiology in Harmony with the Bible, respecting the Value and Right Observance of the Sabbath. Royal 32mo, limp cloth, - - - - - - 0 0 6

Newton (John). Cardiphonia; or, The Utterance of the Heart. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - 0 3 0

Ocean Lays. Selected by the Rev. J. Longmuir, LL.D. Illustrated. Square 16mo, cloth, - - - - - - 0 2 6

Patterson (Alex. S., D.D.) The Redeemer and the Redemption. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - 0 2 6

Philip (Rev. John, M.A.) Rays of Light: or, Church-Themes and Life-Problems. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - 0 3 6

Pond (Professor Enoch, D.D.) The Seals Opened; or, The Apocalypse Explained for Bible Students. Crown 8vo, cloth, - £0 3 6

Rochdale Discourses. By Clergymen connected with the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church in England. With a Preface by Professor John Cairns, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, - - - 0 5 0

Scots Worthies, The. By John Howie of Lochgoin. A New Edition. Edited by the Rev. W. H. Carslaw, M.A. Printed on Toned Paper, with 160 Illustrations on Wood. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, - 0 7 6

——— Calf, antique, red edges, - - - - 0 15 0

Steele (James). A Manual of the Evidences of Christianity. Chiefly intended for Young Persons. 18mo, cloth, - - 0 1 0

Stocking-Knitter's Manual (The): A Companion for the Work-Table. By Mrs George Cupples, Author of the 'Knitting Book of Counterpanes.' Extra foolscap 8vo, Illuminated cover, - - 0 0 6

Sum of Saving Knowledge, The. Extracted from the Westminster Confession of Faith. For the use of Bible Classes. Super-royal 32mo, stiffened boards, - - - - - - 0 0 4

——— Cloth limp, - - - - - - 0 0 6

Tasker (Rev. William). The Territorial Visitor's Manual: A Handbook of Home Mission Work. Small 8vo, cloth, - - 0 2 0

Thompson (Rev. John, A.M.) Life Work of Peter the Apostle. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - 0 3 6

Thoughts on Intercessory Prayer. By a Lady. Royal 32mo, limp cloth, - - - - - 0 0 6

Wallace (Rev. J. A.) Communion Services, according to the Presbyterian Form. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - 0 2 6

——— A Pastor's Legacy. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - 0 2 6

Watts' (Isaac, D.D.) Divine Songs for Children; with Scripture Proofs. For the use of Families and Schools. Square 32mo, sewed, - 0 0 2

Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity. Complete Edition. Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth, - - - - - 0 2 6

Willison (Rev. John). Sacramental Meditations and Advices for the use of Communicants. Crown 8vo, cloth, - - - 0 2 6

——— The Afflicted Man's Companion. A New Edition. Demy 18mo, - - - - - - 0 1 6

MUSIC.

The Treasury Hymnal. A Selection of Part Music, in the Ordinary Notation, with Instrumental Accompaniment: the Hymns selected from Dr Bonar's 'Hymns of Faith and Hope.' The Letter-Note Method of Musical Notation is added as a help to young singers. Twenty-four Numbers. (For Contents, see next page.) Super-royal 8vo—each - - - - - - - - £0 0 1

——— Part I., Nos. 1 to 12, in Printed Wrapper, - - - 0 1 0

——— Part II., Nos. 13 to 24, in Printed Wrapper, - - - 0 1 0

——— The Whole Work complete. Cloth extra, gilt edges, - - 0 3 6

The Children's Harmonist. A Series of Part Songs for the Family and the School-room. Harmonised, on the Letter-Note Method, for Two Voices, with a Bass Accompaniment. By David Colville, Author of 'The Letter-Note Singing Method,' etc. Twelve Numbers. (For Contents, see J. H. & Co.'s separate 'List of Musical Publications.') Super-royal 16mo—each - - - - - - 0 0 1

——— The Whole Work complete. Cloth, lettered, - - - 0 1 6

Choral Harmony. Edited by David Colville. A Selection of Music, chiefly of an easy character, in Vocal Score, for the use of Choral Societies, Classes, Schools, etc. Upwards of 130 Numbers published. (For Contents, see J. H. & Co.'s separate 'List of Musical Publications.') Royal 8vo—each - - - - - - 0 0 1

——— Vol. I. (50 Numbers), cloth boards, - - - - 0 4 0

——— Vol. II. (50 Numbers), cloth boards, - - - - 0 4 0

——— Vols. III. and IV.—*In progress.*

The Letter-Note Singing Method: Elementary Division, in Twenty-three Lessons. By David Colville. Royal 8vo, sewed, - - 0 1 0

——— Cloth, - - - - - - - - 0 1 6

The Choral Guide: Being the Exercises contained in the foregoing Work. Two Parts, sold separately—each - - - 0 0 3

A Course of Elementary Practice in Vocal Music. For use in connection with any Method of Solmization. Composed and Arranged by David Colville. Two Parts—each - - - - - 0 0 4

A Graduated Course of Elementary Instruction in Singing on the Letter-Note Method (*by means of which any difficulty of learning to Sing from the common Notation can be easily overcome*), in Twenty-six Lessons. By David Colville and George Bentley. Royal 8vo, in Wrapper, - - - - - - - - 0 1 0

——— Cloth, - - - - - - - - 0 1 6

The Pupil's Handbook: Being the Exercises contained in the foregoing Work. For the use of Classes and Schools. Two Parts, sold separately—each - - - - - - - 0 0 3

An Elementary Course of Practice in Vocal Music, with numerous Tables, Diagrams, etc., and copious Examples of all the usual Times, Keys, and Changes of Keys. For use in connection with any Method of Solmization. By David Colville. Complete in Two Parts—each - 0 0 4

Colville's Choral School: A Collection of Easy Part Songs, Anthems, etc., in Vocal Score, for the use of Schools and Singing Classes. Arranged progressively, and forming a complete Course of Practice in Vocal Music. In Twenty Parts—each - - - 0 0 4

THE TREASURY HYMNAL:

A Selection of Part Music, in the Ordinary Notation, with Instrumental Accompaniment: the Hymns selected from Dr Bonar's "Hymns of Faith and Hope." The Letter-Note Method of Musical Notation is added as a help to young singers. Twenty-four Numbers. Super-royal 8vo. One Penny each.

1. FORWARD, - - - - - - - *Old Melody.*
   A BETHLEHEM HYMN, - - - - *Arranged from Mozart.*
2. THE FRIEND, - - - - - - *Haydn.*
   LOST BUT FOUND, - - - - - *Pleyel.*
3. A LITTLE WHILE, - - - - - *Adapted from Mendelssohn.*
   A STRANGER HERE, - - - - - *Pleyel.*
4. THE BLANK, - - - - - - - *Do.*
   THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING, - - *Adapted from Rode.*
5. THE CLOUDLESS, - - - - - *Haydn.*
   THE SUBSTITUTE, - - - - - *Do.*
6. THY WAY, NOT MINE, - - - - *Altered from Pleyel.*
   REST YONDER, - - - - - - *Steibelt.*
7. EVER NEAR, - - - - - - - *German Melody.*
   QUIS SEPARABIT, - - - - - *Beethoven.*
8. ALL WELL, - - - - - - - *Haydn.*
   DISAPPOINTMENT, - - - - - *Do.*
   CHILD'S PRAYER, - - - - - *Weber.*
9. GOD'S ISRAEL, - - - - - - *Atterbury.*
   THE ELDER BROTHER, - - - - *Beethoven.*
   DAY SPRING, - - - - - - - *German Melody.*
10. THE NIGHT COMETH, - - - - - *Venetian Melody.*
    HOW LONG, - - - - - - - *Mendelssohn.*
11. THE TWO ERAS, - - - - - - *Spohr.*
    THE SHEPHERD'S PLAIN, - - - *Whitaker.*
12. BRIGHT FEET OF MAY, - - - - *Do.*
    HEAVEN AT LAST, - - - - - *Clementi.*
13. NO NIGHT DESCEND ON THEE, - - *Graun.*
    THE VOICE FROM GALILEE, - - *Kirmair.*
14. THE FIRST AND THE LAST, - - - *Schubert.*
    ECCE HOMO, - - - - - - - *Mozart.*
15. A CHILD OF DAY, - - - - - *Spohr.*
    THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS, - - *Haydn.*
16. THE SLEEP OF THE BELOVED, - - *Polish Melody.*
    STRENGTH BY THE WAY, - - - *Weber.*
17. THE BATTLE SONG OF THE CHURCH, - *Colville.*
    THE DAY AFTER ARMAGEDDON, - - *Hummel.*
18. SABBATH HYMN, - - - - - - *Dr Miller.*
    MARTYR'S HYMN, - - - - - *Hindostanee Melody.*
19. HE IS COMING, - - - - - - *Himmel.*
    LIVE, - - - - - - - - - *Handel.*
20. SUMMER GLADNESS, - - - - - *German Melody.*
    LINKS, - - - - - - - - - *Spohr.*
21. USE ME, - - - - - - - - *Anonymous.*
    SMOOTH EVERY WAVE, - - - - *Hering.*
22. BEGIN WITH GOD, - - - - - *Anonymous.*
    HOMEWARDS, - - - - - - - *Mozart.*
23. THE DESERT JOURNEY, - - - - *Hastings.*
    LAUS DEO, - - - - - - - - *Bost.*
24. THINGS HOPED FOR, - - - - - *Pleyel.*
    HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL, *Beethoven.*